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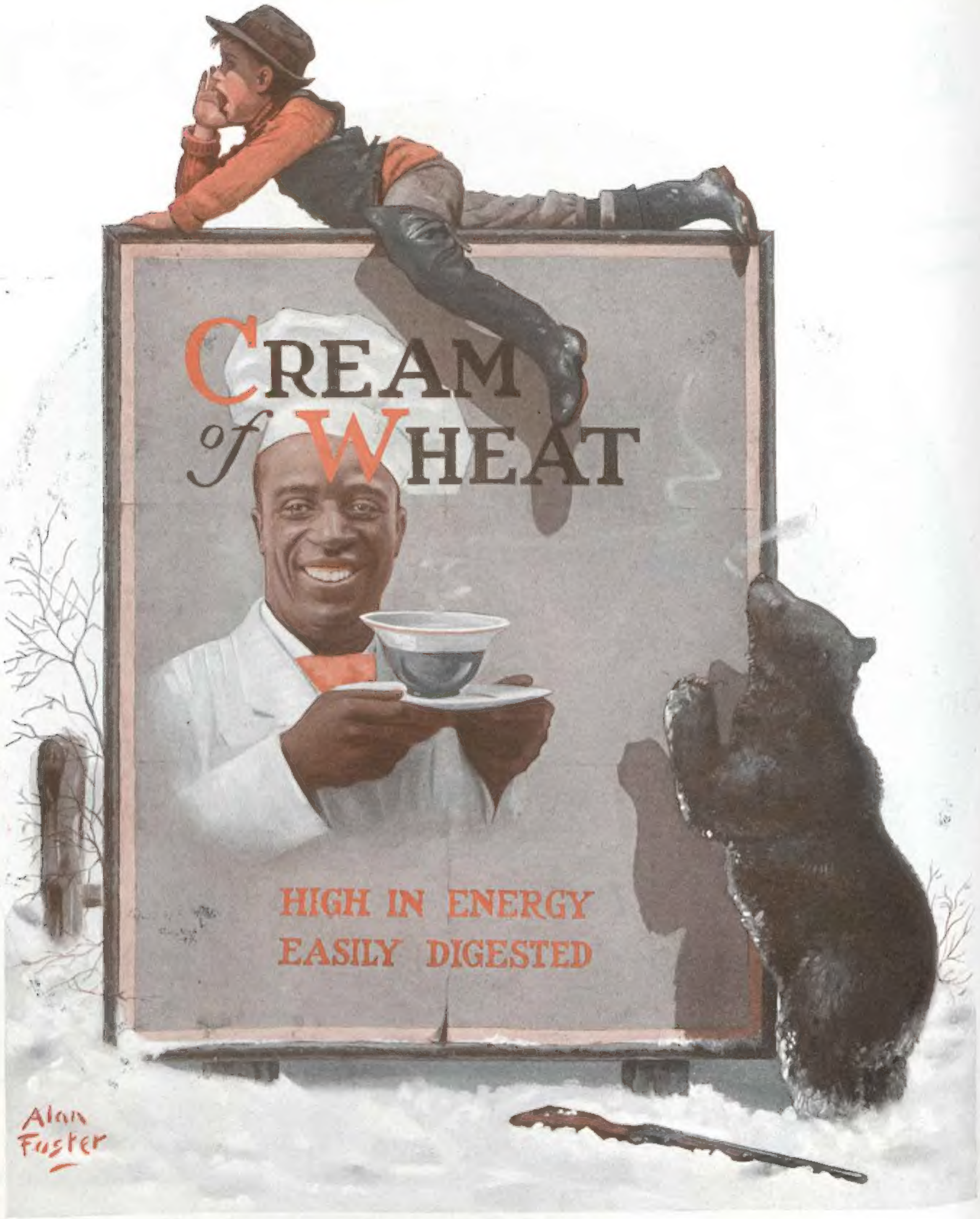

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"HIGH IN ENERGY – EASILY DIGESTED"

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You can't be "hard" on this remarkable, new-type hose!

Gives 3 to 4 times the wear of ordinary silk hose. Yet it's sheer and webby . . . the reinforcement is hidden this unique way.

HERE'S a new idea in men's hose. An idea that's changed the whole hosiery situation. It's as smart and debonair as Fifth Avenue at noon. Yet you'll find it hard to wear out!

Holeproof—originators of smart hosiery that wears long—are the inventors of this new way of knitting toes.

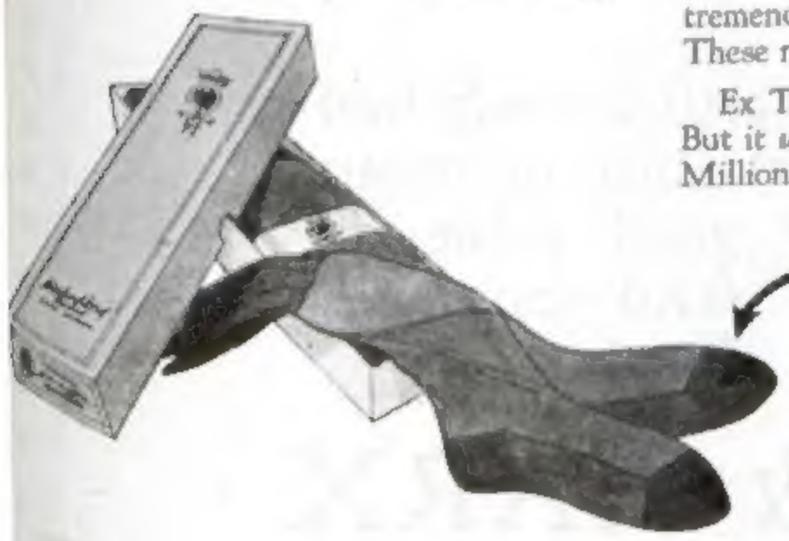
We knew that the toes gave out long before the rest of the sock in 90% of men's hosiery. So we worked out a way to strengthen the toes tremendously. Everywhere else we went the limit in style, good looks. These new-type socks we call the Holeproof Ex Toe.

Ex Toe hosiery *looks* like the pride of a Fifth Avenue haberdasher. But it *wears* like Main Street. Isn't that the kind of hosiery you want? Millions of men are voting "Yes!"

Pick up a few pairs, at your dealer's. Examine the new Ex Toe that gives 3 to 4 times more wear, yet can't be *felt*—and can only be *seen* upon closest inspection.

75c—$1.00 for the silk. Other materials too. Ask for Holeproof with the new Ex Toe. That's how you identify it.

All the reinforcement is cleverly hidden at the toes. The part the world sees is superlatively sheer and webby.



Holeproof Hosiery

with the new, long-wear *Ex Toe*

(Patents Pending)

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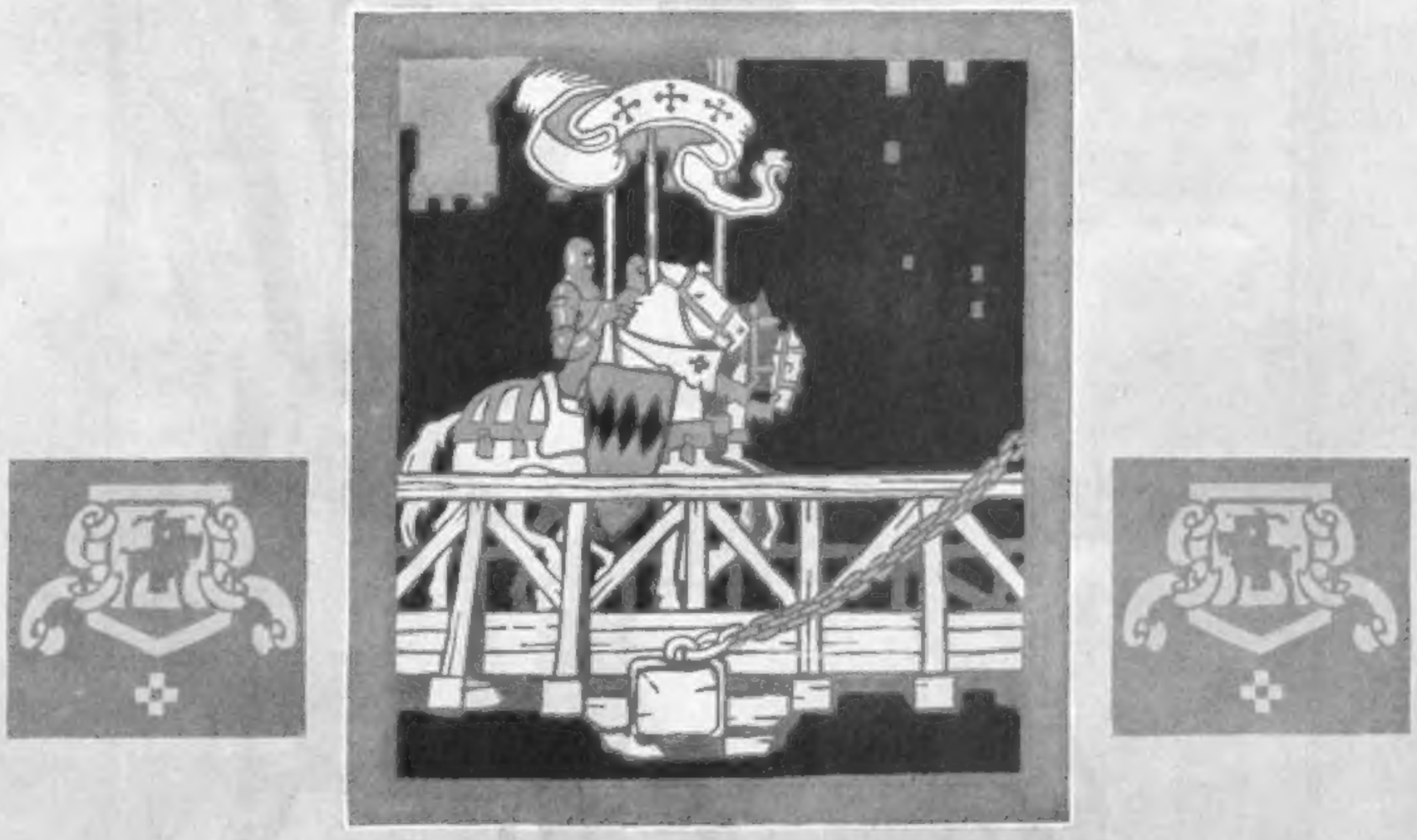
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, OF CANADA LIMITED, LONDON, ONTARIO



AND THE GATES OPENED

BACK in the twelfth century when Richard the Lionhearted started out to visit his constituents and spellbind them with his mighty sword instead of oratory, he had no telephone, radio or telegraph to transmit the word to the city officials and the morning newspapers that he was on the way

He pulled up in front of the city gate; sent his trumpeters up to give his call; the gate-keepers knew the blast; they recognized Richard's heraldic insignia on the trumpeter's banners

And the gates opened

So the trumpeter became one of the earliest of advertising men

His call forecasted the beginning of interesting and important events

Today the trumpeter on horseback is still doing his work; not quite so romantic or picturesque, but certainly just as important

He is announcing to the world that Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes are good clothes, and where they can be found

He is the Hart Schaffner & Marx trademark - has been for fifteen years

He means not only Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes; he means style, quality, good value, all-wool fabrics And above all - a good store

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR
Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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The Surgeon Explodes a Bomb

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

She Looked Very Lovely, But Her Voice Was Queer; Naturally Enough, the Way Her Heart Was Going. "Is It Appendicitis?" She Said

THE day Anne applied for admission to the training school was the very first time she had even seen the inside of a hospital. She noticed the smell of it the moment she entered; lysol and formaldehyde and soap, all mixed together into something indescribable. And she put her handkerchief to her nose. It was a very nice nose, by the way.

However, nobody was yelling or anything of that sort at the time, and that made it easier.

But the moment the head of the training school saw her, and gathered what she was after, she said, "My dear child, you are so very young!"

"I am older than I look," said Anne. "I shall soon be ——" And then she had swallowed and told a white lie. Not her first; let's not be silly about her. "I shall soon be twenty," she said. And she went on, rather red from the effort, if you know what I mean, to enumerate her accomplishments. "I have nursed a lot, really," she said breathlessly. "People and dogs and—and everything. And I speak French and I can make people comfortable. I really can. And that's important in nursing, isn't it?"

"Very important indeed," said the head, and glanced thoughtfully over Anne's shoulder at an old photograph of a young man on her table.

It was the enlargement of a snapshot, and rather out of focus, but she was used to that after all those years. And the photograph distinctly said, "Don't be foolish. She's too young. Send her home and let her live her own life."

"But I don't get many of this sort now," she pleaded. "Not since the war."

Anne, of course, heard nothing of all this. It was strictly *sotto voce*. She had been staring out the window, to where an irascible old gentleman in a wheeled chair was stealthily feeding a cat with something he had hidden in his pocket. He was pretending to be doing nothing of the sort, but she saw it distinctly.

"I like old people, too," she said suddenly. "And old people like me too. I—I humor them."

The head simply turned her back on the photograph. What else could she do? As she had said to the picture, she didn't have many applicants like this one nowadays, and the war enthusiasts hadn't stuck at all. The very first sight of a small insect with a long name—pediculus, it is called on the symptom charts—had usually cooled their fine frenzy, and a morning over sputum cups generally finished them.

Anne was trying to think of her other accomplishments.

"I am really quite strong, too," she said. "I don't look it, but I am. I've played golf and ridden a great deal. I could lift. I know that."

"Have you no family?" asked the head, weakening by inches.

"I have a father and a—stepmother," said Anne, and looked away.

There were some things she didn't care to talk about. And the stepmother simply finished matters for the head.

"I am going to try you, Miss—" she looked at the visiting card in her hand—"Miss Rutherford. You know that the course is three years; during those three years you will be under the discipline of the school. And that discipline is very strict."

"I'll do my best," said Miss Rutherford bravely.

"It is not only a matter of rules," said the head. "There are certain ethics. You will be thrown in contact with many men, internes and visiting doctors. The staff. I need not say to you that your relations with them are to be purely professional."

"Oh, good gracious!" said Anne, flushing. "I'll be petrified with terror of them. I wouldn't even think ——"

"No?" said the head, without any particular conviction. "Well, I hope so, anyhow."

And so Anne Rutherford had gone away. She very nearly backed out of the room, as one does from royalty, because the head had a sort of majesty about her. Whenever she swept into a board meeting the men always got up, and they simply handed her what she asked for, from sterilizers to extra dieticians. They even respected the manner in which she ignored the fact that they received eighty-six cents a day for patients which cost the hospital "four dollars per patient per diem," as the reports read.

"I am no mathematician," she would say, and pass a slim white hand over her whiter forehead.

So Anne Rutherford went home and told her people. And her stepmother only raised her eyebrows and said if she must do something, why choose to be

a sort of upper servant? She said exactly that. But her father went out and took a long walk.

II

SHE ran into him the very first day. Nothing had been quite up to specifications, up to that minute.

There was a strike among the bathroom scrubbers, and so she was put to cleaning the ward bathroom. She was on her knees scrubbing the floor when she heard him walking down the corridor, with that peculiar authority which belongs to the staff alone. New internes have it for the first week or so. After that they learn that there are still a number of things they do not know, and so they rather slip around, trying to learn them.

Trotting along beside him in her high-heeled shoes was the day supervisor, Miss Brent.

And the moment she heard his voice, before she had turned her head and looked up over her shoulder, something happened to Anne. It is like that sometimes. Nobody knows what it is. Some people think it is chemical, but others say it is a matter of positive and negative polarization, whatever that may be. Anyhow, Anne knew at once that something queer had happened to her, and when she looked up at him—well, he was up to specifications, undoubtedly.

She looked up at him, and he stopped and said, "What on earth are you doing that for?"

And what did the little idiot do but burst into tears. They spoiled her looks and splashed into the scrubbing pail, and Miss Brent eyed her scornfully and said, "Don't be so silly! You'll have considerably worse things to do than this."

She sat back on her heels then and looked at them both. Like a kitten facing a pair of terriers, rather, and she said, "Is there anything in the rules about my smiling when I do this?"

"There is something in the rules about courtesy to the staff," snapped Miss Brent, and moved away.

Heavens! He was staff!

Well, of course it was just hardly believable, any way one looks at it. Because Anne could see at a glance that he was vain and cynical, for all his good looks, and that he liked to have Miss Brent put on her high-heeled shoes in his honor, and trot around at his elbow while pretending her feet did not hurt like anything.

There was quite a joke in the hospital about those shoes, and it was not long before Anne heard it: Miss Brent on the second floor, near the head of the staircase, about the time he was due: and then the slam of the front door, and his deep voice below, for one could always hear him. He seemed to think that lowering his voice was to lower his flag somehow; and he would never lower his flag. Never. And after that, Miss Brent scurrying off, and back in a jiffy in a fresh cap and apron and the high-heeled shoes, before he had more than registered in on the card in the office, and given the pharmacy clerk the devil about something or other.

Anne heard about that, and about other things. For instance, his name was Raleigh, and he was a surgeon. According to the school, he was a great surgeon.

"It's a lesson to watch him," somebody told her, "but it's dangerous too."

"Why?" Anne asked, drinking in every word.

"Because he's perfectly beastly when he's working," said the girl. "He has a dreadful temper, and when things go wrong ——" Words failed her. She made a gesture.

Well, he really was all that, as we shall see. Anne used to think it was because he was an orphan, but the truth is that the hospital had spoiled him shockingly. They had made a sort of cult of him; when he entered, slamming the big front door, the word passed with the rapidity of news in the African jungle.

"R. C. is in," they said. There had been another Raleigh on the staff once, so he was called R. C. Every hospital has somebody it knows by his given initials.

The nurses in the operating room would burst into a final frenzy, and in the surgical wards little probationers would run around and straighten things. He never knew; or, rather, he took all this for granted. Oh, they certainly had spoiled him. They simply roared at his feeblest jokes.

"Doctor, this bed isn't comfortable," some fretful patient would complain.

And he would look down from his height—he was a big man—and say, "I don't give a damn how the bed feels. Are *you* comfortable?"

Anne, Waking Out of the Anæsthetic and Seeing Him Beside Her, Said, "Oh, Please Go Away. You Just Worry Me"

They would quote a silly joke like that over and over: "Did you hear what R. C. said to Thirty-One?" they would say.

They even took a certain pride in his bad tempers, when they came.

"R. C.'s on the warpath," they would whisper about. "Listen!"

They could always tell, because of the way he slammed things about. He always slammed things, but there was a difference, if you know what I mean.

One can see that trying to bring Anne and this godlike creature together isn't an easy matter. It is perfectly certain that during her entire probation period he never saw her at all. She used to listen for him coming down the hall. Thud, thud, he came along, like the President of the United States stalking into Congress, and thump, thump, went poor Anne's idiotic heart. But he never knew she was there. It's a wonder he didn't walk over her once or twice.

It took five months for him to notice her, and nobody can claim that it was particularly auspicious when it came. There was a dressing being done, and the case wasn't doing well. There was pus, and he looked at everybody, as though they had had it about them somewhere, and had contaminated the wound just to annoy him.

"Where the hell are the scissors?" he said. And when they showed him—they were just where they should have been—he cut something open and said to Anne, "Here, hold this."

And she did not hear him! She was looking down at his bent head, with a perfectly ridiculous desire to pat it and tell him not to be so silly. She often thought a little mothering would do him good.

And he fixed her with an awful eye and said, "*Hold this!* Are you deaf?"

"No," she said. "But I will be if you shout like that."

The head nurse went quite pale and waited. She was sure there would be an explosion. But he only looked up at Anne coldly and went on with his work. Anne's hands shook terribly, but she managed to hold on, and there was less pus than the day before, and everybody cheered up.

But he had noticed her. When Anne handed him a towel, after he had scrubbed his steady surgeon's hands, he looked at her and said kindly enough, "There's no time for politeness in a surgical dressing, my child."

And of course she should have said, "There's no time for rudeness, either." She thought of that later. But what she did was to let her silly eyes fill with tears, and he just looked at her and said, "Oh, for God's sake!" and stamped out.

She didn't blame him at all. She was not a crying sort, but of course she couldn't very well say, "I wouldn't mind it if the whole staff lined up in a row and shouted at me. But with you, it's different. It hurts."

She used to sit up in her narrow bed at night, rubbing her feet with witch hazel—only it is hamamelis in a hospital—and reflect bitterly that the only two times he had ever really seen her she had been crying.

"You darned little fool!" she would say savagely, and then remember she had forgotten her prayers, and get out and say them, kneeling on her bare floor. She actually put him in them, and it is certainly interesting to wonder what he would have thought if he had known he was being prayed for.

So time went on. She was moved out of the surgical ward, finally, and there were three dreadful months when she never saw him at all, or only from a distance. Once she was in the elevator, and as they passed a floor he was waiting there, tall and broad-shouldered, and all a man should be—except for his disposition—but the elevator man did not see him, and went on down.

He just put his finger on the button and kept it there. He would, of course.

And then she went on night duty. That's what started it all.

III

SHE was given the men's surgical and the emergency ward, and the head of the training school sent for her and gave her a little talk.

She advised her about sleep and exercise, and then she said, "Night duty is hard duty, Miss Rutherford. You will be alone, and the responsibility is heavy." And then she took a long look at Anne, and she said, "You are terribly thin, my dear."

"But I feel all right," said Anne Rutherford brightly, and with a spasm at her heart. Because, what if they should send her away?

"You might have your tonsils looked at," said the head. She considered that the roots of tonsils were the roots of all evils. And when Anne had gone she looked at the picture and said, "It's her turn for night duty, you know."

And the photograph said, "She looks ill. I warned you. She's too young. She lied about her age."

"But she's doing very well."

"Yes, but how about her illusions? She's lost them, hasn't she? She's lost something. Look at her."

And so it went on back and forth, from tonsils to illusions, but not a word about her heart. Which shows that she was keeping her secret extremely well.

She went on night duty, and after a while she began to think that life was a sort of moonflower, which only showed its heart in the darkness. It was while the sun was on the other side of the world that babies were born and people died. It was at night that the bars were down, too; all day the human race inhibited its passions and its rages, but at the end of the day it wearied. The unfair battle was lost, and lust and tragedy won out.

She had the men's surgical ward and the emergency room, and she began to know the rumble of the patrol wagon as it came up the street. Sometimes she got the case, and ran around filling hot-water bags and getting out instruments. But often the elevator passed her floor and moved quietly up toward the operating room on the top floor, with its policeman and internes grouped around some quiet cargo on a stretcher.

The emergency ward was always ready. Its two iron beds side by side, covered with gray blankets, its white surgical case, with the instruments in tidy rows; its washstand and its bare and shining floor—always they were ready.

The very door was always open. To Anne, slipping around in her rubber-soled shoes, it seemed to say to whatever tragedy was coming along the hall, "Come on in, and let's see what we can do for you."

But night duty cut her off from seeing him. Except once, and then he probably didn't recognize her. She was passing by the emergency ward, having been relieved to go to her midnight supper of hot coffee and cold salmon, when she looked in, and there he was. He was getting an instrument from the case, and muttering to himself, and when he heard her he called, "Where the dickens is the hypodermic that belongs here?"

"It's there, doctor," she said, and got it for him. He took it without a word and hurried out.

It wasn't much, but she fed on it that night, along with the hot coffee and the cold salmon.

"Something nice has happened to Lady Diana," said the night nurse from G Ward, when she had hurried out. They called her that behind her back, because she was supposed to look like Lady Diana Manners, only more wistful, if you know what I mean.

"Well, it wasn't this supper," said F Ward. "I've eaten so much canned salmon that I'm ready to bite a hook."

Anne did not see so much of Miss Brent now, or of the head, either. But one evening she went back to her linen room, having given the ten-o'clock medicines, and there was Miss Brent. She looked very odd in her street clothes, and she had a scrap of paper in her hand.

"Do you mind sending this down in the pharmacy basket?" she said.

Anne took the paper, and she saw that it was in R. C.'s writing. Something danced in front of her eyes, for it was on his private office paper.

"I hope you are not ill," she said very politely.

"I'm not well," said Miss Brent. There were two bright spots of color on her cheeks. "And there's no use talking to the staff here. Especially to R. C. There's always a crowd around him."

Anne took the paper and put it in the pharmacy basket. And all the time something inside her was saying, "She's been to see him." She carried the basket to the elevator and rang the bell, and she was thinking, "He would like that. He likes her, because she is crazy about him. They are all like that, and I would die first."

She marched back to her linen room with her head very high indeed, and Miss Brent was still there. She had the order book open, and was staring at an order in a very firm hand, which said, "Jones, hot-water compresses every 15 minutes. R. C. R."

Miss Brent stayed for some time. She just had to talk about R. C. to somebody. She didn't much care who.

"One can really have confidence in him," she said, "and that's more than you can say for some of them."

"I dare say he is clever," Anne said rebelliously, "only he's so disagreeable."

"Disagreeable!" said Miss Brent, staring at her furiously. "How can you say that? He's lonely, and he's very much overworked. That's all."

But she could not afford to quarrel with Anne. She was, so to speak, in Anne's hands just then. For she knew, and she knew Anne knew, that by all the laws of the hospital she could not go to R. C.'s private office. She had broken a rule.

Even the pharmacy clerk knew it, and when the basket came back it contained a bottle, and a slip of paper around the bottle. And on it the pharmacy clerk had written, in small clear letters such as he used on labels, the words "How come?"

But Miss Brent was really past caring, in a way. She went back to her room and set to work on a new cap. You see, a nurse's cap is rather like a man's necktie; it is her one touch of frivolity.

Anne, however, who was so busy that her caps generally looked as though someone had set a foot on them, sat down and rested her tired feet, and worried about things: If he was lonely; why he was lonely; and why he was so gentle to the children in the children's ward, and so perfectly beastly otherwise; and particularly why she, herself, was such a fool about him.

IV

SHE found it very hard to sleep in the daytime. She tied a black silk stocking over her eyes, but what with the ambulance driving in and out, and other nurses washing their hair in their off-duty periods, it was really hard. Not that the ambulance bothered her so much; she had learned that quite often, when it clanged through the crowded streets and traffic parted to let it go by, it was only the senior surgical interne going after a package of cigarettes.

But the lack of sleep got on her nerves, rather. And Miss Brent seemed to feel that, in a way, the bars were down between them, and after evening prayer in the chapel she used to slip back to Anne's linen room and talk and talk. About R. C., of course.

Anne got a little ragged. Then, too, she had no place to go any more. Her father and stepmother had gone abroad. The stepmother had simply barked her way to the Riviera, pretending to have a weak chest. And they had turned off old Henry, who had been the butler for years without number, and now he was in the medical ward with pneumonia.

And about that time they brought in a newsboy who had been run over, and he died in Anne's arms, before the interne could be got out of bed.

So when an operating-room nurse came to the midnight supper sniffling, and said she had been insulted by Doctor Raleigh, Anne said, rather sharply, "Well what did you do? You must have done something."

They stared at her, all of them, over their cold sliced pot roast. It was pot roast that night for a change. And she felt exactly like Miss Brent, only more so.

"To fall for a man because he is good-looking!" she said to herself bitterly. "And because this place makes a tin god of him! It's—it's hateful!"

She tried to pull herself together.

She got up at four o'clock in the afternoon, and took her bath and tidied her room. Then she had her early supper, at five o'clock, and after that she took her walk. She had to go through a rather bad part of town, and sometimes men spoke to her. She was really very lovely, although she was terribly thin and rather wan. But she was learning a lot of things, and she wasn't frightened any more.

(Continued on Page 145)

She Was Standing There Wiping Her Eyes When a Car Stopped, and a Very Arbitrary Voice Said, "What in the World are You Doing Here?"

JAPAN AND AMERICA

By
Yusuke Tsurumi

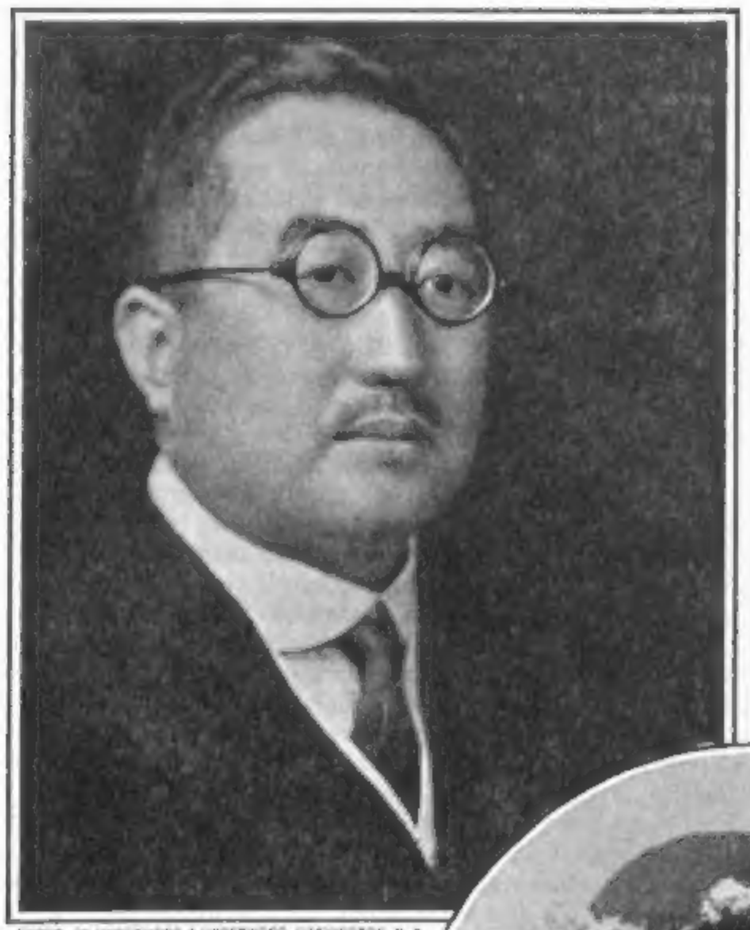

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Mr. Tsuneo Matsudaira, the New Ambassador to the United States

PHOTO. BY S. MORIKAWA, TOKIO
Mme. Akiko Yosano, the Greatest Poetess of Modern Japan and One of the Foremost Feminists

PHOTO. BY HOWARD E. HOE, N. Y. C.
Mr. Yusuke Tsurumi, the Author

Gibraltar to Phenicia—in one-fourth the time consumed by the slow brig of Washington's day in crossing the Atlantic. The islands of the United States, stretching off the coast of Alaska, are only 700 miles from the boundaries of Japan; they are not so far from Japan as Chicago is from New York; swift airplanes can make the journey in a few hours in the trail of the recent path breakers. That is not all. On a clear day the last Formosan outpost of the Japanese Empire can be seen with a glass from the nearest island of the Philippine group. America's trade is bound to expand in the East; America's intellectual interest is destined to reach out more and more to Asia; the achievements of America in science, commerce and diplomacy will weigh heavily in the Pacific balance. The policies, ideals and measures of America therefore have a deeper significance for Japan than those of all other nations on the globe combined.

And what shall we say of Japan in the new era of the Pacific? Is it immodest to declare that she occupies a strategic position on the western shores of the Pacific? Mr. Hughes may announce the end of the Lansing-Ishii agreement; the geographical and economic facts underlying it remain unchanged. At all events, it cannot be denied that Japan must sit at every council table where the affairs of the Orient are discussed and adjusted. Her policies, ideals and measures must in turn inevitably affect America—not so deeply, of course, but still vitally.

IS IT to be war between Japan and America, or is it to be peace? A hurried categorical answer that there is no danger of war and that everybody on both sides of the Pacific ardently and fervently desires peace means nothing. It means nothing unless the answer is based on solid facts and accompanied by a grim determination. Facts will decide whether there are any real causes of war between the two nations, and yet that is not enough. Quarrels of enormous significance were brought about by causes of no real significance to justify the sacrifices. Facts are not the only elements for peace or war. They must be accompanied by a fearless determination one way or the other. It takes two sides to quarrel. Now let us find out what are the salient facts and factors bearing on the issues between the two nations.

Asia and America Face to Face

IN THE first place, there is a fact of undeniable significance—that is, that the Great War that ended six years ago changed the balance of the world, and the center of operations has shifted from Europe to America and Asia. The world left behind it the Mediterranean era centuries ago, and it is now leaving behind it the Atlantic era. The curtain of the new world drama is about to rise on the Pacific era, and Japan and America face each other across the great ocean of hopes and dangers. The countries that border on the Pacific, which is more than seventy times as large as the Mediterranean and twice as large as the Atlantic, embrace more than half the world population and bristle with new enterprises and new promises. China, of glorious past and immense future; Mongolia and Siberia, of untried fate; and innumerable islands of the South Seas, glittering under the blazing sun, with all their natural resources and teeming millions of souls; and Australia and New Zealand, whose destiny nobody knows—all are on the Pacific. India, although not directly bordering on the Pacific, has her sons and daughters scattered all over the ecuntries of the Pacific and her future destiny is to be cast in the same lot with the other Pacific nations.

America, with her accumulation of wealth and power almost unparalleled in history, stands on the opposite shores of the great ocean with the call of new blood ringing in her whole body. America has faced Europe too long. The time has come now for her to turn her face to the new world of her future operations and activities. America and Asia—and the new drama of the twentieth century now opens.

Fast steamers can plow their way from Seattle to Yokohama in less time than it took a Roman captain to sail from Gibraltar to Phenicia—in one-fourth the time consumed by the slow brig of Washington's day in crossing the Atlantic. The islands of the United States, stretching off the coast of Alaska, are only 700 miles from the boundaries of Japan; they are not so far from Japan as Chicago is from New York; swift airplanes can make the journey in a few hours in the trail of the recent path breakers. That is not all. On a clear day the last Formosan outpost of the Japanese Empire can be seen with a glass from the nearest island of the Philippine group. America's trade is bound to expand in the East; America's intellectual interest is destined to reach out more and more to Asia; the achievements of America in science, commerce and diplomacy will weigh heavily in the Pacific balance. The policies, ideals and measures of America therefore have a deeper significance for Japan than those of all other nations on the globe combined.

And what shall we say of Japan in the new era of the Pacific? Is it immodest to declare that she occupies a strategic position on the western shores of the Pacific? Mr. Hughes may announce the end of the Lansing-Ishii agreement; the geographical and economic facts underlying it remain unchanged. At all events, it cannot be denied that Japan must sit at every council table where the affairs of the Orient are discussed and adjusted. Her policies, ideals and measures must in turn inevitably affect America—not so deeply, of course, but still vitally.

People who visit Japan at present are surprised at the Americanization of the country. It is obvious at every turn. The irresistible force of Nature is closely linking the East to America. The glorious days of leisurely Yedo—the old name of Tokio—are gone forever. Standing at the southern corner of the huge Tokio station, one's gaze is accosted by the sky line of high office buildings of distinctly American design; but there is not a single Japanese house in sight. And if the traveler were an American, he might be made homesick by the sight of so many American automobiles parked at the curb.

American influence is still more noticeable in our homes, where we have adopted all the conveniences and comforts of American life—from phonographs to ice-cream freezers. American motion pictures have become one of the principal amusements of the Japanese people, and although all kissing scenes have been deleted by the police board in the past, I understand there is now a new rule which tolerates movie kisses lasting no longer than thirty seconds!

English is spoken all over Japan, although some improvements in accent and grammar are noticeable, much to the dismay of visiting Americans. If the English language was much ameliorated by crossing the Atlantic Ocean, there is no reason why it should not again be improved by crossing a still larger ocean—the Pacific. For instance, a ladies' outfitter in the city of Yokohama had a notice put up at the foot of a staircase, reading, "Ladies, please have fits upstairs." It is just a finishing touch at improvement, of course.

But what does this apparent Americanization really mean? Does it go below the outward appearance? Or does the Japanese life in its deeper significance stay and develop entirely along the old Oriental line? What does Japan in 1925 demand and stand for? For that we must go a little deeper than the cherry blossoms and color prints.

In studying the Japan of 1925 we must keep two things in mind—that is, that there have been two great events that changed the country entirely. The one is the Great War of 1914–18 and the other is the national calamity of earthquake and fire of September 1, 1923.

The Hand of Destiny at Work

WHEN the war broke out in Europe in August, 1914, Japan little realized what a great effect it was destined to have on her. When we entered the war three weeks after the outbreak in Europe, an eminent Japanese called it Japan's Platonic war with Germany. For it looked in the beginning as though Japan had decided to take up the weapon on the side of the Allies, not because there was any vital economic interest involved, but because Japan was in honor bound to stand by the side of Great Britain in order to live up to the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. It seemed at first a distant warfare in unknown places. The siege of Tsing-Tao and the havoc of the German cruiser Emden in the Eastern waters aroused some interest, but it was soon over and passed away from people's memory. But the unseen hand of destiny was working out a great change quietly yet forcibly. It was in the fields of economics and national psychology that great changes came about.

The business depression that came over the country immediately after the outbreak of the war was followed by a great boom in all lines of business and industry. All the factories hummed with work and more work. Money began to flow into the long-drained coffers of business houses. A note of optimism and hope brightened the long-depressed minds of the people. Within a few years the

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PHOTO. BY HOWARD E. HOE, N. Y. C.
Baroness Shidzue Ishimoto, Foremost Japanese Woman Leader

Fish Stories—By Stewart Edward White

THE fisherman is basically a humble-minded person. The modern psychologist would say that he has an inferiority complex. That is one of the reasons why he has such a reputation as a liar. Taken dispassionately, his avocation cannot be classified as the higher heroism. He sits on the bank or in a boat; he wades down a stream. It is within the bounds of possibility for him to become leg weary or tired in the wrist from disputing with some deep-sea monster. He may get wet or hungry, or too hot or too cold, or seasick. But most of these things are like a bad cold; they combine a maximum of misery for the sufferer with a minimum of ribald sympathy from the bystander. Furthermore, one can become even more leg weary following one's wife on a shopping tour, or tired in the wrist from trying to hold four of a kind, or all the other things in a flivver on a rough road—none of which occupations demand any Carnegie medals.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS, PHILA., PA.

Don't Hurry; the Harder a Fish Fights the More Sport There Is

Let the Rod Do the Work; the Fish Gets Excited, But You Keep Cool

A man who bursts into the house with the statement—nonalcoholic and attested—that he has slain in hand-to-hand combat a whiffle-eared wombat that charged to the rifle's muzzle is sure of breathless attention. He does not need to elaborate. Everybody knows that whiffle-eared wombats bite. But your prosaic fisherman, returning from a long day, must needs do more than state bare facts. Nobody will listen to him but his wife; and she will bestow on his narrative no more than a perfunctory "Yes, dear, that was nice; and be sure not to put them in the same compartment with the butter." Now, that is unfair. The angler got just as much of an adventure out of his day as did the other fellow; he had just as much of an experience, and it was just as exciting. Can't you strait-laced moralists see that his is a literary problem and not a matter of hard-and-fast statistics? He is trying to get over an emotion, an experience, not facts. It is the interpretation which is important. To attempt to tell his story by an unembellished recital of what happened would be as foolish as for me to hand you the dictionary and tell you to pick out the words of this article for yourself.

Often, in order to convey a true impression, in order to reproduce in his hearer's mind an accurate replica of the experience as it actually happened to him, your—essentially—truthful fisherman has to rearrange things just the least bit in the world. Otherwise the darn thing is out of perspective, so to speak. And then some literal-minded chump finds out that the fish—a mere stage property—was after all only an eight-inch rainbow, and blasts it all over the place, and everybody insists that the drinks are on you, and somebody insults the honored guild of fishermen by calling them all liars!

What they can't understand is that the experience was not an eight-inch-fish experience at all; and that to get it over properly and adequately and truthfully to a gang of Philistines who judge all fish by fish-market standards, you simply had to provide the suitable materials, which happened to include a sixteen-inch fish. Besides, the prophet said that all men are liars!

This is well understood among fishermen themselves. No one ever dreams of questioning the other fellow's story. Of course, the one that got away in the Burned Rock Pool was a three-pounder—only you've got to accept my twenty-seven inches! There's a balance about these things. A trained artist can detect awkward proportions at once. How often has a good man taken some blundering effort on the part of a beginner and reshaped it nearer to the heart's desire! Many a youngster knows no better than to fit out a ten-pound story with a half-pound fish. The discrepancy is too painful. If his ways have fallen pleasantly with a true fisherman, his error will be gently remedied, and his story, if a good

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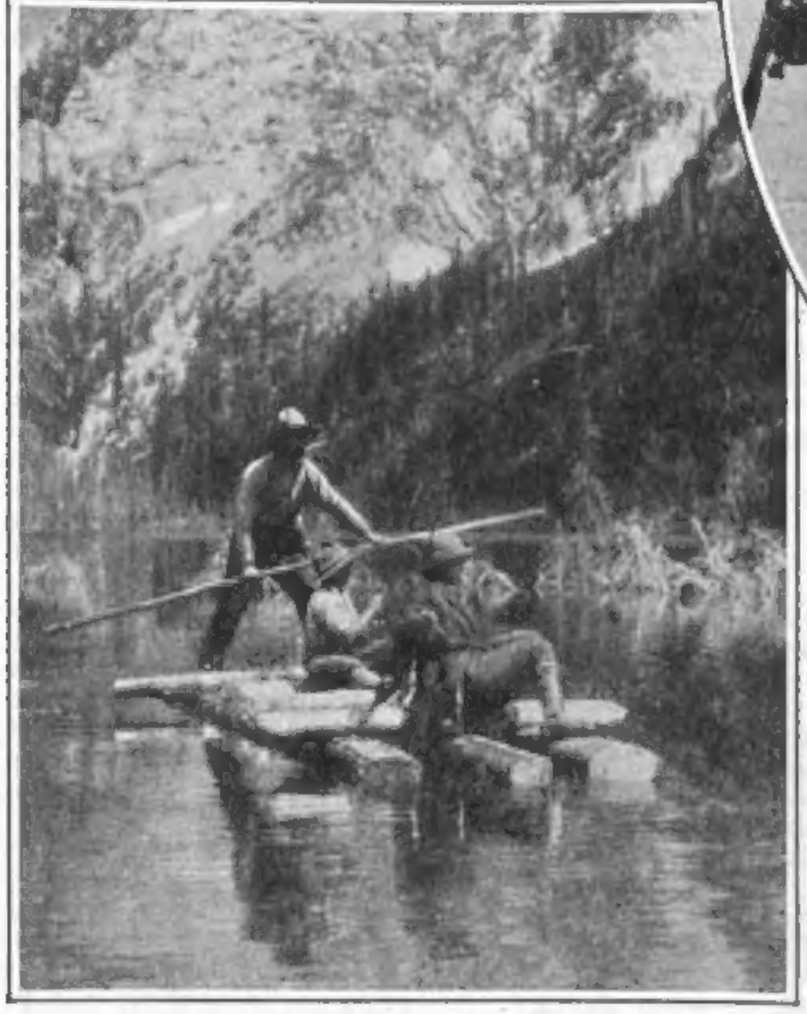
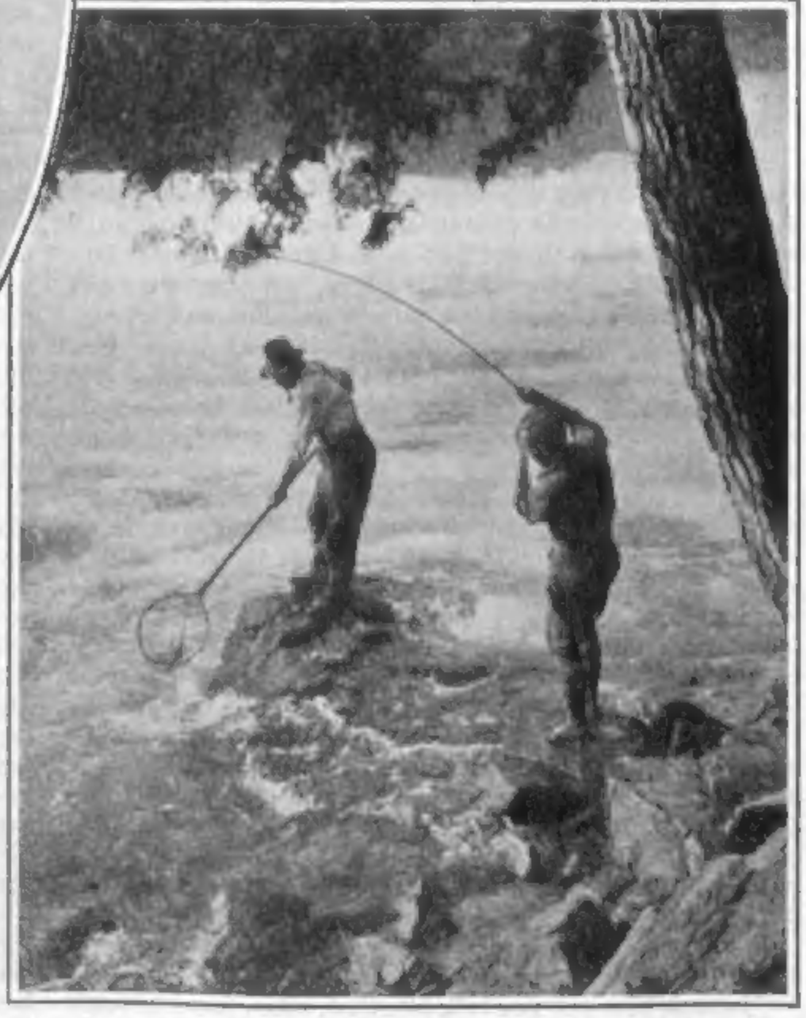
Never Count Your Fish Till They're Beached



Fishing in the Wilds of British Columbia for Cut-Throat Trout



Netting a Five-Pound Speckled Trout, Nipigon River, Ontario

THE SPORTING SPINSTER

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY A. L. BAIRNSFATHER

GEORGIE liked his Aunt Emma. She was rather tremendous beside his mother, who was so delicate and beautiful. It was fascinating to see Aunt Emma put a cigarette into the long amber holder and blow smoke through her nostrils like the dragon in the Arabian Nights picture. But he knew that she wasn't a dragon. She never whispered "Poor little Georgie!" No, sir; she hauled him to her knees and barked "Hello, old man!" This always thrilled him. Everybody else handled him as if he were made of glass, and said "Poor little Georgie!" Why they said that he really didn't know. Perhaps it was because he hadn't any father.

He wasn't normal; he had heard this expression several times, when his mother had forgotten his presence. When Ella, the governess, explained the word to him, it did not clear up the fog, but thickened it. He had arms and legs, like other boys, he could see and hear all right, he could run and jump, he wasn't stupid with his lessons. Why wasn't he normal? It seemed that the older he grew the more numerous became his puzzlements.

"Jenny," said Aunt Emma, "You're Going to Ruin That Boy"

He didn't like girls. Maybe that was it. Other boys played with them, but he couldn't; their presence seemed to interfere with his tongue and his legs. But why wouldn't they let him have boys to play with? The only time he came into contact with the boys of the neighborhood was at Sunday school, where they ignored his existence. But they did not ignore him on weekdays if they chanced upon him.

"Yah, sweetie!" was hurled at him.

"Mamma's 'ittle dirl!"

And worse!

Because of these misapplications, which made him want to cry, he no longer dared sit on the brick wall and watch the ball games in the vacant lot; now he peeked through a hole he had dug through brick and mortar. Sometimes he saw fights. These fascinated him, but they were not understandable. Friends one minute and enemies the next; neither friendships nor enmities lasted very long. One would yell that the ball went such a place, another would yell that it didn't; then came fists and bloody noses. It was all very queer. Girls didn't fight; they just cried and went home.

Yes, he liked Aunt Emma. She never said he wasn't normal. My, how strong she was! She could lift him by the shoulders and hold him straight out in front of her. She treated him just as a friendly boy treats another. But when she came to town for a visit, why didn't she stop here instead of going to the hotel? There was plenty of room. He was beginning to wonder if Cara Mia liked aunty as much as he did.

Today he heard a new word—prenatal. He just couldn't understand it, but always when his mother and his aunt got together their voices went high. They seemed to be fighting over him, somehow.

"Jenny," said Aunt Emma, "when are you going to wake up to this prenatal bunk? You're going to ruin that boy."

It must be some medicine Cara Mia was giving him. Nothing else could ruin him.

"Emma, how can you talk like that, when you know it's a wonder that Georgie lives?" cried the mother angrily.

"But you're making no effort to cure him," retorted Aunt Emma. "You've stamped this prenatal bunk all over the boy."

Georgie knew now. Prenatal was something he had. Stealthily he hunted about for symptoms.

"You make me furious!" Aunt Emma flourished her cigarette holder. "It isn't as if you didn't have brains. You're one of the cleverest women in America. Yet look at that boy. He's seven, and he ought to be in jumpers, with dirt on his face and hands. What if his father was killed by a burglar the night before he was born; are you going to let that ride him all his life?"

"Hush! How dare you let him know?" cried Cara Mia, fury in her glance.

Georgie felt suddenly cold inside, and this cold at once communicated to his spine, starting goose-flesh all over him, as thunder and lightning did, and noises in dark rooms. Probably that was this prenatal thing.

"God's name!" cried Aunt Emma; "why not tell the child that his father died bravely defending his possessions? He's bound to find out some day. Why keep it from him till it's too late to do him any good? Tell the child what he's got to fight in life; give him a chance."

Georgie's mother stood up, pale with fury. "Ella!" she called.

The governess came in, took Georgie by the hand, and led him into another part of the house.

"Ella, what's prenatal?" he asked.

"Hush!" said Ella, coddling him.

Georgie became still; but he was secretly determined to ask William, the gardener, what prenatal was. He knew what a burglar was. A burglar had killed his father. Maybe Cara Mia was afraid he'd become a burglar. Or perhaps she was afraid that some day a burglar might enter the house and kill him. Perhaps that was why they never turned out the lights in his bedroom till he was asleep, why they never let him into a dark room, why Cara Mia or Ella always hid his face and covered his ears during thunderstorms.

Jenny Winton was known across the land as a writer of novels of married life. The house was something of a literary shrine; famous folk were always dropping off to visit between trains. Often they would come for week-ends. The cynical layman would call these visitors highbrows. None of these famous folk ever condescended to speak a language Georgie understood. He knew that they spoke English because many of the words he recognized, but seldom their application. So he was always lonesomest when the house was filled. These visitors paid less attention to him than to Cara Mia's white Angora cat, which liked to show off before company, and Georgie didn't know how.

Jenny's royalties were substantial; but she laid away the major portion against Georgie's future. She entertained occasionally, but modestly. When she serialized a novel it brought distinction to the magazine and financial tremors to the publishers.

Her mail was heavy. Young married people and those to be married wrote for advice; and when she gave it the advice was sound. But on her side she did not write to mothers' associations for advice upon raising children. She knew perfectly what Georgie was going to be when he grew up, so she tutored and governed him accordingly. At the present time he was learning French along with his English and for relaxation was reading a child's version of Homer's Iliad. The atmosphere surrounding him was always to be beautifully and serenely intellectual; slang must never touch him, nor should he be permitted to rub elbows with native rowdyism. She was fitting him for the diplomatic service, and dreamed of making him as distinguished in diplomacy as she was in literature. Nearly all the marital unhappiness was based upon careless motherhood, and Georgie should be guided carefully to man's estate.

She scorned the athletic side of life. Her late husband, much as she had loved him, had enervated her with his bubbling energies. Athletics dulled the finer senses and roughened the mind. In this she had a clear example set before her—Emma Winton, her sister-in-law.

Known at the race tracks, at the out-of-door prize-fight contests, at the baseball stadiums, at the horse shows; a woman who never read intellectual books, who never went to the opera; who hunted, fished, smoked, drank and swore like a man; a rough dominant woman of forty-eight, spinster, who bragged that she never had an ache or a pain. But she was George's sister and had made a million on her own, so she had to be tolerated; though Jenny was always relieved to see her broad back moving toward the vanishing point. She never came up here from her Long Island estate without starting a row over poor little Georgie. Wanting to take him down to her place!

Jenny was delicate, as the Italian rapier with its inlay of precious metals and stones is delicate. Emma was a broadsword of a woman, cutting and hewing her way to her desires. Here in this house was the one barrier to her formidable will. Cut and slash as she might, she could not break the rapier, she could not conquer it, either with boldness or with cunning. She had by now learned that the stubbornest thing on earth is a delicate woman.

"Jenny, that boy's father was my brother. He was a brave, honorable man. He'd turn over in his grave if he knew what you are doing to that boy; letting your fear of dark rooms and thunder enter into and possess him. I can't write books, but I know how men are raised."

Jenny shrugged. "What do you know about motherhood?"

"A damsite more than you, it would seem. Motherhood isn't just having children; it's bringing them up with understanding, telling them what the world is, and how to defend themselves."

"Why don't you adopt a child?" said the rapier.

"George is my flesh and blood!" said the broadsword.

"He'll outgrow that," was the riposte.

"I shan't leave my money to a mollycoddle. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"A fig for your money! Georgie will have enough when I die."

Which the broadsword knew to be perfectly true. Whichever way she laid about, the rapier was there with this galling fact. A million, anywhere outside this house, was a mighty good club.

"I don't want a serious row with you, Jenny."

"The way to prevent that is to quit meddling. Georgie is different. He was born under dreadful circumstances."

"Blah! Prenatal bunk again. My brood mares are afraid of automobiles, but my colts aren't. George is afraid because you've taught him to be. He'll have to go to public school soon. What's going to happen to him there, when you've taught him nothing but cowardice since the day he could toddle? Sunday school isn't going to make a man out of him, though it won't hurt him."

"Indeed!"

"You won't even let me send him a boy's dog to make a companion of. An Angora cat and a bunch of long-haired poets! All right. You're going to have a liar and a coward for a son."

"Just because I refuse to let him go to your place to learn to smoke and swear?"

"Bunk! You know I wouldn't. Don't you ever look into the future, when he won't have any mother to coddle his fears? Will he know enough of life to keep the money you're going to leave him?"

The mother laughed.

Aunt Emma rose and marched out of the room, into the hall, and slammed the door violently, and continued her march to the curb, where her big touring car stood. She got in and went tearing down the street, informing several pedestrians that their rheumatism wasn't so bad as they thought it was.

Cara Mia, however, wasn't at all alarmed by this violent exit. She still held the whiphand. Emma loved Georgie.

II

IT WAS perfectly true that Emma Winton idolized Georgie. She, who was occasionally known at the tracks as the sporting spinster, had suddenly developed the mother instinct. The boy had gone straight to her heart and grappled there. A dear little boy, with a head full of that buncombe about Santa Claus, fairies and storks, who always ran to her joyously when she came, which was seldom enough. How she yearned for him in the absences!

Here was a new sensation—and most of her life had been given to the search of sensations—this of loving something to a degree where it hurt. For all her labor, for all her furious play, she was now confronted with the fact that her life was empty. She had loved the boy's father, but perfunctorily, as sisters love. But she trembled when she saw Georgie, trembled like a lovesick maid in the presence of her lover. She was tortured, too; she could not sweep the boy into her arms and kiss him and croon over him as she longed to. Such an act would nullify her preachments against mollycoddling and give the mother a substantial fairway to navigate the maternal bark as she pleased, eventually upon the rocks. No human boy could possibly emerge unscathed from such tutelage. Lord, if she could only make the woman see!

She did not like Jenny, though she admired her talents. The sight of her always made the figurative fur rise on the back of her neck; and she knew that the fur rose on Jenny's neck too. She did not like any of these delicately beautiful women; their bodies and tongues were too sharp. Had she liked Jenny she would have bought a house up here and been daily in touch with the boy. She had to be satisfied with two or three trips a year, not daring to come oftener for fear of a genuine smash-up between herself and the boy's mother. The idea of teaching him to call her that Dago name, Cara Mia!

"The pigheaded fool!" rumbled Aunt Emma, as she tramped about her hotel room, a trail of cigarette smoke vainly trying to keep up with her. "She'll ruin that poor child. What the devil shall I do? I have no legal rights. Jawing won't get me anywhere."

Aunt Emma had the habit of speaking aloud when alone. A notion took a definite shape if she heard it; she seemed better able to accept or to reject the notion. She spoke of this habit humorously as going to herself for advice.

She paused by a window and looked across the street into a sporting-goods shop, for her room was on the parlor floor of the hotel. The shop window was filled with rods and fishing tackle, for it was May and the trout were taking the fly. In a day or two she herself would be whipping a lively stream.

"Holy Moses!" she exclaimed, thwacking her muscular thigh.

She dashed across the room for her cap, which she jammed over her gray bobbed hair. She went directly to the sporting-goods shop, which was a good one. She remained there for half an hour. At the end of that time she came out, followed by a clerk loaded with bundles. She directed him to her car, which was parked by the side entrance to the hotel. Her purchases were dumped into the tonneau. From the hotel she drove to the garage, where the big gray road eater was properly fed upon oil and gas.

Returning to the hotel she had vacuum bottles filled with hot coffee, and lunch tins with food. All furious actions, but efficient, for this woman never wasted energy; if she barked her shin against a chair she never whirled upon the offending article and kicked it. Today there was another meaning behind this fury of action; just now she did not care to think seriously.

In her hotel room again, she got out her road maps and studied them. The simple and natural route from here was the road to Watertown. But even in the night it was not to be thought of; too many villages, too much traffic. It was also one of the bootleg routes. And the Malone route was worse. She would turn north of Utica and make Montreal by the Champlain way.

The first alarm would be sent out toward New York; and by the time the authorities had cleared that, she would be across the border. They would also lose time going to her Adirondack lodge. She would stop in Montreal just long enough for food and gas; thence two hundred miles north to the trout preserve she was renting from

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He Was Always Lonesomest When the House Was Filled. These Visitors Paid Less Attention to Him Than to Cara Mia's White Angora Cat

DELUDING DEMOCRACIES

By Richard Washburn Child

THE elections of 1924 in America and in Great Britain have attracted more attention on the Continent of Europe than any others within the memory of young men.

Looking along the surface of that interest in many of the countries of Europe I have found the conclusion that America and Great Britain, for the time being have answered socialism and its tendencies with a decisive No But the moment one digs under that surface and finds the thought in the minds of men who have burrowed deepinto experiences with democracies with constitutional and parliamentary government—men like Marx in Germany; Mussolini; Asquith in England, Ramsay MacDonald; the King of Spain, whose mind is as alert as any in Europe; ministers in Herriot's government in France—the deeper significance of the American and British elections is disclosed.

This deeper significance is found in our return to the two-party system of politics and in a revival of the idea that democracy ought to be government for all and not government for organized minorities; that it ought to be the least possible rather than the most possible government; that law-making has been overdone and good administration is now quoted higher in the market of public opinion; and finally that men like Coolidge, Baldwin, Mussolini and Primo de Rivera, who do not suffer from the illusion that governments are banks upon which drafts may be drawn without requiring any deposits, are now believed in preference to the school of leaders who preach rights of citizenship rather than obligations, and by word and deed have endeavored to picture government as organized charity.

General Primo de Rivera and King Alfonso of Spain Going Over State Papers at the Royal Palace

Governments That Would Not Run

THE deep significance of the recent elections was not in the turn to the Right—the swing toward conservatism. Thoughtful Europe regards the results as significant in framing an answer to the question, Is democracy a failure?

We Americans may well take this question by the forelock. Democracy in the sense of parliamentary government has had no conspicuous success. If it has stood up in America and Great Britain, it occupies already a doubtful position in France. It writhes in some agony in Germany. In 1916 I saw it tottering in the Duma of Russia. I was in Italy when it fell flat. I have just looked over the remains of its feeble collapse in Spain. Nor does it grow ill only in its old age. In 1917, when an army was marching on Peking, I walked around the wall at sundown with a member of the parliament of the boyish Chinese Republic. "Alas," said he to me, "I fear that democracy is a good deal like tight-rope walking; it requires much practice." Again I saw and felt through weeks of an international conference, the thrill of hope and promise of a new Turkey, translated by my fellow delegates from Angora; today there is much disillusionment in that fresh democracy. "You were doubtful long ago," says one of my diplomatic friends. "You said that the bottle bore a noble label, but that we should find the contents only a scramble for power by little men. So it is."

This is the great danger of democracy—its disillusionment—the difference between the noble, gold-lettered label and the true contents. Nothing but decrepit observation or childish interpretation of what is observed will deny that in the year 1926 Europe faces this disillusionment. It was all very well to talk about making the world safe for democracy; that was aimed at good roads. The real problem was to build governments which would run at all on any road, good or bad.

On the face of things Italy had a going concern in democracy—in constitutional government. So had Spain. These two vehicles were like limousines with nicely varnished bodies. When they were cranked up they would not run. They were flooded with gas. The old chauffeurs had looted essential parts of the machinery. The owners had turned their backs in disgust with the whole contrivance. In Spain, where I have just been, a popular general in the army, Primo de Rivera, a strong man who has no particular ambition for power, took over power, formed a directory of military men, put the actual administration into the hands of trustworthy undersecretaries of the various ministries and prepared, with the King's aid, to run Spain until the nicely varnished car of democracy could be made to run again. Mussolini did much the same thing, the difference being that in Italy, at least nominally, parliamentary government was never suspended.

Sentimentalists, theorists and phrase makers still deplore the loss of the labels of democracy in Italy and Spain. Common sense, however, is willing to face the fact that the first necessity of government, like the first necessity of a motor car, is that it will run. If it comes to a stop it is no government. If it coughs and wheezes and spraddles out on the road it does not help it much to have the tickling name Democracy on its brass plate. The people will follow a phrase for a long way, but not when the machine comes to a halt.

In Spain I found that it was not only Primo de Rivera and the King who knew that the parliamentary government was at the end of its rope; the people knew it. Everyone knew that in Spain two political parties might be a company, but that three meant a crowd.

Political Conditions in Spain

EVERYONE knew that a crowd of political parties created situations in which small political groups formed around small pin-headed selfish little politicians, debating themselves into prominence in the Cortes. Everyone knew that combinations were formed not to enforce a program for the good of Spain but to destroy and knock down a ministry. Ministries spent their efforts not so much in administering the affairs of Spain as in clinging to their place. Everyone knew that new ministries were set up in the alley again every time the new mud ball of the opposition made a ten-strike and then burst into pieces itself. Everyone knew that ministries came and went like Uncle Tom's Cabin or tent shows playing The James Boys. Everyone knew that each one clung to power by giving away favors—government jobs to create a huge bureaucracy, the taking on of functions not belonging even to an over-centralized government, and listening, not for the inexpressive voice of the people of Spain but to any organized minority which blackmailed the ministry's own weakness.

Said one of Primo de Rivera's assistants to me, "The plate of democracy had been passed around until there was nothing left upon it for anyone."

Unrest, disorder, threatened disintegration.

It was the same when I was ambassador at Rome, and Mussolini was therefore given opportunity to express more of the will of the people for a longer period than any other agency which has appeared in a generation in Italy. The will of the people may be expressed at times better by a nation manager or director or a *Duce* than by a machine which is ready for the junk pile. One thing works, and the other, at least temporarily, does not. The machine which runs may have its dangers and disadvantages, but even then it may be more acceptable to a nation than democracies

Mussolini, in Full Fascisti Regalia, at the Celebration of the Second Anniversary of His Rise to Power

Dr. Marx, the German Chancellor

whose bright bodies still shine with the varnish of theory, tradition and sentiment but whose engines cough, wheeze, leak and stall on the road.

I have no desire to preach calamity in regard to our own American democracy. To me it appears, as it does to European statesmen, that the people of the United States have caught the scent of danger far down the wind, that they have indicated an instinct against the Continental multi-party, bloc and coalition system of democracy, that they put good administration higher in esteem than will-o'-the-wisp ideas of wildly agitated and solemnly enacted legislation which attempts to change economic laws or to redraft human nature by saying "The ayes have it"; that they feel the dangers of organized minorities looting the interest of the inexpressive majority. But after all, the safety of democracies and republics lies in the ability of the citizens themselves to take an interest in the machinery. The unfortunate fact is that most human beings can be whipped up to have an interest in every patent medicine for political and social cures, and the great mass will rally round the flag, boys; what is really needed is men and women who will learn something about the anatomy of governments—who are citizen mechanicians of democracy.

Feeble Milkers of the Feeble Cow

I WAS talking not long ago with one of the great constitutional lawyers of Europe who probably would not wish to be quoted in such an informal expression of opinion.

"As to the science of government," said he, "the world is an ass! In our European field, for instance, there is still some feeble clamor against kings, as if kings were anything more than flags. Some can do a great deal of good if they are wise; none can do any harm. Those who want constitutional monarchies changed to republics have no eyes for the world's past experience during our own times. A century or two or three ago the overthrow of monarchies was worth while, for it eliminated a whole structure of parasites and tyrants, some of them very gay in color and very useful, too, as the patrons of fine creative arts. The French Revolution marked the epoch of republic making. The world learned with blood and pain about absolute monarchies; today we have arrived in our studies at the lessons which teach us how to avoid blood and pain in salvaging republics and democracies—or in establishing something better. But the world will not study. It will learn to fly, it will learn to talk so that Peru may gossip along ether waves with Persia. And yet about government it has no laboratories, it has no clearance houses for exchange of information; there is no appreciable beginning of a science of government. Just now one nation watches another's constitutional government go deeper and deeper into a wallow of many parties, into a slough of talk, debate, wrangle, into futile orgies of lawmaking, into helplessness between the personal ambitions of little professional politicians on the one hand and what you call organized minorities on the other hand—the feeble milkers of the feeble cow. No the one brings hay, and everyone brings milk pails."

He stopped and then—"Government is important!" he roared at me. "Why can't one nation learn from the experience of another? Why don't you Americans go on from your first advantages? You are lucky devils! Your ancestors gave you an inspired Constitution, and God gave you common sense. Why don't you create a science of government?"

I told him that it was for reasons of the kind he gave that I was traveling about from country to country in an attempt to find out how democracy was succeeding or why it was failing.

I might have told him that three seasons as an American diplomat in Europe, plus the observations I have now been able to make, have brought through the labyrinth and maze, the mists and the complexities, at least two conclusions.

Stanley Baldwin, British Premier, Resting at His Worcestershire Estate From the Labors of the Campaign

First: Parliamentary government is on trial.

Second: The chief causes for its predicament are not to be found in countries which maintain a two-party system, but are most evident in those countries where many parties with their coalitions to destroy administrative governments have opened the door of democracy to control by little politicians seeking toe holds of power and to domination by organized minorities which treat governments as storehouses of general welfare, to be plundered for the few, whether that few be the rich and powerful or, even worse, parts of the electorate who can wail the loudest and blackmail parliaments and ministries the most.

The intent of democracies—that is, constitutional governments—is to express the will of the people. These constitutional governments were designed to express that will with varying degrees of speed, but the design of democracy was to have the will of the people expressed effectively no matter how painfully slow and sure the process might be.

On foreign shores, going from one country to another, I sometimes look back at the United States and realize that with our Constitution, plus our two-party system which puts responsibility more or less clearly upon the party in power, which guarantees against destructive coalitions of minority parties and tends to make each of the two parties strong enough to resist the clamor of organized minorities, we have a system which, over any reasonable period of political progress, gives the maximum guaranties of the reflection of the will of the people.

If anyone does not believe that, let him look backward. Irritation because the measures we desire are not at once put into effect will be calmed a good deal if anyone looks back ten or twenty or a hundred years. In these periods passed over there have been a thousand proposals which even those who invented them would say today were unworthy. I have heard men who have stumped the country, even candidates for the presidency, who would say as to some of these proposals, "Thank heaven, my country refused my advice!" And in the main the measures which we Progressives of a dozen years ago would now consider good have been put into effect by our old political enemies. Sometimes men and women say to me, "There is, after all, no vital difference in the principles of the two parties." What of it, even if it is true? There is, at least, a competition for the means to put into effect whatever is the seasoned will of the people. In addition, there is always a single opposition which is taken to account and held blameworthy if it is merely destructive. When there are only two parties the one in power is obliged to vie with the outs in an endeavor to excel not only in administrative capacity but also in responsiveness to public opinion—to the will of the people.

We have had a taste at home of departure from that system. We have had the growth of organized minorities asking through their literature and bureaus in Washington for special favors. In the absence of any great compelling issue requiring a third party because the two existing parties reject it, third parties may be marked down as having for their support temporary combinations of organized minorities. There is nothing except a desire for power which holds them together. They fly apart after a defeat or at least quarrel at the post-mortem.

Obstructionists

WE HAVE also had a definite minority group in Congress seeking to block legislation. I do not believe anyone could write down any coherent program of this group. It was held together exactly as the European minority coalitions are held together—to seize the balance of power to hold up the measures of the party in power. It had no pretense of voicing the will of the whole people. At its best it could claim to represent only the improvident and foolish conception of democracy—that is, that the will of the few, plus the will of another few, plus

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President Millerand of France Greeting the Little Girls of Lille

THE KNIFE

By JOHN RUSSELL

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

THE thing that saved Jimmy Lee was his finding the knife. This is certain. If he had not found it he must have curled up and died of sheer helplessness with the sea slugs and the jellyfish and the other stranded specimens that festered in the sun on Rose Island beach. But while he was crawling along a coral ledge beside the lagoon, whimpering feebly and searching with vague notions of salvage from the wreck, he chanced to peer down into a purple-green pool. And there he caught the familiar shimmer of a knife blade, two fathoms deep.

It is possible that much abler individuals than Jimmy Lee would have derived no consolation whatever from the discovery. Crusoe, for example. Crusoe would have scorned it. But then that bloke Crusoe, he was blooming careful to get hisself cast away with all manner of fixings proper to a man-size shipwreck, wasn't he? Muskets and swords and bags of biscuits and kegs of rum. Crikey! Why couldn't it have happened to Jimmy Lee that way?

Jimmy knew about the bloke Crusoe. There had been some tattered pages of a book aboard the *Dundee*, pilfered from a sailors' mission in Auckland, on which he had feasted word by word at furtive moments of delight behind the galley stove. And as a matter of fact—talk of knowing things—he knew perfectly well why such splendid luck had not happened and never could have happened to him. Not being man-size, Jimmy Lee was aware of it.

Like all the failures of his oppressed and drudging life, this was just another failure—humiliating, self-convicting and thumb-handed, as usual—that now he had fallen into a real adventure, now his actual turn had come to be shipwrecked himself, he had neither food nor tool nor weapon of any kind. Nothing, literally, except his sixpenny shirt and the ragged trousers he stood in.

But Prodding Around, He Chanced Somehow to Impale a Curious Arrangement Like a Bunch of Wriggling, Soft, Semitranslucent Ribbons

And even the trousers were an out-worn pair of Cookie Anderson's, flung at him by that dreaded tyrant months before—"so y' won't 'ave to pig it with the niggers in the foc'sle, quite. Not as y're any ways too good fer it, y' dirty wharf rat," was Cookie's amiable method of presenting the gift. "Gawd knows y' got less spirit than the blackest woolly-head Kanaka of the lot. But y're white-colored—or might be if y' ever washed!" Here he twisted Jimmy's ears until Jimmy yelled, then kicked him out through the galley door and the trousers after him. "Whoop-ee! Whee-whee-whee!" It was Cookie's war cry; something between a crow and a squeal; a hateful sound. "Skinny-legs! Pie-face! Left-over shank o' soup meat!" he shrilled. "Get aht o' this, and don't show back till y're dressed like the bleedin' image of a man!"

Afterward he had the infernal inspiration to make an issue of those trousers. There was a pocket in them—the first pocket Jimmy had ever owned.

It pleased a morbid streak in the cook's nature to point the possibilities of that pocket, on the theory—tacitly supposed if never admitted—that his victim might be meditating a desperate revenge.

"Nar then, nar then, wot y' 'iding in them britches?" he would nag, making painful inquisition with the toe of his boot or the flat of his hand. "A knife? Don't tell me y' gone and 'id a knife abaht y'!" Jimmy never risked hiding so much as a crust of bread, but Cookie would thrust his whittled, chinless face and lower his voice with subtly evil suggestion. "Count 'em out, d' y' 'ear? Count the knives out and let me see y' do it! Lord 'elp you if I ever catch y' sneaking one, mind that!"

For the most part of Jimmy's weary round had to do with knives. Hours and hours he spent on them with pumice and whetstone.

There were the knives of the galley, first of all—butcher knives and carving knives and the knives for meals. They hung in gleaming ranks against the bulkhead—all kinds of knives, from the great two-foot cleaver that could unjoint an ox to the tiny accurate blade designed for surgical operations on a potato. There were the broad and heavy oyster knives, brought into hard usage when the *Dundee* struck a strictly preserved pearl bank and did a rare stroke of business while the shell rotted out through a hurried and smellsome week. There were the sheath knives of the men—even the black deck hands were privileged to carry their own, belted in swagger fashion against their lean rumps as a badge of independence and of manhood.

And every one of those knives had to pass under Jimmy's anxious care, to be kept bright and shiny and razor-keen. Cookie Anderson saw to that, though the best Jimmy could do never satisfied him. It was the man's obsession.

To the other whites on the schooner, naturally, the thing became in time an accepted jest, as any such current ugliness tends to be among tough and tarry minds. They witnessed this little drama of master and slave with a detached humor. As when the big mate, Culbranson, might poke his shaggy head in at the scuttle. Jimmy would be whetting steadily away. Cookie at his own work would be keeping a watchful, malignant eye. And Culbranson would chuckle his warning in a hoarse aside.

"Look out for that young coot, Anderson. Look out he don't turn on y' sometime. I see it in his eye. He'll get even on y' sure some day!"

"Get aht! 'Im? I'd skin 'im like one of these 'ere spuds. Like to see 'im try it! Yes, or you either, y' big tripe—or anyone." And the cook would flap his arms and crow excitedly only at the thought of it. "Whee-whee-whee! My word, if anybody 'as a 'ankering, let 'im turn on me, that's all!"

Then Culbranson would grin half contemptuously at the febrile creature, and half speculatively at the thin, yellow-haired, unformed youngster who sat so humbly by. Culbranson never interfered. None of the others, from Cap'n Joe Brett down, ever interfered. They were open-air, unfanciful men, neither better nor worse than the run of island-trading crews. They had served their own apprenticeships. If he survived, the lad must win his rightful rating for himself; meanwhile his net value lay in valeting the knives.

This was the age-old law of the sea that governed the case of Jimmy Lee; and this was the particular reason why Jimmy took his first effective impulse from a mere flickering reflection.

Through the water, churned by a wash of ground swell over the rocks, he could not see the thing clearly. But he made out its flat, clean, metallic luster A knife. Being a knife, it was a thing he knew; a thing of daily use and habit. Being a knife, it offered an object and a means—the whole difference between life and death. It came in good time for Jimmy.

Rose Island, to which his fate had drifted him, is one of the innumerable left-over remnants of the Pacific; a hummock of rock about the bigness of a battleship, ringed with shattered beach and the inclosing coral reef, the whole no more than a pin prick on any chart. Nobody goes to Rose Island. Messrs. Cook do not sell tickets to it. It lies on no route of trader or fisherman. According to official legend, it was visited once by a naval governor who set up an imposing notice:

ROSE ISLAND
AMERICAN SAMOA
NO TRESPASSING

Why any person should trespass, how he was to keep alive, or in what manner go about removing himself if cast up as an unwilling trespasser, the governor did not state. There stood his defiance amid the wastes of ocean, a stern reminder to marauding frigate birds and the piratical sea turtle.

By the time of the *Dundee's* venture hereabouts, however, this triumph of human prescience must have disappeared. The *Dundee* came on a fortune hunt, in hope of tracing a certain valuable lumber derelict, the *Yackarra*, last reported somewhere near the Manua group. She sighted Rose Island on the fourteenth of April. But it was no signboard that warned her off. She came close enough to observe how poor was the picking and to drop a comment in the higher criticism.

"They say Gawd made such places with the rest," remarked Cap'n Joe Brett. "Just as well for 'Im 'E didn't

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THE YATZ-GATZ

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

YES, Paris had changed. Not in big ways, Henri Berri decided, sitting there in the Café of the Thousand Angels, sipping his *apéritif;* but in ten thousand strange, unexpected little ways, in the years he had been away.

Those tiny buglike automobiles, so fragile and feminine-seeming, that peeped plaintively, like lost sparrows, as they flitted through the traffic maze of the Champs-Élysées—they were new. Ten years ago all motor cars had been masculine—massive and bass of voice—he remembered. And skirts had been longer—oh, very much longer—ten years ago. Streaming by his café window were more silk stockings and more foreigners. He amused himself identifying them as they passed—the Americans, who all walked as if they were going somewhere, a clean-shaven race with eyes alert behind those curious spectacles with rims of horn; the English tweedy men and toothy women, guidebooks clutched to their flat bosoms and an atmosphere of dry fog about their red, reserved faces. They marched sedately by, daring Paris to enchant them.

Little changes everywhere. The Tour Eiffel had been given a turban of yellow paint, and it had sprouted wire whiskers—radio antennæ, he decided, the new craze he had read about in his teak bungalow buried deep in the jungles of Cambodia.

Then there were some new restaurants and new newspapers and new political parties. Yes, Paris had changed; but in no important ways.

The same fishermen, immobile as so many obelisks, still held rigid bamboo poles over the tawny and utterly fishless Seine, waiting, waiting for that quite impossible fish. The same pseudo Turks, in their fezzes, with the same pseudo rugs and dubious furs over their shoulders, still lurked along the boulevards seeking a purchaser for their wares, and just as ten years before, never—apparently selling a single rug or skin

So mused Henri Berri, and just then catching a glimpse of himself in the glass wall of the café, he smiled. Why, he was darker himself than those Turks—he who had been born in the Rue St. Didier, and had lived there all his life; a Parisian of the Parisians, until ten years ago, when he had plunged into the teak forests of Cambodia as another man might have flung himself into the Seine.

The Seine, or Cambodia? Henri Berri recalled the night he had made the decision—that moonless, that excessively depressing night. What a soul-twisting night it had been, to be sure! He remembered vividly how he had paced the Alexander III bridge, stopping to look at the cold, hungry water sliding by, until a steel dawn had crept up to silhouette the chimney pots of Paris.

He could smile a little at himself now. How young he was in those days! Why, he might even have chosen the Seine, if at the critical moment his new hat had not fallen off and dropped—splash—into the water! The anticlimax was too much. He had laughed—and chosen Cambodia.

At the thought of that night, and the great wrong that had been done him, he assumed, considering that he was a small man with rather conspicuous eyes and teeth, a fearsome expression. He would make the vast Georges Pampel cower before him—and soon. Henri Berri became cheerful at the thought. After all, this was the day he had lived for; and he meant to enjoy it, savoring every last minute of it, even as, sip by sip, he relished the delicious liqueur before him. On this day, he, Henri Berri, would make Georges Pampel pay.

He scowled as he thought of Pampel and his mustaches trembled with hate. He could picture Georges Pampel at that very moment, although he had never seen him in the flesh. Doubtless the great Pampel was entering his favorite café, a commanding figure of a fellow with an arrogant chest, an impressive frock-coated man, bearded to the third button of his vest—a man with an important air, as befitted one who was a power in the pineapple trade of Paris. Pampel would command deference. Waiters would scurry to him, bringing his favorite paper—a solid, Conservative organ—and his favorite *apéritif.* Doubtless, lesser men in the café would nudge one another and say, in respectful whispers, "That is Pampel, the big pineapple man."

"Ah, yes, the Pineapple King, the husband of the celebrated beauty."

At this thought, Henri Berri groaned aloud, and a hovering waiter inquired:

"Is monsieur, perhaps, ill?"

"Ill? No—the devil!" growled Henri Berri. "May not a man groan?"

"But certainly, monsieur. It is not forbidden to groan in this establishment."

So Henri groaned again, for he was thinking of Yvonne—Madame Georges Pampel.

"And no doubt she is toasted by all Paris," he muttered, "as the Pineapple Queen." And a third time he groaned. He brightened somewhat as he exclaimed, half aloud, "But wait! As for that husband of hers—that proud camel, that profiteer"—he was working himself up to a fine pitch of ire—"that relation of a cow, that rolling dirtiness, we shall see! A fine king Georges Pampel will be tomorrow! I will dethrone him, I!"

Henri Berri ran a glance around the café, full now of men—solid, paunchy, pacific men—enjoying drinks, pipes, papers. It gave him a somewhat pleasurable feeling to

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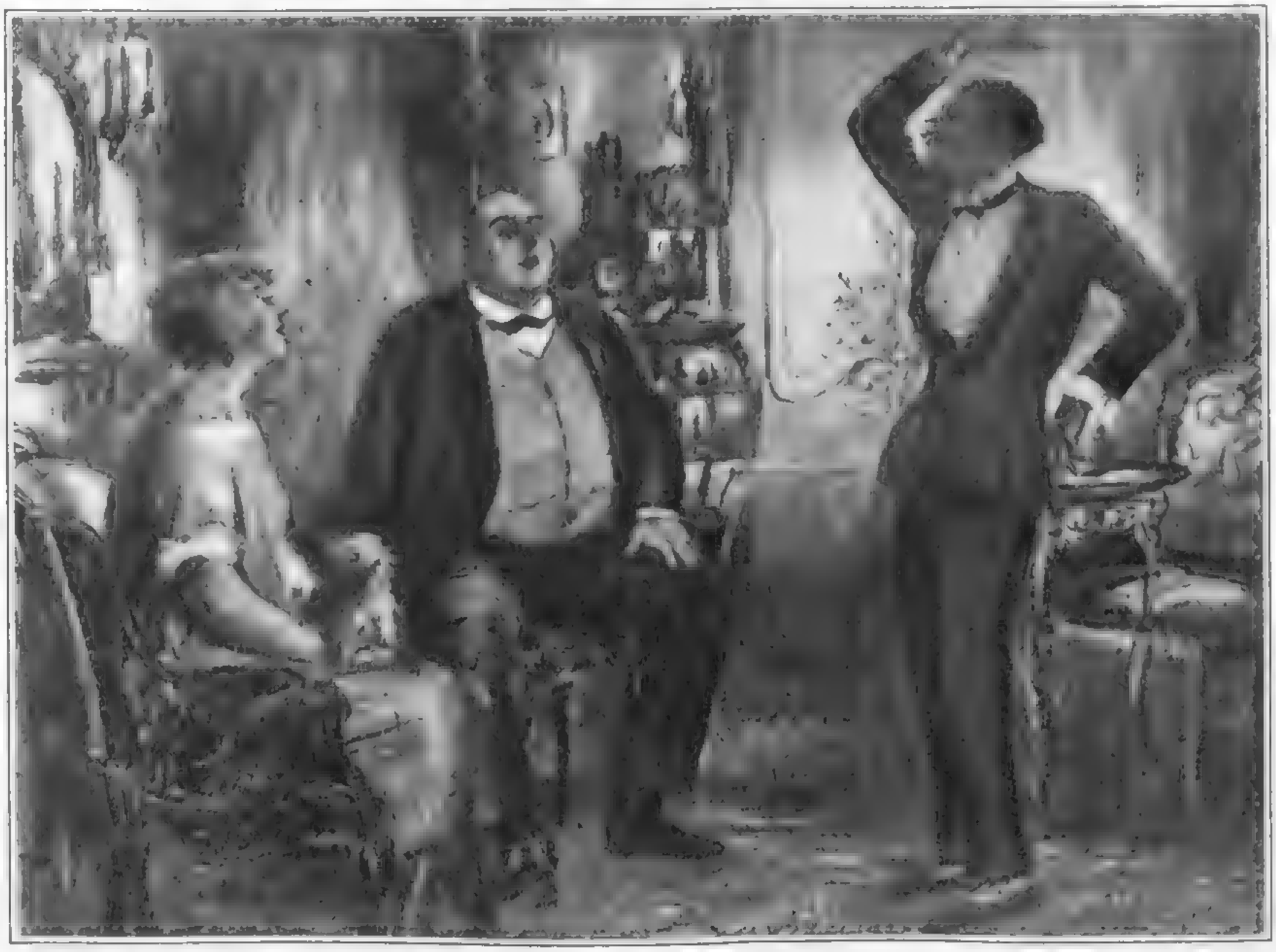
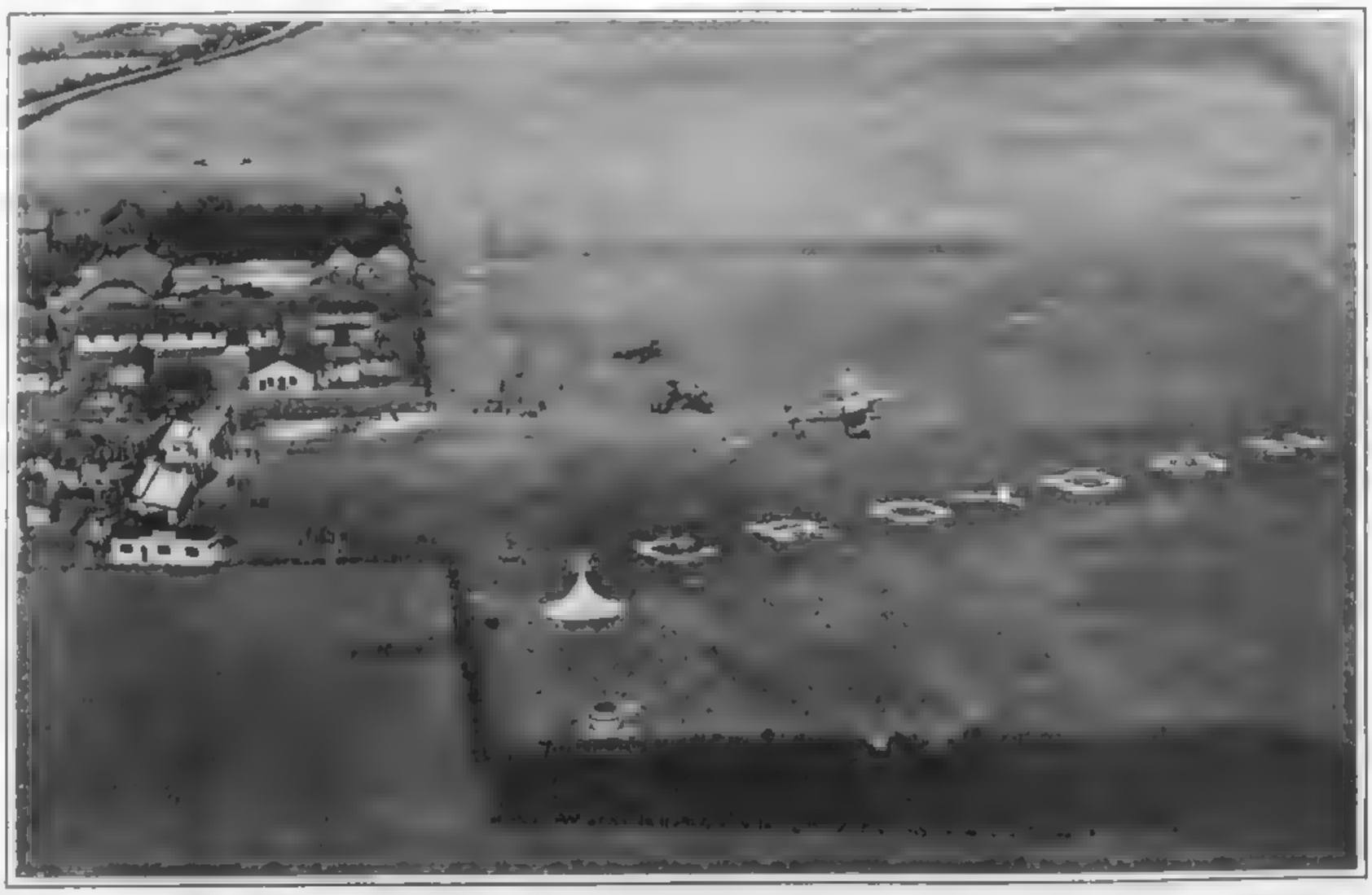


Henri Berri Talked of Cambodia. He Told of Hunting Man-Eating Tigers by the Light of a Jungle Moon. He Even Essayed to Show Them How the Natives Danced

Civil and Commercial Aviation

By Brigadier General William Mitchell

ASSISTANT CHIEF OF AIR SERVICE



Croydon, the London Air Terminus, From Which the Commercial Aircraft Take Off for Paris and Other Places on the Continent. It Has a Complete Customs House With Installations, Medical Inspection Facilities, and Everything That Goes With Handling the Traffic of an International Port

THE essence of civilization is transportation. The more rapid the intercourse between people the more highly what we call civilization will be developed. Commercial nations have always made it a point to establish and control transportation systems so that their means of distributing their goods might be controlled by themselves and not be dependent on others. No matter how great a producer or manufacturer a nation may be, if it has no means of transportation it cannot distribute its goods or gain the benefits which come from other nations.

Nothing throttles a people's development more than lack of transportation. We have examples of this at our very doors in the Alleghany Mountains and on the shores and islets of our Atlantic seaboard. Many of these communities, although composed of the original Anglo-Saxon stock, the first that came to this country, and although they are the purest Americans that we have, not only have made no advance in their cultural state but have retrogressed. Many of these people still speak Elizabethan English and are a prey to the beliefs and superstitions of the Middle Ages. Many other examples of a similar nature, well known to all, can be given. These conditions are entirely due to a lack of transportation. Frequently I have had forced landings with my airplane in these out-of-the-way communities, among people who were unable to read and write and who did not know who the governor or representatives of their state were and who did not know where the nearest post office was, although, in one instance, it was only about eight miles off. In this particular community their only fear was of the United States revenue officers, whom they regarded as the only government that came into contact with them. The evasion of the law that the revenue officers were detailed to enforce and an occasional feud with a near-by family furnished the causes of the only community organization which they had.

Advantages of Air Transport

THE whole means of transportation on the surface of the ground or water necessarily is confined to places that are easy of access to these elements; in the case of water, deep harbors, indentations along the coasts, and navigable rivers; in the case of land, where it is possible to build roads and railroads. These, in their turn, follow the lines where the grades are the least abrupt, and consequently are developed along stream lines and across passes in the mountains where the erosion of the water on the heads of the rivers has made the going easier.

No condition of this kind confronts aircraft, as the air is a common medium all over the world. It is therefore possible to develop transportation to any place desired in this medium. In commercial aviation, however, a positive gain in dollars and cents must be shown over the competing carriers on the land and water. There must be regularity of schedule, and the transit of passengers and goods must be safe and not subject to too great a percentage of accidents.

There are two things in which an airplane excels all other carriers—one is its speed and the other is the fact that it is the only instrument of transportation which is capable of delivering its cargo to a terminal station in the air. The latter has been used to great advantage as a means of advertising commodities, such as sky writing with smoke let out of the airplane in various ways and maneuvering the airplane so as to write letters or words that everybody can see. Another means of advertising is to paint the name of the article on the under surface of the airplane, and still another is to distribute pamphlets or sheets of paper describing the article being advertised.

The Great French Airport of Le Bourget, Where the Different Companies Have Their Hangars

Rainmaking

ANOTHER use of aviation as a means of delivering something at a terminal station in the air is the photographic camera. The use of this instrument has tremendous possibilities. Not only can it portray the topography of the earth but even the elevations and depressions, so that it can be used in surveying the whole country, and in our country scarcely 60 per cent of the whole area has been adequately mapped. It has taken all the years since we began, to do even that much. A complete photographic survey of the whole country could be accomplished by aërial photography within two years and a half at less than one-quarter of the cost required by ground methods. Photographs of agricultural and animal-industry areas bring excellent results, and often it can be told from the character of vegetation and the color of the ground shown on the photographic negatives, what the best crop to be grown on the land should be, also where irrigation could be used to advantage, water-power sites located, and electric-power lines installed. In the great fields of sugar cane in the Hawaiian Islands an air reconnaissance is often the only means of telling whether the irrigation is reaching the center of the fields or not. Aërial photographs can portray model farms, feeding places for animals, and shelters.

The Aërial Forest Patrol, inaugurated by the Army Air Service in 1919, saved more for the United States that year than all the money expended by the Government for aviation.

The civil departments of the Government have uses for aircraft that in many instances do the work much more cheaply than other methods formerly employed and which often are the only means of gaining the information or doing the work desired. The civil departments of the Government have many problems which are yet unsolved. One is the question of making rain. Some time ago the question of attempting to clarify fogs over airdromes led to a very careful study of moisture in the atmosphere. Many interesting experiments have been conducted along that line to show that fogs can be eliminated and that the clouds can be made to deposit their moisture in the form of rain. These experiments are going forward at this time. Condensation of moisture is brought about by electrified particles of matter. Sand has been used so far, charged with a very high electric potential of an opposite kind from that found in the clouds. This sand is scattered around by aircraft in or over the clouds to produce the effect. The advocates of this method of producing moisture from the clouds have

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DISARMING GERMANY

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., MEADVILLE, N. Y.

Germans Destroying a War Tank, in Accordance With the Terms of the Peace Treaty

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These Rifles Were Taken From the Public and Destroyed by Striking the Butts Against Stone Blocks

By Brigadier General J. H. Morgan

Deputy Adjutant General on Interallied Military Commission of Control in Germany

TO DRAW a great military nation's teeth, especially when they are sound and lusty teeth, and that without anyanæsthetic,is an unpleasant operation—unpleasant for the patient and not much more pleasant for the operator. The German Government had, it is true, agreed to the operation when they signed the Treaty of Versailles and its disarmament clauses, but, as very soon appeared, they had no intention whatsoever of facilitating it. The task was, according to the terms of the treaty, to have been accomplished within six months. Some five years have passed since the ratification of the treaty, and the Interallied Control Commission is still carrying on and the German military authorities are still making things as difficult for it as possible. The only thing that will terminate this covenanted disarmament of Germany will be the outbreak of another war, a paradox which I will not attempt to explain here; I have done it elsewhere. In this article I propose to tell the story of some of the more adventurous aspects of our work, without entering into the question of its finality or otherwise.

Objects of German Hate

A GREAT adventure it certainly was. To dispatch a few hundred Allied officers, unarmed except for their revolvers—and even those we were not supposed to take—with a handful of soldier clerks, batmen and military policemen, into the heart of Germany with instructions to blow up her fortresses, dynamite her powder factories, dismantle her gas factories, demolish Krupp's gun shops, shut down or transform her munition factories—there were some seven thousand of them—suppress her arsenals, close her depots, demobilize the old army and control the new, down to the inspection of every nominal roll, strength return and attestation paper, supervise the police, enforce the disbandment of illegal formations of the most ruffianly toughs you ever saw—to dispatch a few hundred officers on such a mission would, right up to the day on which the German Army capitulated in the field, have seemed a wildly incredible undertaking, a term of capitulation neither to be contemplated nor enforced. It was unheard of—*unerhört*—Ludendorff remarked to me the first time I met him; it was an outrage—*eine Schande*; it was unprecedented, never before had one belligerent imposed such humiliating terms on the other. Unheard of it certainly was, unprecedented it may have been, but an outrage it could only be to those who could see nothing outrageous in Germany's method of making war. The Germans naturally took that view of the matter, and we soon found we were in for a lively time.

"Kill the lot—the last Great Judgment will hold you blameless." This was the exhortation to the German public with which an infuriated German newspaper, the Deutsche Zeitung, greeted the arrival of a small advance party of us in September, 1919. The writer of this truly German effort of hate had, as he was careful to explain, been provoked beyond endurance by the spectacle of some of us strolling carelessly in uniform down the famous Siegesallee—Victory Avenue—in which you may see, if you are so unfortunate, a row of statues of the Hohenzollerns which have long been notorious all over Europe for their execrable sculpture, and, having seen us laughing, he was, like the character in Congreve's play, quite sure we were laughing at him—or rather at the marble objects of his adoration. Worse, he had, he explained, seen six British privates strolling along the Budapesterstrasse and had observed that when his patriotic fellow Germans scowled at the invaders the British soldiers only smiled in return. It's a way the British soldier has, and that native imperturbability of his accounts, but not altogether, for the fact that things passed off as well as they did and rarely went to the length of the effusion of blood.

One of the officers serving under me, a colonel in the Gordons, had an inimitable way of his own of returning every volley of hate. He scored every time. Did a regimental band greet his inspection of a German army unit with the defiant playing of Deutschland uber Alles, he would warmly thank the sullen C. O. for providing him with some music. Did the German sentry at the barracks gate salute the German liaison officer accompanying him on his tour of inspection, he would gravely appropriate the salute to himself by returning it. When a squad of soldiers, who happened to be on the square, suddenly at a preconcerted signal turned their backs on him, he turned to the C. O. and, slapping the Gordon tartan on his thigh, he said pleasantly to the C. O., "Ah, colonel, not the first time your men have turned their backs on this, I think?"

Allied Officers Mistreated

IT WAS not always quite so simple as that, or so easy. Some of our officers had narrow shaves from revolver shots, there were unpleasant experiences in the way of fusillades of stones from the men in one barracks, and a scalding baptism of army rations, in the form of hot soup, in another. On one occasion, at Stettin, two Allied officers were very roughly handled and thrown down the steps of a police barracks by the very police whom it was their duty to inspect. We were shadowed everywhere, our telephones tapped, our letters intercepted, our garages watched and our cars followed, our officers picketed, our luggage searched, and everything done, short of taking our finger prints, to keep us under observation. The German authorities had a *dossier* of every one of us as complete as that of a habitual criminal at Scotland Yard. We discovered this in a most engaging manner—namely, by the error of a German postman in delivering a package at one of our district offices on our own floor instead of on the floor below, which was the office of the German liaison, and for once in their lives certain Allied officers had a pleasure as rare and piquant as that of the man who is reported dead and reads his own obituary notice. The package was from one German liaison officer to the other, and contained a

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PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., MEADVILLE, N. Y.

Flying Machines Being Destroyed at Camp Doeberitz, Germany, Under the Control of Members of the Allied Supervision Commission

A Husband for George-Anne

By Hazel Christie Macdonald

AT HALF PAST ONE in the morning Miss George-Anne McClellan, who was a spinster lady of twenty-two summers, climbed into bed and set herself to the task of taking up in a serious way the case of Mrs. Dorinda Van Duyke, who was at the moment peacefully sleeping in the room across the hall.

Now Mrs. Dorinda Van Duyke was George-Anne's aunt, and up to this afternoon George-Anne had seen her only once before in her life. But this is not what was giving such grave concern to George-Anne. Of a certainty, no! The disturbing feature of the whole situation was that Mrs. Dorinda Van Duyke, at the age of forty-two, had been wedded four times, which made her a personage! While Miss George-Anne McClellan, at the threshold of twenty-three, had never even been kissed! Which made her a failure!

However, nothing in the world is mended by mere thinking alone; and so, having resolved upon a desperate course of action, to go into effect the next morning, Miss George-Anne composed herself to sleep by reciting twenty lines of the Æneid in the original Latin—as her father had taught her.

Miss McClellan's mother had died when George-Anne was only one year old, which was most unfortunate, as doctors will tell you that practically *no* baby is improved by being brought up by its male parent. In the case of George-Anne it was a singularly unhappy arrangement, as her father was professor of Greek and Egyptology at a little backwater college in a little puddle of a town, and conspicuous as being among the five most absent-minded persons on the face of the globe. I rather think he was like that other absent-minded professor, the one in the funny story, who, when the nurse came in to announce "It's a boy!" looked up vaguely from whatever it was he was doing, and said, "Well, tell him I'm busy—and ask him what he wants." Really, Professor McClellan was just as bad as that! He was a slight, stooped man, nearsighted, of course, and with a diffident smile. His students played the most awful tricks on him; but they adored him, too, so that evened things up all round.

Now somewhere in the Latin language, which is a dead language, but responsible for some very present trouble, there occurs the line, "A healthy mind in a healthy body." And it was this line which Professor McClellan had seized upon as the solution of his problem in bringing up George-Anne, then a small urchin of about two. He had accordingly discharged the nurse in command at the moment—a rank sentimentalist who believed, actually, in letting children make mud pies—and installed in her place a she-warrior who taught George-Anne that everything in the world must be done well to be considered done at all, and that only the strong survive.

The result of such stern training was that, at the age of eight, George-Anne had a bowing acquaintance with all the heroes of the Trojan War; at twelve she was on fairly intimate terms with all the big names used in trigonometry and the other light indoor sports; at eighteen she could mention the fourth dimension without any perceptible rise in blood pressure; and at twenty-one she was entirely at home in the basic principles of international law. She could also ride a horse right side up, play tennis that was faintly reminiscent of Suzanne Lenglen's, and go around the Wyossett Club course in a manner that would come pretty close to breaking ninety. But at twenty-two George-Anne McClellan had never been kissed, while her aunt, Mrs. Van Duyke, who didn't know a Greek quotation from a recipe for old-fashioned bread pudding, had captured four separate and individual husbands!

True, none of them had been very permanent or durable; but four husbands are four husbands, no matter how you look at it—or them! So do you wonder that George-Anne had concluded something must be done about it, and done fast?

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

First Aunt Dorinda Pulled Out a String of Opals, Held Them Up in Her Tapering Fingers. "Never Accept Opals," She Said to George-Anne. "They are Sure to Get You Into All Sorts of Hot Water Afterward"

At ten the next morning, therefore, she knocked timidly on Mrs. Van Duyke's door, and in a moment she stood looking at the lady who had made such a splendid showing in the Matrimonial Sweepstakes. How Professor McClellan had ever come to have such a sister as Mrs. Van Duyke, heaven alone knows! Privately, the professor considered her perfectly dreadful and a menace to the sanctity of the American home. If he had had his way, she would have been kept in a big cupboard where people would never have heard of her or the four husbands. But Mrs. Van Duyke, who had been living in Paris, and who had grown bored with it, had descended on America in one of her unaccountable spasms of love for her native land, and had come way out to Illinois, having just remembered that she had not seen George-Anne since 1902. So here she was, with as much equipment as an army on the march, and a cheerfulness and gayety that fitted her like her skin. Already George-Anne considered her most entertaining.

"Good morning, dear," said Mrs. Van Duyke, who at ten A.M. was sitting up in bed and sipping chocolate with enjoyment and thoroughness.

"Good morning, Aunt Dorinda," said George-Anne, coming two steps farther into the room.

"How nice of you to come and pay a visit to an old lady," went on Mrs. Van Duyke, and she handed the chocolate cup to George-Anne with an expression that indicated it had been very, very good.

"An old lady!" exclaimed George-Anne, and her tone was as shocked as if her aunt had called herself a rhinoceros. Mrs. Van Duyke smiled.

"Hand me that small lavender bottle, my child," she said; "the one with the spray top."

And she pointed to the dressing table, whose surface had, since yesterday, sprouted the most astonishing crop of bottles and small boxes and other articles looking expensive and foreign. Eventually George-Anne located the bottle that was wanted and she brought it back to the bed. Her Aunt Dorinda opened her mouth like a yawning kitten and sprayed some of the contents down her pink throat. Immediately the room was filled with the most charming of odors, like that of the woods in May. George-Anne sniffed delightedly.

"Mario, of the Opéra Comique, had this made up for me in Paris," Mrs. Van Duyke said, when she had sprayed to her satisfaction. "It does something or other to the vocal cords; I forget just what."

She handed the bottle back to George-Anne, who took it with reverent fingers.

"Is there anything else I can do, please?" asked George-Anne, who was dying to find out some more about the bottles and small boxes.

"You can, if you want your Aunty Dorinda to love you very much, take the three rings in the corner there and put them in my jewel case. It's in the second drawer—or perhaps it's the first."

It was in the second, and George-Anne opened it to drop the rings in. But the moment she had lifted the lid she said "Oh! Oh! Oh!" in three different tones of voice and stood stock-still, with the rings in her hand.

"What is it?" asked Aunt Dorinda, who thought George-Anne had seen a mouse, and who was prepared to dive beneath the bedclothes immediately if this should prove to be the case.

"It's—it's—it's only because they're all so beautiful," said George-Anne, and then Aunt Dorinda knew her niece must be speaking of the contents of the jewel case.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed. "Bring them over, my dear."

So George-Anne lifted the case and set it on the bed, and at once Aunt Dorinda began rummaging in it.

"I have something here that will be charming for you, George-Anne," she said. "That is, if I can ever find it." And she pulled out a great number of the loveliest things, helter-skelter. First she pulled out a string of opals, held them up in her tapering fingers. "Never accept opals," she said to George-Anne. "They are sure to get you into all sorts of hot water afterward." And laying the offending jewels on the bedspread, she brought out a little watch, with an absurd shepherdess done in enamels on its case, and the whole surrounded by brilliants and turquoises.

"This," said Mrs. Van Duyke, about the watch, "was given to me by the dearest Italian boy. He was only nineteen—or perhaps it was twenty-one. Anyway, it was one of those delightful ages back in the springtime of life, my dear." She regarded the watch with a faint smile. "Poor Giulio! I always meant to give it back to him, but somehow I forgot; and then he went away and got himself killed in the war."

She laid the watch down and passed on to something else.

"This chain now—I can't for the life of me remember where I got that. But I apparently got it some place, because it's here, dear, isn't it?" She laughed across the width of the bed at George-Anne, and then she brought out of the box a brooch, all made of diamonds set in a long straight line, and all flashing beautifully in the ten-o'clock sunshine.

"Now this," said Mrs. Van Duyke, holding it up—"this I'll never, never forget. It was given me by dear Peter. He was my second husband, George-Anne, and a more charming person you'd never meet. Unfortunately, he knew everything but how to save money, and he died while making a belated effort to bridge this gap in his education."

"And were you poor?" asked George-Anne thirstily.

"Poor!" echoed Aunt Dorinda, lifting two hands to the level of her blue eyes. "I was *penniless!*" She paused, while George-Anne sat envisioning her in an atmosphere of courageous poverty. But the vision faded when Aunt Dorinda said, not without pardonable pride: "But I just said to myself, 'Dorinda, you must now face facts. You must learn to do without the luxuries you've been used to.' So I sent away six of the servants, my dear, and scraped along like a mere beggar with three, till two years later, when I met Tom; and he was my third husband, George-Anne."

George-Anne looked at Mrs. Van Duyke dizzily. This conversing with a person who had survived the rigors of four weddings was beginning to tell on the young lady who could not achieve even one. George-Anne had heard her aunt described as various things in the last ten years. In fact, Professor McClellan's private term for her was "that shameless sister of mine." But George-Anne thought she was merely very pretty and appealing as she sat there wistfully -oh, so wistfully turning out on the counterpane a small fortune in gems.

"She's lovely," said George-Anne to herself. "I wonder what it is she does."

She was thinking, not of Mrs. Van Duyke's age, but of the four husbands.

"I know; it's in the drawer," said Mrs. Van Duyke, interrupting the thoughts, and she swung herself out of bed and into a ridiculous pair of mules and a wisp of filmy dressing gown. Thus attired against the inclemencies of the June weather, she padded across the room to the dressing table and brought from the drawer the thing she had been seeking. It was a slender chain of platinum, dotted at intervals with pearls.

"Hear, my dear," said Aunt Dorinda, and she put it into George-Anne's hand. "Add it to all the other pretty things you've doubtless been given."

There was a tiny pause, and then George-Anne did a most unexpected thing. She threw the platinum chain on the counterpane and stood with her two hands locked behind her.

"I haven't any other pretty things," she said. She saw, by her Aunt Dorinda's look of utter amaze, that she must explain further, so she went on in the clear, precise manner of one doing a problem in Euclid. "You spoke a moment ago of never accepting opals, you remember? Well, what—what would you say if I told you that I'd never even been offered a box of candy?"

Her Aunt Dorinda stared for a second, then she said, "I shouldn't believe it, my dear. You are far too beautiful."

"No, I'm not," said George-Anne. "Because there's something wrong about me, somewhere. I'm not sure whether it's something I am or something I do; but whatever it is, I I want you to find it out and then tell me about it."

"You adorable thing!" said Mrs. Van Duyke suddenly, and she leaned forward and kissed George-Anne. By noon, the entire household knew that she would prolong her visit indefinitely and that a number of social gayeties were looming on the horizon.

Professor McClellan groaned when he heard it. He saw disaster ahead, for his sister would persist in mentioning all four of her marriages, especially when conversing with the prexy's wife and Mrs. Amos Suffern-White, the head of the Woman's Temperance Union. On Wednesday, however, Professor McClellan began to entertain hopes of Dorinda's ultimate reformation, for he met her at the home of the curate, listening most earnestly to the edifying discourse of the bishop, who was spending three days in town. So rapt was her expression and so respectful her blue eyes that Professor McClellan stood astonished. She looked almost like Saint Cecilia—without the organ!

On Thursday, however, the professor's faith in the Church of England began to totter. For on approaching his domicile toward the close of day, he heard ecclesiastical laughter proceeding from the living room; and there he found—he found the bishop and Mrs. Dorinda Van Duyke having a most hilarious tea together! Indeed, even as he passed the door, he heard Dorinda saying, in her cool-drink-on-a-hot-day voice, "And as I so often said to poor Peter—he was my second husband, my dear bishop ——"

But the worst was yet to come. By Friday the house was completely overrun with boys. At least half the students of the entire town of Wyosset appeared to have taken up quarters in the McClellan home. At first the professor thought they might have come to see George-Anne; but, "No," said George-Anne, "they have all come to call on Aunt Dorinda." And at such a piece of news, Professor McClellan retired to his study, where he perused ten pages of Marcus Aurelius in an effort to curb his mental agitation.

By dinnertime he had made up his mind that Dorinda must be spoken to; and accordingly, after the dessert—it was a pudding in the form of a lion *couchant*, a special offering of the cook's, to please Mrs. Van Duyke—he drew a deep breath and plunged into the icy waters of the brotherly admonishment. At first, I regret to say, Dorinda did not even know she was being chided; she went right on consuming the lion's currant eyes in an unconcerned manner.

So Professor McClellan said, quite sternly, "Dorinda, this—this must stop!"

Dorinda looked up, startled. She had been on the point of eating the lion's left ear, but now she paused.

"What must stop, my dear?" she asked.

Her brother floundered about among the more familiar words of the English language.

"Why, everything!" he replied. "The—the—the bishop, for instance!" Dorinda opened her blue eyes very wide. It was evident that she didn't know what in the world the bishop had to do with it. Her brother enlightened her. "There's—there's—forgive me, Dorinda, but I must speak plainly—there's a certain friendliness about your manner that's most—most ——"

"Oh!" said Dorinda. "Then you think I was too friendly with the bishop?"

"I think you're too friendly with everybody," said Professor McClellan. "It was hardly necessary to tell him about everything that has happened in your life."

"I suppose not," answered Dorinda amiably. "Still, there are some people that you simply love to confide in."

"But you confide in everybody—especially about the husbands!" retorted her brother. Mrs. Van Duyke looked at him in surprise.

(Continued on Page 75)

But Jerry Corlettne Made No Move to Touch Her; He Merely Sprawled on His Elbow in That Disconcerting Manner and Looked at Her With His Soul in His Eyes

GIVE A MAN LUCK

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

I HAD taken the place with Miss Crumpp's Female Seminary merely as something to go on with while I looked about me, in the way of a stop-gap, if you follow me; and yet when Miss Crumpp told me that the seminary was to be permanently discontinued I felt quite a twinge. My service with her had been exceptionally pleasant; and, after all, twenty years' service is quite a part of one's life—very nearly half of mine at the time, if I may make the personal application—even though one has had at no time during the term any intention to continue permanently.

"Dear me, Miss Crumpp," I said. It is not my habit to use expletives; but the news was, as I have intimated, distressing. Not that I was genuinely at a loss; hardly had she spoken when I had resolved to look about me for other employment. My trend is for decision, action executive ability is perhaps the very term. Before I had wheeled the tea wagon across the threshold of her office I was quite clear.

I should plunge into the business world. Business was not only the field in which my natural capacities lay, but it was mine by virtue of expert training. I have always been ambitious, and during my long service with Miss Crumpp I had given my spare time to self-improvement, knowing that my chance would arrive, perhaps sooner than I dared to hope.

I had attained not only a thorough knowledge of business theory and practice, but I had that justified self-confidence that comes only after an exhaustive study of oneself in a spirit of detached scientific inquiry. To use the terminology of science, I was blond, with low crown section and long upper lip, with slightly bulging blue eyes, fine-textured and with rigid bones, wide-headed—though that was accentuated by the fullness of the hair above my ears as opposed to my baldness on top—small-bodied, a conservative dresser, clean-shaven except for prolongations to the angle of the jaw, quick and graceful in movement. In a word, the vital type; in another word, the business type. I need hardly add that I had found no insuperable difficulty in the correspondence course of the Leffingwell School of Practical Business.

"Now, Arthur," Said Mr. Beakes, "You've Acted Like a Contemptible Sharper, and if I Didn't Know You I Wouldn't Talk to You Over the Long-Distance." "Sorry, Sir," Said I, Quite Abased by His Rebuke

My alma mater had written me to offer various business openings into which I might plunge, but I had had a certain reluctance which I cannot explain except on the basis of sentiment. Being the vital type, I was necessarily warm-hearted. And, too, being fine-textured, I did not relish tremendously the dedicating myself to salted and smoked fish and cheeses. Commerce in such rude foodstuffs was, I gathered, the avocation of the Mr. Beakes, of Greenwich Street, to whom my alma mater had commended me last and with insistence. It is likely that I should have respectfully declined to associate myself with Mr. Beakes, of Greenwich Street, had it not been for the distressing news imparted by Miss Crumpp.

I pushed the tea wagon from Miss Crumpp's office and urged it toward the study of Mrs. Brace, the disciplinarian. I was melancholy, seeing before me the familiar street door upon which I had waited so often to admit parents and visitors, catching a vista through the sunny drawing-room into which I had ushered these arrivals and wherein former pupils returning for a look about had detained me in chat, calling upon me to remember a variety of inconsequential matters which had quite escaped me, if indeed I had heeded them at any time. Through that doorway I should not escort the young ladies again to walk in Central Park or to visit the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Always in the company of Mrs. Brace, let me say distinctly; and I may add that I drew the line firmly against entering the museum in mixed company.

While I was so engaged in reverie, several of the young lady boarders descended the staircase with luggage. It was the end of the second semester and they were on their way to their homes in due course. I hurried the tea wagon, having regard for the safety of the officers' tea and hot muffins. The young ladies shouted to me.

"Oh, Arthur," called one of them, "aren't you going to kiss me good-by?"

"Beg pardon, miss?" I said, doubting my ears.

"Isn't he terrible, girls?" said the one who had offered herself for kissing—a pretty girl, if I may presume so far. "He's been flirting with me all year, and now he pretends he doesn't even know me." And with that she took advantage of my encumbered situation and threw her arms about my neck and kissed me.

"Madam!" I said, blushing rosily. "Madam!"

"Don't deny me this moment, Arthur," she said in a breaking voice. "It may be forever, Arthur." And with that, upon my word, she burst into loud weeping and ran down the hallway with her head on her arm. The other young ladies looked on her with sympathy and on me with indignation, and said, "Oh, you bald-headed little sheik!"

"I do assure you, young ladies, that there is a mistake here," I said, not a little confused.

I more than half suspected that the young lady was only pretending and that they were having a bit of fun; but it would have been extremely bad taste for me to make a joke of the thing while there was a chance, however remote, that she was weeping in good faith. Mrs. Brace appeared at this moment, rescuing me from a dilemma, and the young lady ceased weeping instantly and advanced upon Mrs. Brace and kissed her in farewell. I am bound to say that there was no such fervor and abandon in the kiss she bestowed upon Mrs. Brace as there was in the kiss she had given me; but I refrain from drawing inferences. Indeed, I did not know the young lady, could not have vouched that I had seen her before; it was not my habit to look curiously at the young ladies. If there was anything genuine in her grief—and I do not insist that there was—it was one of those unfortunate and unrequited attachments. I have, I do earnestly assure you, the very highest respect for woman, and nothing is farther from my inclination than to play the gay Lothario; least of all, if I may seem to differentiate among impossibilities, when the victim of my light-mindedness must have been a mere child.

I journeyed down in the afternoon to interview Mr. Beakes, of Greenwich Street. If I had entertained a notion that Mr. Beakes dealt in a disembodied way with his cheeses and his fishes, ordering them about from a distance and in an atmosphere of pure mathematics, my hope was dispelled by the sight and odor of Mr. Beakes' establishment. His place was a two-story structure of great extent whose basement and first floor were replete with his commodities and in which he occupied a mere den above the street. One bent on doing business with Mr. Beakes in spite of his environment was compelled to ascend a shaking wooden stairs every stick and inch of which spoke eloquently of the sea and the meadow in a deplorably advanced state.

I was only briefly in Mr. Beakes' service and I have not a very clear view of the nature of his business. I do think that he was a commission merchant and quite a bit of a warehouseman. Trucks came constantly, loading and unloading fishes and cheeses, and he sat above with his handkerchief to his nose and made an excellent if unpleasant living. The handkerchief, let me say quickly, was not applied to his nose because of any natural repugnance; rather on the contrary, as he told me with asperity when I ventured a word of condolence. He suffered chronically from colds. His door hung on one hinge and his windows were open so that he might shout to employes in the street, and the den was heated by a tubular wood stove.

I speak of the winter, if you follow me; in the summer the stove was not fired, at least during the time of my service. During the warmer months, and possibly also in the winter, though of that I cannot speak with assurance, Mr. Beakes took snuff. He took a pinch of this material and held it to one nostril, stopping the other with the pressure of an index finger, and inhaled jerkily and until the outraged mucous membranes protested explosively; and then Mr. Beakes put his handkerchief—a red one—to his countenance and said "Ah-h!" with an apparent gratification that was quite mystifying. He was a stout and elderly person, with inflamed eyes and a varicolored mustache. He looked at me during an interval, and noting that my bearing was confident without brashness, he was very favorably impressed.

"Try anything once," he said, dissimulating his satisfaction. "This employment agency speaks very highly of

you, Mr. Joy. You can't know less than the last one. Who's playing with the Giants today?"

"Giants, sir?" I said, not getting his drift. "Did I understand you to say Giants, sir?" And then, to let him know that I was advised of current events, I said, "You refer to the circus, sir. But it has left town, sir."

He was nonplused at my readiness, and he took snuff and said, "Ah-h!" Then he had at me again with, "What do you do when you're doing nothing, Mr. Joy?"

This was a poser, a real trick question, and I thought rapidly and said, "Do you mean my office hours, sir?"

"All right, Mr. Joy," he said. "But remember, the first time I come in and hear you whispering down that phone, 'Guess who this is,' out you go!"

"Very good, sir," I said; "but I do assure you that I had no notion of such an unbusinesslike phrase. I should, on the contrary, advise the other person of my identity immediately, sir, saying, 'This is the office of Mr. Beakes, Arthur speaking.'"

"Arthur?"

"If it is quite the same to you, sir," I said, smiling winningly, "I wish you would call me Arthur, sir. It seems somehow more appropriate, sir, though I am deeply sensible of your courtesy."

Again he took snuff, but he continued to gaze on me, even during the subsequent paroxysm of sneezing, and this gave to his naturally bluff features an expression of surprise unwarranted by the circumstances.

He said then "I am jiggered!"

I left him so, jiggered, if you will, and sat at my desk, which was in a niche formed by boxes of dried but still self-assertive fish. Mr. Beakes then proceeded to transact business. He shouted into the mouthpiece of the telephone instrument, accompanying his words with appropriate gesticulations. Having mastered sometime since, by correspondence, the art of public speaking, I could not but admire Mr. Beakes' delivery, how he threw out his hand with palm up when he sought to appeal and to ingratiate, how he turned the same hand about and showed the knuckles when he sought to convey the concept of hostility; and I was persuaded that much of his success was due to unremitting application in his leisure time.

I said to him after a bit, "Mr. Beakes, sir, have you ever studied oratory, may I ask you, sir?"

But he took snuff and said, "Bring your book," which response, I may say here, left me entirely in the dark.

He dictated several letters to me with apparently purposeful rapidity and slurring enunciation, but I took them down smartly enough; I may say that I had quite mastered the art of writing in shorthand. However, during my study of stenography I had been under no necessity to transcribe my notes, and when Mr. Beakes said to me, "Where are those letters?" I was compelled to reply conciliatingly, "Sorry, sir, but I have not succeeded in reading my notes as yet. Would you care to repeat the letters, sir?"

"Can't read his notes," he said quietly.

He looked at me closely, as though I had not made a perfectly intelligible statement, and he said that he should be jiggered, and he took pencil and paper in hand and wrote out the several letters verbatim. This aided me not a little, and I had the letters neatly typed in a very short time, and Mr. Beakes signed them with confidence. One of them, I recall, contained his check for ten thousand dollars. We were getting on together excellently, when Mr. Beakes, in the act of signing the last missive, dropped the pen and uttered a strangled cry. I, looking about, judged that he was about to sneeze. His face was contorted, if you follow me.

"I'll be jiggered!" he said. "Who ever heard of a commission house named Messrs. Buzz & Bulb?"

"They were new to me, too, sir," I said agreeably, glancing at his writing on the sheet before me. "I remarked on it, sir. Odd names, aren't they, sir? Not everyday, at any rate, sir."

"Briggs & Bullis!" he shouted; and then he spelled these names, and I saw quickly that he wished them to be substituted for Buzz & Bulb. I could have made an issue of the matter, had I been at all contentious, and could have shown him what he had written; but I chose rather to pass the matter off with a light laugh, as if the mistake had been mine.

Mr. Beakes expressed a certain dissatisfaction with me during my service with him; but I, studying him scientifically, was assured that this was merely his way of preventing me from assuming too large a measure of authority over his affairs; he perceived my flair for commerce. He was a medium, if you follow me, neither blond nor brunet, short upper lip, concave upper and convex lower, soft and coarse. I use the terminology employed by President Leffingwell in his monumental work Body and Soul, a work which I had conned while preparing to assume the duties of a personnel director—a project which, I may say, I had given over. He was the motive type, impulsive and impressionable, responding involuntarily to positive suggestions and sharp commands. I speak by the book, and not as the result of issuing sharp commands to Mr. Beakes. I had given over, as I say, the profession of personnel director. And then, too, the impulsive type is erratic in response and may go off quite on a tangent to the projected line of psychic force; and the problem was complicated by the roundness of Mr. Beakes' back head, evidencing recklessness and impatience of authority, however salutary.

The circumstance which caused me permanently to discontinue my employment in the office of Mr. Beakes was, if I may venture a shrewd guess, my handling of his purchase of Interurban Traction Extension shares. I believe the matter was shares and not bonds—the distinction is a mere matter of nomenclature; rich men buy bonds and common persons buy shares, spoken of with questionable taste as common shares; but it is my habit to be precise. Among the letters which Mr. Beakes had signed was one to this effect, or something similar:

"READE & BEEKMAN,

"60 Wall Street.

"*Gentlemen:* Reference the issue for public subscription of Interurban Traction Extension, inclose check your order as follows: Check. 10,000 shares @ 100.

"Your obedient servant,

"EDWARD EVERETT BEAKES."

To give Mr. Beakes the benefit of the doubt, I do seem to recall that the words "100 shares"—or "100 bonds," as the case may have been—had terminated the body of his missive. I elided them, since they had obviously been inserted in error in view of his having already spoken explicitly of ten thousand of the same pattern. I was prepared to find errors in his script. His later upbraiding me, as though the error were mine, was again a characteristic outburst. However, and in the fewest possible words, our Wall Street correspondent telephoned to me on the following morning and said, "We wish to verify this. Does Mr. Beakes really want ten thousand of the issue?"

"I beg to refer you to ours of recent date, sir," said I.

"Dried fish must be looking up," said my interlocutor; and I returning no retort to what impressed me as an irrelevance if not an impertinence, he continued in this vein: "Tell Mr. Beakes to rush us around a check for ninety thousand dollars."

"To rush you where, sir?" said I.

(Continued on Page 154)

With That She Took Advantage of My Encumbered Situation and Threw Her Arms About My Neck and Kissed Me. "Madam!" I Said, Blushing Redly

Elizabeth Monroe and Louisa Adams—An Informal Biography

By MEADE MINNIGERODE

Saint Petersburg About 1820

AMONG the first five Presidents who followed Mr. Washington, Mr. Madison represented a conspicuous exception—he had never been an ambassador, a minister plenipotentiary and extraordinary, and his lady had never been out of the country. Mr. Madison's two predecessors, on the other hand, had rendered notable services abroad: Mr. Jefferson in France, Mr. and Mrs. John Adams in France and in England; and Mr. Madison's two successors, Mr. Monroe and Mr. John Quincy Adams, with their ladies, were even more closely and extensively identified with the diplomatic enterprises of the nation. With the result that, in the persons of Mrs. Monroe and Mrs. John Quincy Adams, there came consecutively to the President's house two ladies trained in the elegant routine of a cosmopolitan experience, versed in the stately amenities of the most brilliant courts in Europe, accustomed to a style of life and intercourse in the capitals of the Continent after which the social opportunities of Washington City, as they found it, must inevitably have appeared restricted, however highly the presidency itself might be prized as the crown of a political career, and however grateful to them the return to their native land after prolonged absence.

Elizabeth Kortright was born in New York City in 1768, the daughter of Captain Lawrence Kortright, of the British Army, and Hannah Aspinwall. Kortright was a solid New York name of long standing, closely allied to the Gouverneurs and half a dozen prominent Colonial families. After the Revolution, Captain Kortright decided to remain in New York; Elizabeth was educated there, and presented to society in the brilliant days following the evacuation. She was tall and graceful and extremely beautiful, noted for her arms and shoulders. She was a reigning belle.

And in February, 1786, she married a young lawyer politician, a Mr. James Monroe, from Virginia, who seemed to know everybody. They went to Virginia, and Mr. Monroe was in the legislature. At other times he took his wife with him on circuit for the courts, even after she had "added a daughter," Eliza, to their society: and Elizabeth enjoyed it all, and took pleasure in the Blue Ridge as a good adopted Virginian, and did not mind the clumsy travel.

And in 1790 Mr. Monroe was a senator, a strongly anti-Federalist senator, and for four years they lived in Philadelphia, in the magnificently gay Philadelphia of Mr. Washington's Administration.

And then, in 1794, although Mr. Monroe was a determined opponent of Mr. Washington, the President sent him to France, knowing him to be a firm friend of the French—or, possibly, to get him out of the Senate!

II

ELIZABETH was not seasick, and enjoyed the trip, but they did not stay very long in France. Mr. Monroe was received with "fraternal hugs" by the French National Convention, at a gala session during which everyone seems to have wept with copious republican joy, and Elizabeth was immediately hailed as "la belle Americaine," and managed to extricate the Marquis de Lafayette from the perils of the Force prison; but Mr. Monroe did not approve of Mr. Jay's treaty with England, and said so very loudly, and in 1796 he was recalled. There followed three years of retirement, after a stormy argument as to why Mr. Monroe should have been sent to France in the first place.

In 1799 Elizabeth found herself the Governor's Lady of Virginia, and in 1801 Mr. Jefferson became President, and the Federalists were all biting their thumbs; and in 1802 Mr. Jefferson sent Mr. Monroe back to France to talk to Citizen Talleyrand about Louisiana and some other matters.

There is no space in these pages for a discussion of those intricate conversations which resulted in the purchase by the United States, for a perfectly fabulous sum as they viewed it, of a vague territory which a great many citizens were convinced contained nothing but gigantic savages, vast prairies that were filled with wild beasts, and enormous mountains of salt.

Nor for any recital of the heartbreaking, procrastinated, footless negotiations which Mr. Jefferson's opportunist, passionately pacifist policies forced Mr. Monroe to undertake subsequently at Paris, at London, at Madrid, and entirely without success. It would be the story of an honest, painstaking, rather glum and endlessly unlucky man, obstructed by his colleagues, snubbed by the English—he and his lady, since Mr. Jefferson persisted in being, so it seemed to them, unspeakably offensive to Minister Merry and his wife at Washington—hoodwinked by the French, bamboozled by the Spaniards.

One can only outline—but so incompletely—a picture of Elizabeth tasting the pleasures of that green-and-gold Paris of the Consulate and Empire, in which there were so many bargains in furniture to be made; that gayest of cities, vivid with uniforms, ablaze with accumulating glories, resonant with conquering drums—and the clamor of auction rooms. Traveling with the baby—for another girl, Maria Hester, had been born in 1803—in the great berline behind whistling postilions, from the Channel to the frontiers of Spain. Visiting Eliza in her school at St.-Germain.

This school was the Seminary of the Mountain of Good Air, which that celebrated lady, Madame Campan, had opened in the old Hôtel de Rohan, in the beautiful suburb overlooking the Seine.

She was the oldest sister of that Citizen Genêt who had a while before made such a stir in America, and in the days preceding the Terror she had been one of Queen Marie Antoinette's favorite ladies in waiting and her chosen friend.

At first Madame Campan had trouble with her school as a result of her royalist affiliation. But one day Napoleon sent her his stepdaughter, Hortense Beauharnais, and the school became fashionable; and when Eliza Monroe, and with her the Pinckney girls, came bringing American gold dollars in place of the payments in fuel and provisions which the other pupils had been making, the school began to prosper. And when Elizabeth went there to visit, she found the most select academy for young females in the country, a schoolroom of future queens and duchesses, and her daughter Eliza one of the most popular inmates of the establishment, on terms of the most cordial intimacy with Hortense and all those other great young ladies of imperial France. An intimacy which may possibly have turned Eliza's head a little; at all events, she was to cause a great deal of trouble some years later in quite unimperial Washington.

Mrs. Adams. Engraved by C. P. Storm From a Painting by C. R. Leslie

But the delights of Napoleon's Paris, the pleasures of collecting furniture and bric-a-brac, the journeyings across France, the visits to stately Madame Campan came to their unavoidable end. In 1807 the Monroes were back in America, and Mr. Monroe was not pleased with the way he had been treated, and carried a chip on his shoulder. But in 1811 he was again chosen to be governor of Virginia, and almost immediately Mr. Madison invited him to be his Secretary of State. Mr. Monroe was a Virginian; he was now the first officer in the cabinet; he must, almost inevitably, become President. It was unfortunate, therefore, and most untimely, that Elizabeth's health should have begun to fail to such an extent as to prevent her from assuming the social prominence which Washington might have expected of her—in spite of Mrs. Madison at the President's house to outshine her—so that in 1817 Mrs. Smith was obliged to write that "although they have lived seven years in Washington, both Mr. and Mrs. Monroe are perfect strangers, not only to me but all the citizens."

It was unfortunate.

III

AND in the meantime another lady was traveling back and forth across Europe in diplomatic berlines.

Louisa Catherine Johnson had been born on February 12, 1775—the second daughter of Joshua Johnson and Catherine Hellen—in London, where her father, a native of Maryland, was in business. But with the outbreak of the Revolution Mr. Johnson found it impossible to remain in England; his sympathies were in Maryland, in the colonies, where other members of his family were taking an active part in the struggle; he retired with his wife and children to Nantes, in France, and was charged by the Federal Congress with the duty of examining the accounts of American officials in Europe dealing with public funds. After the peace he returned to London as American consul, and it was there that Louisa was presented to society, and in his house, which had become the gathering place for all Americans in England, that she met, in 1795, a certain young Mr. John Quincy Adams, whose father was Vice President of the United States.

Now this Mr. John Quincy Adams was a very remarkable young man, who had spent a remarkable boyhood in Europe with his father, and who kept a remarkable diary which might well serve as a history of his times. He had not always kept it so successfully, for in 1778, when he was eleven years old, he wrote from France to his mother, Abigail Adams, his "Honored Mamma," that "My Papa enjoins it upon me to keep a journal, or diary of the Events that happen to me . . . and although I am convinced of the utility, importance and necessity of this Exercise, yet I have not patience and perseverance enough to do it so Constantly as I thought." But in 1784 he was recording such incidents as that "Mr. Adams dined at the Spanish Ambassador's, Count d'Aranda, an old man seventy years of age who married last year a young woman of twenty—peace be with him!" And in 1794 he was Minister to Holland, having, in his twenties only, attracted Mr. Washington's attention by a series of polemic articles which displayed a mastery of argument and retort, "as well," so Mr. Charles Francis Adams records, "as in that superabounding force of invective which sometimes presses an advantage perhaps beyond the limits of legitimate pursuit."

Mrs. Adams. From an Original in the Possession of the Hon. Charles Francis Adams

And in 1795 he was in London for a while on official business, which developed into very pleasant business, for when he returned to Holland, in 1796, he was betrothed to Louisa Johnson. To make up, however, for what he condemned as his idleness and dissipation in London, he did an enormous amount of reading and studying for the remainder of the year. And then, in April, 1797, he was appointed Minister to Portugal. He went to London—and was informed that his father had been elected President of the United States.

The event had not been unexpected. John Quincy had written to tell his mother that "upon the contingency of my father's being placed in the first magistracy, I shall never give him any trouble by solicitation for office of any kind." But Mr. Washington had also written to his successor to tell him that "if my wishes would be of any avail, they should go to you in a strong hope that you will not withhold merited promotion from Mr. John Adams because he is your son.

"For without intending to compliment the father or the mother . . . I give it as my decided opinion that Mr. Adams is the most valuable public character we have abroad."

And so, instead of going to Portugal, John Quincy was to go to Prussia, to make a treaty with King Frederick William II. He went in October; but first, on July 26, 1797 ——

"At nine this morning I went . . . to Mr. Johnson's, and thence to the Church of the parish of All Hallows, Barking, where I was married to Louisa Catherine Johnson, the second daughter of Joshua and Catherine Johnson. . . . We were married before eleven in the morning, and immediately after went out to see Tilney House, one of the splendid country seats for which this country is distinguished."

IV

ON NOVEMBER 7, 1797, they arrived in Berlin, where they were "questioned at the gates by a dapper lieutenant who did not know . . . who the United States of America were," and taken to the Hôtel de Russie. And nine days later King Frederick William II was dead, and succeeded by his son, so that tremendous complications arose concerning John Quincy's credentials, in the midst of which, going "by guess" and relying solely on the "address calendar," they were obliged to make their formal requests for audiences to the proper personages, sending cards to the Dowager Landgravine of Hesse-Cassel, to the Princess Radziwill, to the King's brothers, to one excellency after another.

It would not have done, in meticulous Prussia, to have ignored anyone, but the visits were all made finally, and the necessary conversational inanities exchanged with the Dowager Landgravine of Hesse-Cassel, and all those other worthies who seemed to "have a few general ideas respecting us which they gather from the newspapers which they all read very assiduously." And then they settled down to it—to the court functions and receptions and balls of that somewhat provincial capital; to the opera, where "the scenery was magnificent, the music pretty good, the performers tolerable, the house small and very badly lighted," and where "no sort of notice was taken of the King" because the audience was too busy admiring Queen Louise; to the endless games of whist and reversi with which the members of the diplomatic corps interspersed their official labors; and to the military reviews which were constantly taking place at Potsdam.

Two sons were born, in 1799 and in 1801. There was a summer's journey to Saxony and Bohemia, in the course of which it became apparent that "the Inns upon these German roads are seldom good." The rooms were always crowded, sometimes there was only straw on the floor, and on other occasions they slept "between sheets not altogether clean." The beds were all extremely narrow and very short, the blankets were replaced by suffocating "feather beds," and the pillows had a piece of linen "sewed upon one side . . . and therefore very seldom washed." Another time they spent three months in Silesia, for the purpose of restoring Louisa's ailing health; but although she liked it and enjoyed herself there, Berlin, Prussia in general,

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Bonaparte's Return to Paris From Elba, March 20, 1815

SKIPPER OF THE TITANIA

There Was a Day of Brilliant Sunshine and Tearing Squalls, of Full Sail With a Creaming Wake and Shortened Canvas, With Crashing Lee Wave and Flying Windward Water

By Captain Dingle

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

CAPTAIN TAIT watched two laden lighters sweep past and steer in toward the ship lying ahead of him. The Pagoda anchorage had not been so bare of shipping for two months. Besides his own ship, the Titania, and the ship ahead, only one tea clipper remained to load; and since he had arrived there, among the first of the fleet, fourteen crack clippers had taken cargoes and departed.

He gave no visible sign of any feeling as he turned to go below; but three mates, no longer youthful, looked after him as if they expected some comment at least.

The Titania, queen of her day, first to be loaded and sent homeward many a time, no longer held pride of place among the newer and swifter ships. Tait had been mate of her when she was a queen, and had succeeded to command, buying a share in the ship, while she still commanded freights with the best. But the new ships came, and season after season the first chops went past him to other fliers. Now he had seen the twelfth of fourteen clippers get her lighters of tea, while his beautiful Titania swung idly to her anchor.

Outwardly, perhaps, the clipper was as smart as ever. She shone in spotless cleanliness; her lofty masts and square, tapering yards glistened as of old, and were trimmed with miraculous exactness by lifts and braces. Her brass work and bright work were dazzling; her bulwark panels were unmarred by any dark blemish of sea or sun. But her outward condition was wholly attained through the old-fashioned efficiency of the mates, by the sweat and elbow grease of the crew. The mates knew that the Titania's day was past. They knew sooner or later the Old Man would have to quit dreaming of tea cargoes and seek another trade where speed and bone-dryness counted for less. But they knew, too, that seafaring was a precarious profession for mates. They stuck to their jobs, all having families at home, not daring to throw away dirty water until clean was certain. But they did talk about things. They said the Old Man would be getting fired if he made another unprofitable voyage for the owners.

On the following morning Captain Tait settled his shoulders squarely and stood at the rail while a fleet of lighters floated down from Fu-chau, twelve miles upriver. These must be for him. There was a boat coming out from shore, with a white-clad man in the stern, and it was heading for the Titania. He watched the boat so closely that he didn't notice the lighters swim past and moor beside the two other ships. The white-clad man was his agent.

"Captain, there goes the last of the tea," he sang out as he stepped onto the ladder.

Tait swung around sharply. Two lighters were already pouring their tea chests into the partly loaded ship; all the rest were huddled around the only remaining clipper. Men were swarming over the yards of each loading ship, clearing the gear for bending sail. No lighters for the Titania, and the season was done.

"Poor season when the Titania gets no cargo, mister," remarked Tait, with a brave face.

There was a dulled glint in his gray eyes, however, which put a hall-mark on the bravery. That season's tea cargoes had been huge, and he knew it.

"Pretty poor, captain," the agent agreed. "You'd better take in a bit more clean shingle ballast and try for a Sydney wool cargo, hey?"

"Send out the ballast and the water boats, mister," Tait returned crisply; and when the boat had gone shoreward again, he ordered the first mate to be ready to take in ballast and water, and to bend sail.

"He stands it pretty well," the third mate remarked to the first as they superintended the dragging out of the sails while waiting for the ballast. "I always heard the Old Man spoken of as a hard case."

"You never heard anybody who knows Captain Tait accuse him of wasting wind on words," retorted the mate. "He was never a windbag, but if you get the idea that he isn't a hard old man you'll be fooled."

"He hasn't showed it yet," argued the junior.

"He doesn't have to ballyhoo and act the bucko to prove that he can drive a ship or a crew. I never said he was a bully. What would you expect a skipper to do or say when he's told there's no cargo for him? Drag out his hair or chew the rail?"

"Swear anyhow."

"Son," grinned the hardened old mate, "swearing's like love. It can be quiet and yet mean a whole lot. Some time when you're on watch and he comes on deck, lead him on to talk about racing days. He may talk, or may not. No doubt he will if you claim that today's sailors are as good as those of his day."

"I shall," nodded the third mate.

It is a weary passage for a sailing vessel from China to Sydney at certain times of the year. Captain Tait took the Titania out by the north-about, past Formosa, down along the Philippines and through the Pelews, then along the New Guinea coast and through the Louisiades to the Coral Sea, after which it was all plain sailing. The third mate found many opportunities to raise the question regarding old and new seamanship; but somehow he never got fairly launched. When they were making sail coming down the river, leaving Fu-chau, the hands dragged sullenly at the halyards and nothing the mates could do aroused them to life. Captain Tait had refrained from interfering, as a wise captain should do when he has a capable first mate. But it was easy to see that the Old Man's blood was boiling.

Other clippers put to sea with their decks ringing to the lusty chanteying of keen crews alert to give their ship all the advantage of a good start. The Titania sailed to sea in silence.

"He used to be known as the skipper of musical crews," grinned the second mate when he and the third went to supper. "There was a time when he would sing a chantey himself if the chantey man didn't show pep enough."

"This is a pretty gummy crew for singing," the third mate agreed. "But I heard him humming an old-timer to himself while the topsail yards were going up. I thought he was going to bust loose. He was singing that old one, So Handy, Boys, So Handy "

The second mate laughed.

"That's one with a history," he said. "He had a crew once, when he was mate, and he taught 'em to sing that chantey because they were a mob of blockheads when he got 'em and were topnotchers before he was done with 'em. I believe they all jumped ship in Australia rather than sail home with him."

Something lurking behind the stolid exterior of the skipper always halted the third mate on the point of starting a discussion. As the Titania picked up the fresh breezes and sped swingingly down the Coral Sea to make landfall at Great Sandy Cape, her skipper reacted so to her lively progress that he was almost approachable. The ship was light and the sea smooth; she seemed to leap ahead of the seas like the fairy sprite she was named for. The Australian coast hove in sight and men with a grouch put on cheerier faces in the expectation of speedy loading and departure for home. They sang a song when they got the anchor over the bow entering Sydney Heads. They gave the sails a harbor bunt when the tug took them up the wonderful haven. And Captain Tait went ashore in his best blue suit, and the ever-hopeful third mate determined to get him started upon the old-time sailorizing topic when he returned aboard. He would surely be thoroughly humanized then, judging by the manner in which he started for shore.

The skipper came back late. The mate was on deck waiting for him, but he avoided a meeting and went below in silence, leaving the officer with all the necessary pointers to concoct another story of failure. At breakfast in the morning the straight-backed Old Man sat as erect as ever, and his weathered face held no weakness of line, the light in his eyes was hard. It was a silent meal. The mate was primed to ask questions, as he always did, having that right simply on account of needing to know something of length of stay and how to plot work for the hands. But this time there was a feeling that it might be well to wait until the Old Man spoke without prompting, and he spoke as the mate and second mate rose from the table.

"Likely to lay here a month, mister. Bit late for the first wool. Have a cargo in a month, though."

"I was looking through the hold, sir. Some of the frames are in need of chipping. If we're to swing here a month ——"

"Start the men to work, mister, and let 'em clean and red-lead her fore and aft. Keep 'em out o' mischief. Hard place, Sydney."

The second mate hurried on deck to relieve the third for breakfast and met that hungry sailorman with a grin like a split stuns'l. He gave out the news, particularly about the chipping job.

"He knew Sydney years ago. Thinks he can do the same as he did then. He had a hard crowd once, and lost 'em here. He thinks all he's got to do is keep a crew down the hold all day and refuse 'em leave at night and they'll stay by the ship."

"I'll bet they don't get a dozen frames done. Sorry for the mate, that's all," grumbled the third mate, ducking below with an appetite.

Bad news travels as fast at sea as ashore. The hands commenced their chipping, not aware at first of the extent of the job. But by noon they knew. The Titania was a composite ship of near a thousand tons and the iron frames were very close together. During the afternoon the hammers clattered, whenever the overseeing officer turned his back, with that double-headed false industry which fools no old sailor. And when the old anchor watchman went to call the hands next morning, the forecastle was empty and a ship's boat was missing. The watchman reported to the mate in a hoarse, subdued voice full of mystification. The mate made no mystery about it when he told the skipper.

"It's the country, sir," he said. "Wages too good upcountry for sailors to chip frames for a month at deep-water wages; say nothing of the gold fields and opal discoveries."

"You have the boson and Sails and Chips and the boys, mister. They'll take longer, no doubt, but they'll do the work. And since when has it been below the dignity of a second or third mate to handle a chipping hammer or scraper?" the Old Man wanted to know, with all the grand manner of the commander of a crack flier in the first flight.

At the end of a week one of the apprentices quietly vanished, leaving his outfit behind him and ignoring his indentures.

The skipper made his steward do the cooking and put the disgusted Doctor to work with the rest in the hold.

"Good mind to jump ship myself," grumbled the third mate.

The two other mates grinned at him. He had been the one to doubt the hardness of Captain Tait.

"Believe he's a hard case now, hey?" chuckled the mate, idly playing with a scraper and getting more work done that way than either of the others was doing with every appearance of labor.

"That's what keeps me aboard," retorted the third mate, who was a decent sportsman for all his growling. "I want to see how far he'll go."

"'E's gorn fur enough!" muttered the Doctor, inspecting a red spot in one palm which would be a blister the next day.

At the end of the third week the three mates and two apprentices still chipped frames in the Titania's hold. Chips was somewhere up in the sheep ranges, earning as much in a week as sea pay gave him in a month. Sails had waved to his unlucky shipmates, what were left of them, from the deck of an outgoing Loch liner. The boson and the Doctor had staged a fake fight, each demanding that the other be taken before a magistrate for assault; and had disappeared like morning dews on being turned loose with a sharp word by a liverish magistrate and told to go back to their ship and sin no more.

Of the four apprentice boys, two devoutly wished they had acquired swimming as one of the arts, while they divided up two deserted outfits in the half deck and discussed the lost ones.

When a full month had dragged along, there was still a vast area of unfinished work down below. The mate found it incompatible with his dignity to carry on indefinitely, working like a foremast hand. And besides, the skipper was ashore every day; it was necessary that the mate remain on deck to show that the ship was not abandoned and to see that small boats kept a fair distance off. Meanwhile ships came in and ships went out, and the Titania swung to her anchor in Mosman's Bay, waiting for a cargo.

(Continued on Page 68)

"Good Men! Oh, Good Men!" Chattered the Old Man, Leaning Forward at Every Stroke of the Oars

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

VIII

OUT in the harbor, by the channel entrance, the President Tyler stood motionless as Diamond Head, and from his post near the rail outside his stateroom John Quincy Winterslip took his first look at Honolulu. He had no feeling of having been here before; this was an alien land. Several miles away he saw the line of piers and unlovely warehouses that marked the water front; beyond that lay a vast expanse of brilliant green pierced here and there by the top of a modest skyscraper. Back of the city a range of mountains stood on guard, peaks of crystal blue against the azure sky.

A trim little launch from quarantine chugged importantly up to the big liner's side and a doctor in a khaki uniform ran briskly up the accommodation ladder to the deck not far from where the boy stood. John Quincy wondered at the man's vitality. He felt like a spent force himself. The air was moist and heavy, the breeze the ship had stirred in moving gone forever. The flood of energy that had swept over him in San Francisco was but a happy memory now. He leaned wearily on the rail, staring at the bright tropical landscape before him—and not seeing it at all.

He saw instead a quiet, well-furnished Boston office where at this very moment the typewriters were clicking amiably and the stock ticker was busily writing the story of another day. In a few hours—there was a considerable difference of time—the market would close and the men he knew would be piling into automobiles and heading for the nearest country club. A round of golf, then a calm, perfectly served dinner, and after that a quiet evening with a book. Life running along as it was meant to go, without rude interruption or disturbing incident; life devoid of ohia wood boxes, attic encounters, unwillingly witnessed love scenes, cousins with blackbirding pasts. Suddenly John Quincy remembered this was the morning when he must look Dan Winterslip in the eye and tell him he had been a bit dilatory with his fists. Oh, well—he straightened resolutely—the sooner that was done the better.

Harry Jennison came along the deck, smiling and vigorous, clad in spotless white from head to foot.

"Here we are," he cried, "on the threshold of paradise!"

"Think so?" said John Quincy.

"Know it," Jennison answered. "Only place in the world, these islands. You remember what Mark Twain said ——"

"Ever visited Boston?" John Quincy cut in.

"Once," replied Jennison briefly. "That's Punch Bowl Hill back of the town, and Tantalus beyond. Take you up to the summit some day—wonderful view. See that tallest building? That's the Van Patten Trust Company. My office is on the top floor. Only drawback about getting home—I'll have to go to work again."

"I don't see how anyone can work in this climate," John Quincy said.

"Dan Was All the Poor Child Had," She Said. "She's Taken It Rather Hard"

"Oh, well, we take it easy. Can't manage the pace of you mainland people. Every now and then some go-getter from the States comes out here and tries to hustle us." He laughed. "He dies of disgust and we bury him in a leisurely way. . . . Been down to breakfast?"

John Quincy accompanied him to the dining saloon. Mrs. Maynard and Barbara were at the table. The old lady's cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled; Barbara, too, was in her gayest mood. The excitement of coming home had made her very happy—or was her happiness all due to that? John Quincy noted her smile of greeting for Jennison and rather wished he knew less than he did.

"Prepare for a thrill, John Quincy," the girl said. "Landing in Hawaii is like landing nowhere else on the globe. Of course, this is a through boat, and it isn't welcomed as the Matson liners are. But there'll be a crowd waiting for the Matsonia this morning and we'll steal a little of her aloha."

"A little of her what?" inquired John Quincy, honestly puzzled.

"Aloha—meaning loving welcome. You shall have all my leis, John Quincy, just to show you how glad Honolulu is you've come at last."

The boy turned to Mrs. Maynard.

"I suppose this is an old story to you?"

"Bless you, my boy," she said, "it's always new. A hundred and twenty-eight times—yet I'm as thrilled as though I were coming home from college." She sighed. "A hundred and twenty-eight times. So many of those who once hung leis about my neck are gone forever now. They'll not be waiting for me—not on this pier."

"None of that," Barbara chided. "Only happy thoughts this morning. It's steamer day."

Nobody seemed hungry, and breakfast was a sketchy affair. John Quincy returned to his cabin to find Bowker strapping up his luggage.

"I guess you're all ready, sir," said the steward. "I finished that book last night and you'll find it in your suitcase. We'll be moving on to the dock shortly. All good luck to you—and don't forget about the *okolehau*."

"It's graven on my memory," smiled John Quincy. "Here, this is for you."

Bowker glanced at the bank note and pocketed it.

"You're mighty kind, sir," he remarked feelingly.

"That will sort of balance up the dollar each I'll get from those two missionaries when we reach China if I'm lucky. Of course, it's rather distasteful to me to accept anything—from a friend of Tim's, you know."

"Oh, that's for value received," said John Quincy, and followed Bowker on deck.

"There she is," announced Bowker, pausing by the rail. "Honolulu. The South Seas with a collar on, driving a flivver. Polynesia with a private still and all the other benefits of the white man's civilization. We'll go out at eight tonight, thank heaven."

"Paradise doesn't appeal to you," suggested John Quincy.

"No; nor any other of these bright-colored lands my poor old feet must tread. I'm getting fed up, sir." He came closer. "I want to hang my hat somewhere and leave it there. I want to buy a little newspaper in some country town and starve to death on the proceeds of running it. What a happy finish! Well, maybe I can manage it before long."

"I hope so," said John Quincy.

"I hope so too," said Bowker. "Here's wishing you a happy time in Honolulu. And one other word of warning—don't linger there."

"I don't intend to," John Quincy assured him.

"That's the talk! It's one of those places—you know—dangerous Lotus on the menu every day. The first thing you know, you've forgot where you put your trunk. . . . So long, sir."

With a wave of the hand Tim's friend disappeared down the deck. Amid much confusion John Quincy took his place in line for the doctor's inspection, passed the careful scrutiny of an immigration official, who finally admitted that maybe Boston was in the Union.

The President Tyler was moving slowly toward the shore. Excited figures scurried about her decks, pausing now and then to stare through lifted glasses at the land. John Quincy perceived that, early though the hour was, the pier toward which they were heading was alive with people. Barbara came and stood by his side.

"Poor old dad," she said. "He's been struggling along without me for nine months. This will be a big morning in his life. You'll like dad, John Quincy."

"I'm sure I shall," he answered heartily.

"Dad's one of the finest ——" Jennison joined them. "Harry, I meant to tell the steward to take my luggage ashore when we land."

"I told him," Jennison said. "I tipped him too."

"Thanks," the girl replied. "I was so excited I forgot." She leaned eagerly over the rail, peering at the dock. Her eyes were shining. "I don't see him yet," she said. They were near enough now to hear the voices of those ashore, gay voices calling flippant greetings. The big ship edged gingerly closer.

"There's Aunt Minerva," cried John Quincy suddenly. That little touch of home in the throng was very pleasant. "Is that your father with her?" He indicated a tall anæmic man at Minerva's side.

"I don't see—where ——" Barbara began. "Oh, that—why, that's Uncle Amos!"

"Oh, is that Amos?" remarked John Quincy, without interest.

But Barbara had gripped his arm, and as he turned he saw a wild alarm in her eyes.

"What do you suppose that means?" she cried. "I don't see dad. I don't see him anywhere."

"Oh, he's in that crowd somewhere"

"No, no, you don't understand. Uncle Amos! I'm—I'm frightened!"

John Quincy didn't gather what it was all about and there was no time to find out. Jennison was pushing ahead through the crowd, making a path for Barbara, and the boy meekly brought up the rear. They were among the first down the plank. Miss Minerva and Amos were waiting at the foot.

"My dear!" Miss Minerva put her arms about the girl and kissed her gently. She turned to John Quincy. "Well, here you are."

There was something lacking in this welcome. John Quincy sensed it at once.

"Where's dad?" Barbara cried.

"I'll explain in the car," Miss Minerva began.

"No, now! Now! I must know now!"

The crowd was surging about them, calling happy greetings, the Royal Hawaiian Band was playing a gay tune, carnival was in the air.

"Your father is dead, my dear," said Miss Minerva.

John Quincy saw the girl's slim figure sway gently, but it was Harry Jennison's strong arm that caught her. For a moment she stood, with Jennison's arm about her.

"All right," she said. "I'm ready to go home" And she walked like a true Winterslip toward the street.

Amos melted away into the crowd, but Jennison accompanied them to the car.

"I'll go out with you," he said to Barbara.

She did not seem to hear. The four of them entered the limousine and in another moment the happy clamor of steamer day was left behind. No one spoke. The curtains of the car were drawn, but a warm streak of sunlight fell across John Quincy's knees. He was a little dazed. Shocking, this news about Cousin Dan. Must have died suddenly, but no doubt that was how things always happened out this way. He glanced at the white, stricken face of the girl beside him, and because of her his heart was heavy. She laid her cold hand on his.

"It's not the welcome I promised you, John Quincy," she said softly.

"Why, my dear girl," he answered, "I don't matter now."

No other word was spoken on the journey, and when they reached Dan's house Barbara and Miss Minerva went immediately upstairs. Jennison disappeared through a doorway at the left; evidently he knew his way about. Haku volunteered to show John Quincy his quarters, so he followed the Jap to the second floor.

When his bags were unpacked John Quincy went downstairs again. Miss Minerva was waiting for him in the living room. From beyond the bamboo curtain leading to the lanai came the sound of men's voices, mumbling and indistinct.

"Well," said John Quincy, "how have you been?"

"Never better," his aunt assured him.

"Mother's been rather worried about you. She'd begun to think you were never coming home."

"I've begun to think it myself," Miss Minerva replied. He stared at her.

"Some of those bonds you left with me have matured. I haven't known just what you wanted me to do."

"What," inquired Miss Minerva, "is a bond?"

They Stepped Through the Gateway Into the Garden That Might Have Been Eden on One of its Loveliest Days. "You Didn't Tell Me We Might Meet in Honolulu," the Boy Remarked

That sort of wild, reckless talk never did make a hit with John Quincy.

"It's about time somebody came out here and brought you to your senses," he remarked.

"Think so?" said his aunt.

A sound upstairs recalled John Quincy to the situation.

"This was rather sudden—Cousin Dan's death?"

"Amazingly so."

"Well, it seems to me that it would be rather an intrusion, our staying on here now. We ought to go home in a few days. I'd better see about reservations."

"You needn't trouble," snapped Miss Minerva. "I'll not stir from here until I see the person who did this brought to justice."

"The person who did what?" asked John Quincy.

"The person who murdered Cousin Dan," said Miss Minerva.

John Quincy's jaw dropped. His face registered a wide variety of emotions.

"Good Lord!" he gasped.

"Oh, you needn't be so shocked," said his aunt. "The Winterslip family will still go on."

"Well, I'm not surprised," remarked John Quincy, "when I stop to think. The things I've learned about Cousin Dan! It's a wonder to me"

"That will do," said Miss Minerva. "You're talking like Amos, and that's no compliment. You didn't know Dan. I did, and I liked him. I'm going to stay here and do all I can to help run down the murderer—and so are you."

"Pardon me, I am not."

"Don't contradict. I intend you shall take an active part in the investigation. The police are rather informal in a small place like this. They'll welcome your help."

"My help! I'm no detective. What's happened to you anyhow? Why should you want me to go round hobnobbing with policemen?"

"For the simple reason that if we're not careful some rather unpleasant scandal may come out of this. If you're on the ground you may be able to avert needless publicity—for Barbara's sake."

"No, thank you," said John Quincy. "I'm leaving for Boston in three days, and so are you. Pack your trunks." Miss Minerva laughed.

"I've heard your father talk like that," she told him. "But I never knew him to gain anything by it in the end. Come out on the lanai and I'll introduce you to a few policemen."

John Quincy received this invitation with the contemptuous silence he thought it deserved. But while he was lavishing on it his best contempt, the bamboo curtain parted and the policemen came to him. Jennison was with them.

"Good morning, Captain Hallet," said Miss Minerva brightly. "May I present my nephew, Mr. John Quincy Winterslip?"

"I'm very anxious to meet Mr. John Quincy Winterslip," the captain replied.

"How do you do?" said John Quincy. His heart sank. They'd drag him into this affair if they could.

"And this, John Quincy," went on Miss Minerva, "is Mr. Charles Chan, of the Honolulu detective force."

John Quincy had thought himself prepared for anything, but ——

"Mr.—Mr. Chan!" he gasped.

(Continued on Page 129)

APPRECIATION

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

QUEEN VICTORIA spat in Lord Tennyson's face and struck him fearfully on his right ear. He went backward from the blow with a faint wail and helplessly sat down on the gray stomach of Robert E. Lee, who was digesting breakfast against a sunny angle of the concrete garage. Stukely chuckled as the kittens rolled about in a confusion of different furs, for the cat Ermyntrude had designed her newest family in four shades, and Queen Victoria, waiting another chance, was the only sulphur child of the six. The tall boy put a hand across fading grass to set Robert E. Lee upright, and the Queen charged, on principle, at his brown wrist.

"Go to thunder," Stukely told her. "Be a lady! . . . Ow! Bite your brother, Queenie! I'm a ruin as it is. Let me live. Hit Alfie again! 'At's right! He's nothin' but your brother. Soak him in the nose! It's what brothers are meant for!"

A soft tenor murmured "Yeh," and Stukely connected the voice with a pair of bronze bare feet that had bloomed on grass near his elbow. He civilly followed upward a pair of stained cotton breeches and discovered a lean waist swathed in red woolen stuff that gave out suddenly and decided to be a scanty bath shirt. These two visible garments contained a person so extremely dark that Stukely was sorry for him directly, and grinned. The tenor grinned back, shifting from naked shoulder to shoulder a large basket filled with the Reverend Gavin Kent's yellow apples.

He grinned extensively, demonstrating his fine white teeth, and then kindly kicked Queen Victoria from his right ankle, asking, "Where y' put th' apple?" in this same soft murmur.

"Oh, in that shed behind the cow barn. Be-hind—the—barn," Stukely repeated. He dragged his sore self up from the warm turf and pointed over the white fence into the barnyard, wondering what "shed" might be in Italian.

"Yeh." The bronze person nodded, still grinning, and trotted off.

He didn't spill an apple, although the basket showed yellow rounds piled high at the top, and having reached the fence that hitched barn to stable he didn't bother to kick open its gate, but simply climbed over the barrier and trotted on around the barn. Stukely felt a small thrill of triumph. There had been three Italians hired for the farm this summer, but not even Joe Fancher could make them understand anything, with all his six years in the Marines and his wonderful comprehension of kine, tomatoes and the activities of Medusa, the ancient mare. And here was an Italian who knew a barn from a pigpen!

The phenomenon came trotting back and swung sideways over the fence, paused to note a rectangular cloud floating high above the farm toward Poughkeepsie or Carmelsville and then went bustling noiselessly past Stukely with another bright grin. His square face was excessively full of cheek bones; but his shoulders were superb, and he balanced the emptied basket on his black head casually. You saw them doing that around Naples. This lad must have watched his mother and sisters lugging linen down to the bay or fish up from it, and had caught the trick. Stukely stretched his own bronzed arms, yawned as his back ached viciously after a long yesterday and hauled himself from the grass with regret, telling Ermyntrude, "I think this lot are bad mannered. That black family were the best you've done so far. Go catch a mouse! I saw three in the barn 's morning. Joe'll be back by lunch and he'll scold you."

"Where Y' Put th' Apple?" in This Same Soft Murmur. "Oh, in That Shed Behind the Cow Barn"

Ermyntrude gave him her usual rude stare, and Stukely limped up the yard, preparing a pleasant speech for the Reverend Gavin Kent on the pillared porch, pacing beautifully in the sunlight and humming a magnificat. The old man had broken both pairs of his spectacles and was quite helpless until his daughter should arrive from New York with fresh supplies of heavy lenses, but he had guessed well enough that this Tonio or Giovanni or whatever his liquid name might be was a nice lad and suitable for a retired clergyman's farm. Stukely toiled up three steps and said, "Well, daddy, that ——"

"Ah, my dear boy! I didn't hear you and can't see you. Do give me a cigarette. Thank you, sonny. What a nice young heathen that is you've hired! I was just talking to him while he picked apples. He looks even darker than you, Stuke. What's his name? He said just to call him Kid, but that seems insufficient, and," said Doctor Kent, blowing out the match, "in my geologic epoch, the word 'kid' was dreadful slang."

"But I thought you'd hired him, pop!"

"I? Heavens, no! I shouldn't take the responsibility without your approval. Being blind and almost imbecile, I wouldn't do such a thing. But this pagan gives me unholy hopes. He says that Medusa looks as though she might die soon. I regard Medusa as the worst of my many evil deeds. Joe says that patent butter machine is really more useless than Medusa, but it doesn't try to bite or kick. No," the retired rector of St. Philip's mused, "Medusa is my largest contribution to the bonfire of follies."

"There's always Norah, pop."

Doctor Kent smiled and then episcopally cleared his throat for a rebuke. He said mildly, "Dear son, your sister has her failings, and it was horribly selfish of her to drag Joe Fancher off to town. I really think the baby could have been photographed and my glasses bought without her husband's aid and counsel. I suspect a hat or a new frock at the bottom of it."

"I suspect she's twenty-three next Sunday and she wanted Uncle George to remember it, daddy."

"That," said Doctor Kent, after a small frown of an ineffective kind, "is cynical; but I am afraid it's plausible, Stuke. A rich bachelor uncle has his uses. But do try to appreciate Norah's good points, dear son. I remember that I regarded your poor Aunt Caroline much as you do Norah. . . . Didn't Norah knit that jersey you're wearing?"

"This," said Stukely, "is an undershirt with ten holes in it, daddy. Norah's going to have my jersey knitted for my birthday, sir. She has two weeks to go. My money's against her. . . . Then mother must have hired this wop."

"But he's not Italian, sonny. He's from Carmelsville."

"Carmelsville's full of 'em, father. I'll go ask mother."

He limped along the white farmhouse, finding its shadow cool on his bare arms, and paused to think of being twenty in two weeks, for an aching minute.

But a breeze brought down three apples almost on his curly head, and his conscience roused. Joe Fancher mustn't find him idle. Apples were coming down too briskly and in indecent quantities, and yesterday had been rather awful, with some strange blight laying five chicks dead on gravel of the chicken run and the cows frisky with late September air, and the bull Erasmus very adhesive to his box stall and in a nasty temper. . . . If the black-eyed Antonio Farandolese could milk he was going to this evening! Stukely put his chin on a ledge of the dining-room window and saw his mother prettily dusting Bishop Stukely's eighteenth-century clock. Anyhow, she did dust things! Her aprons with lavender pockets gave her a useful air, and she was immensely nice to watch for a moment.

"I say, moth——" He waited her small shriek of surprise, heard it and went on "——er, what's the name of this Sicilian assassin?"

"Oh, Stuke! I don't think he's an assassin. He's only eighteen, darling. And he mended Junior's bunny ever so nicely. He found it in the ash can and mended it. Look," said Joseph Fancher, Jr.'s, grandmother, winding the key of the absurd white woolen rabbit excitedly. It hopped its three hops on the mahogany table and fell off the edge. After a simple squeak of anxiety, she picked it up and concluded: "And I don't think he's Italian, sweetheart. He's very little darker than you and Norah, dear. It's rather an Irish face."

"Didn't you ask him his name, mother? It's usual when you hire kids to ——"

"But I didn't hire him, darling!"

"Well, somebody did, mother!" Stukely protested.

Mrs. Kent was too occupied with the baby's restored rabbit to be more than a little disturbed

She said vaguely, "I suppose he asked Bridget if we'd hired anyone. He thought —— How funny! Maybe your father ——"

"At least he's working," Stukely yawned, so as not to alarm her, "an' that's the main thing."

He walked stiffly around the woodpile and the engine house of the blue water tower and observed the enigma hopping from branch to branch of one of the red-apple trees. Why these similar trunks should produce apples of differing colors Stukely didn't know. They were like Ermyntrude. But Asmodeo had poised his basket in the fork of that tree and was shedding apples into it valiantly His arms went fluidly to and fro and his prehensile toes clung to boughs while he worked, smoking a cigarette with the same industry. He was certainly Italian! At any minute he should break into song and become stationary in the rippling sunlight through coppery leaves. However, he must have a name. Stukely advanced and mentioned, "Still pretty hot for September."

"Yeh," said Asmodeo. He then swung under a branch and hung to it like the sloth of illustrations in geographies while he found an apple or so, and added, beaming, "Y'old man's swell."

"Yes," said Stukely, "father's very nice."

"Yeh," the enigma nodded, straddling the branch again; and went on, rather shyly, "Y' mamma's awful pret'."

"Mother's very pretty," Stukely agreed, and immediately heard one of his mother's best screams welling magnificently from the house.

It was a scream of quality and meant more than a sudden mouse or the discovery of an unopened letter. The enigmatic hired man fell from the tree and came trotting after Stukely's lame feet past the woodpile again and into the sunshine of the porch, where Mrs. Kent was making appropriate gestures of horror in a large chair. She shoved both hands toward the driveway's blue gravel and the highroad as if Legion came from hell along the bright gravel. Stukely looked and groaned. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fancher, with Junior and his nurse, were arriving in splendor and at leisure

He jammed his fists on his temples and said, "My word! Well, that cost Uncle George two thousand, anyhow! And Norah's driving it! Look out, you fool!" he yelled. "Turn! Don't try to climb the steps! Oh, well," he finished, after the jar of tires on wood and Joe Fancher's howl, "I hope it's insured!"

Norah now left the low, long, glittering motor to anybody who would back it from the white steps while she turned a new jacket smeared with strange devices of embroidery and told her son over the back of the driving seat, "No, he wasn't scared! Yoochy-oo? No, of course not! He enjoyed it!"

"Woman," said Joe Fancher, wrestling with steering gears, "you gonna die in your blood! Uh-huh! Thank you for not knockin' the house clean down, 'cause it's cold weather sleepin' out, an' your daddy's an old guy. Gawd bless Uncle Gawge for not givin' you so big a car as you wanted, girl! I ain't beaten you up yet, after fifteen months of married life, but soon I may start. An' I bet my back teeths you've busted the rev'rend's new spectacles!"

"Don't be so silly," said Norah, grubbing in Junior's white traveling basket stenciled with scarlet rabbits. "When you talk like that I remember I met you at a prize fight. Here they are! I knew," the charming woman explained charmingly, "that we wouldn't forget them if I put them in with him. We came up the Hudson, daddy, and stayed all night in Carmelsville. And Joe found a horrible person he knew in Georgia or Missouri or in the Marines running a dairy, so Junior had awf'ly good milk, mother. Take him straight in, Susie, and see if he's full of cinders or dust or something. Stuke, Uncle George wants to know what you want for your birthday. I told him I thought a little roadster would do. He —— Mother, please don't scream so!"

Mrs. Kent hopelessly waved her hands and moaned, "Norah! Did Uncle George Stukely give you those?"

"These?" Norah fingered the string of flaring diamonds around her neck and smiled deliciously at her family as she came up the steps. "Certainly! He bought them years ago for one of those widows he didn't marry. We were looking at them last night before we started and he gave them to me. I think," she reflected, rubbing her nose on Doctor Kent's chin, "that they're rather too big. But Joe liked them."

"Girl, quit c'mittin' perjury! I think they're hidjus! Grandmamma raised me to be kind to fools or I'd ha' sorta told your Uncle Gawge what I thought of —— Oh, you Stuke! Come here an' back this Noah's ark."

Stukely took his eyes from the seven long diamonds and started down the steps. But before him slithered the naked shoulders and bronze heels of the nameless Italian, and this stray said, "Yeh. Fix y', fella!" almost loudly to Joe Fancher as he slid over the blue door of the driving seat and took possession. The great car now sneezed twice, rumbled softly and backed from the steps Joe Fancher pulled his gray tweeds and smart brown boots out of it, and Asmodeo drove serenely on toward the garage, slowed to save the life of Queen Victoria, and nobly steered the blue wonder into the little building.

"Efficiency," said Stukely. "Nobody hired him and we don't know his name; but there he is!"

"G'on, babe! Somebody hired him!"

"It must have been the cook, then," said Stukely.

The cook in the doorway stopped gaping at Norah's necklace and said, "No such thing, Mr. Joe! He come inta the kitchen with his suitcase an' says are you here, and I says you ain't, an' he says he's come to stay and where would his room be, so I showed him up the attic, and he showed hisself down in them duds, which," the honest woman observed, "I told him wouldn't do for a minister's family."

"He knew Joe runs the place," Stukely decided; "somebody told him down in the village. He saw our ad in the Carmelaville paper, of course, and came over on the trolley. Anyhow, Joe, he stays until the apples are in. I broke my back yesterday, and you," Stukely proclaimed with some violence, "milk this evening! That's that!"

(Continued on Page 117.)

Stukely Regretted That He Had Died Without Luncheon. He Was Extremely Hungry

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 7, 1925

The End of the Boom

THERE is nothing like a roaring bull market such as that which burst on the financial scene the week of Mr. Coolidge's election, and was still going strong when these lines were written, to make the country at large think more kindly of Wall Street, of the money devil, of the New York Stock Exchange and of all their combined and interlocking works.

Stiff prices for crops, the returning prosperity of farmers, manufacturers and dealers in staples, together with the rosy business outlook for the next few months—all add bright touches of color to our economic picture.

The new prosperity, with all its inequalities and bare spots, is nationwide in its character and is not confined to any narrow section or to any small groups. This is true even of the activities of the great money centers. A large part of the profits reaped in Wall Street during December and January went to the credit of customers west of the Mississippi. Wall Street is becoming more and more dependent upon Western money to make its wheels go round. It is not the East alone that makes two-million-share days a commonplace and spurs on the runaway markets that leave the tickers forty minutes behind. Cash and orders from the West have been pouring into the Stock Exchange at a rate which breaks all records. Great commission houses report that Western customers who used to trade in hundreds of shares now deal in thousands and tens of thousands without a quiver of an eyelid.

It is also common talk that the bull market of 1924–25 has differed from other bull markets in that investors and speculators alike have appeared to know precisely what they were doing and to act upon rather definite knowledge of underlying conditions, or upon intimate acquaintance with the affairs of their favorite issues rather than upon the tips and rumors that fill the air. This is new evidence of the growing tendency of the younger generation of investors to pay less heed to irresponsible gossip and to give more study to the scores of collateral factors that are responsible for every major advance of the market.

Galloping to fortune on the back of a bull market is a great life while it lasts. There is nothing quite like the geniality and cheery optimism of those who are making money hand over fist. As long as the uprush continues this is the best possible world, peopled by the best possible fellows. But every bull market has an end, and the day must come when scores of high-flying stocks will drop and paper profits will vanish. That day may not come until next week or next summer. It may be ushered in by the sheer topheaviness of the market or it may be postponed many months until the competition of a rehabilitated Europe assumes formidable proportions. As long ago as November a major reaction was declared, in many quarters, to be but a few days off; and like predictions multiplied as the market climbed. No one could certainly draw a line in advance of the event and say that above this line stability would become topheaviness. Financial statisticians who have the most elaborate data and the greatest familiarity with the subject often grossly underestimate the capacity of the American public for absorbing attractive securities, and no one witnesses the occasional emergence of the hidden wealth of the nation with quite so much amazement as those who should be best acquainted with its extent and its hiding places. This tremendous buying power was strikingly illustrated on January 8, when $125,000,000 of new telephone bonds were sold in forty-four minutes. In the first five days of the same week more than $200,000,000 of new securities found eager buyers.

Whatever the amount of our investable funds, or the future of our industry and agriculture, the bull market of 1924–25 must one day come to an end. When the boom is over and the period of deflation sets in, this will no longer be the best of all possible worlds. All the bad losers will join together in a general hunt for scapegoats, and they will find them in plenty, as they always do. The ears of the money devil will prinkle at the things said about him. The invisible bogy men of Wall Street, who control the destinies of the market and who are always referred to as They, will bear the brunt of the abuse of the too confident bulls who overstayed their market. Bearing abuse is their placid specialty. The Stock Exchange and its sinful ways will be exposed, denounced and excoriated; and there will be weeks of grousing, which will not bring back a single lost dollar, but which will exercise a comforting and mildly sedative effect upon the losers.

In all this hurlyburly of charge and countercharge the New York Stock Exchange may fairly congratulate itself upon the fact that there has never been a time at which it was in a stronger position to defend itself against irresponsible charges of tolerating unfair practices. The work that centers round the big board is of such a highly technical nature that laymen often fail to perceive the full significance of seemingly minor regulations designed to safeguard the interests of the customer. And yet many such rules have lately been adopted, and the governors of the Exchange are making it their constant study to give every trader, little or big, the full benefit of every rule and custom adopted for his protection.

Very few persons realize how seriously the Exchange takes complaints against its members or how painstakingly it sifts and examines the most trifling charges. The committee responsible for this work lately devoted considerable time to the complaint of a widow that her broker, a member of the Exchange, exacted from her a dollar and a half more than the proper commission for the sale of a few shares of stock. This episode was treated with all the care and attention that the committee would bestow upon a transaction involving millions. Two letters were written to the accused broker, his side was fully heard, and the lady was finally informed that under the rules of the Exchange she had not been overcharged. Incidentally, the time of the officials who went into the case was worth almost as much as the securities the complainant sold.

The current financial condition of Stock Exchange houses is now subject to closer and more constant scrutiny than ever before. Pressure has been brought to bear upon more than one reputable house to liquidate its business simply because its working capital was too small for the proper protection of its customers. Supervision and control of this sort operate powerfully on the side of safety.

Mr. E. H. H. Simmons, president of the Exchange, is engaged in building up a bureau which is bound to become progressively important as the years go by. It is the duty of this office to keep track of fraudulent promoters and security salesmen and to apprehend and prosecute them whenever there is sufficient evidence against them. As this bureau works in conjunction with certain outside organizations which have been highly successful in stamping out business frauds, there is every reason to believe that it will render valuable services to inexperienced investors and prevent millions of dollars from flowing into unsafe channels.

The end of a boom presents sad spectacles; but without booms there would be no bargain days in Wall Street.

Self-Sellers

THE professions, once three in number, have become legion. There are today, at any rate, many occupations which deserve to be elevated into the professional classification, if the extent to which they are taught, preached, studied, analyzed, talked of and written of is taken into consideration. Salesmanship, for instance, may not be a profession, but it is variously acclaimed as an art and a science and it is the most written about and vociferously talked of occupation open to man today. We have evolved a distinct and voluminous literature of salesmanship, schools and colleges are consecrated to it, magazines are published in its name. Out of all this there have come a distinct advance in the practice and ethics of salesmanship and an all-round improvement in the machinery of business. As the inevitable by-products of an excess of enthusiasm, however, we have developed various tendencies which are decidedly wrong.

This is reflected in certain types which are becoming common enough to be readily distinguishable. As Exhibit A, there is the very adaptable, facile and almost dynamic type of man who has the ability to create places for himself, who can sell himself for almost any position he may aspire to occupy. He is not a newcomer, by any means, but the more or less recent school or cult of salesmanship which is based on the theory of personal force has caused him to blossom out in new colors and in augmented numbers. He is the embodiment of the idea of the magnetic eye, the compelling jaw, the right flow of words before which executives cringe and presidents fumble for contract forms. He never holds a job long, but he never lacks one. His record apparently does not tell against him. He can go on from a whole series of signal failures and find comfortable and even fancy positions for himself as often as the necessity arises. The jobs he acquires are never the plain, everyday variety. They generally locate him somewhere in the outer executive fringe and a title of some kind goes with them. His pay check, while the job lasts, is substantial, so he keeps up a good front.

Men of this stripe are numerous enough to constitute a business liability. During their brief periods of activity they can slow up and disorganize a machine which formerly functioned with smoothness. The ill effects can be felt, in fact, long after the Self-Seller has gone his way and sold himself into something else.

The Self-Seller is found occasionally in the upper reaches of business, where he functions as a president or a managing director and can always plausibly explain a falling off in the earnings or a breakdown of production; plausibly enough, at any rate, to sell himself into another office with a mahogany desk and rows of push buttons. In this highly developed form the Self-Seller is a menace. Generally, however, he is little worse than a temporary nuisance. He breezes into an office with a hatful of theories, carelessly drops a monkey wrench or two into the works, gets on everyone's nerves and then is hastily eased out. Few offices escape him, for his selling technic is irresistible. His weakness lies in the fact that, after he has sold himself, he can't sell anything else.

The idea that a man will get along faster if he pays attention to details of personal appearance and to keeping himself up with things generally is entirely sound and praiseworthy. It will not stand stretching beyond a certain point, however. Personality can never be more than an adjunct to ability. There is no object in selling yourself unless you make it a permanent sale, and there is only one way, after all, of doing that: You must make good on the job. When a man knows his work and can produce results he doesn't need to sell himself.

WHAT A DEMAGOGUE KNOWS

By Garet Garrett

A PUBLIC man whose mind has an imperious way with facts was saying to a professional writer, "What would you do? There are too many facts about everything. Almost one would say facts get in their own way and so hinder the truth. I find this: When I come to make a statement for the press, no matter what my subject is, I cannot set out the necessary facts in less than two columns of newspaper print."

"Because every subject becomes increasingly complex with thought and handling," said the writer.

"Exactly. But consider the difficulties of exposition. If I write two columns I have only something to paste in my scrapbook. Nobody will stop to read it in the newspaper, except perhaps those few who already know the subject; and if I cramp my statement to a popular length for the average reader, I am obliged to make a selection of facts. Most of them are left out. The result is incomplete and, by its incompleteness, or from a sophisticated simplification of the subject, misleading. How to reach the average reader with the facts. There is a problem—a subject in itself."

"My thesis," said the writer, "is that the average man of this day is more benighted as to what is going on in the world, less conceiving of it, than the average man of the Dark Ages."

"How do you get there?"

"It's a long way from where I started," said the writer. "I was thinking of him quite differently at first. I had been regarding him in the aspect of a mechanician at a public garage. He was on his back under a car, pursuing an obscure trouble to its source. First he made a diagnosis. I had watched him at that—a most intelligent performance. Before him was a fact—namely, the fact of trouble in this piece of mechanism. What was the trouble? The trouble was *x*, or that which was to be found out. He approached the problem with an open mind. He listened carefully to the functional sounds, even putting a stethoscope to the engine block. Then he asked me several questions. It was my car. He received the answers thoughtfully, repeated one to make sure I understood it, and turned again to the car, which he explored with a touch as sensitive as that of a physician testing the reflexes of the human organism, and the same meditative, absent manner about it. Next you see him there on his back under the car, performing a skillful mechanical operation.

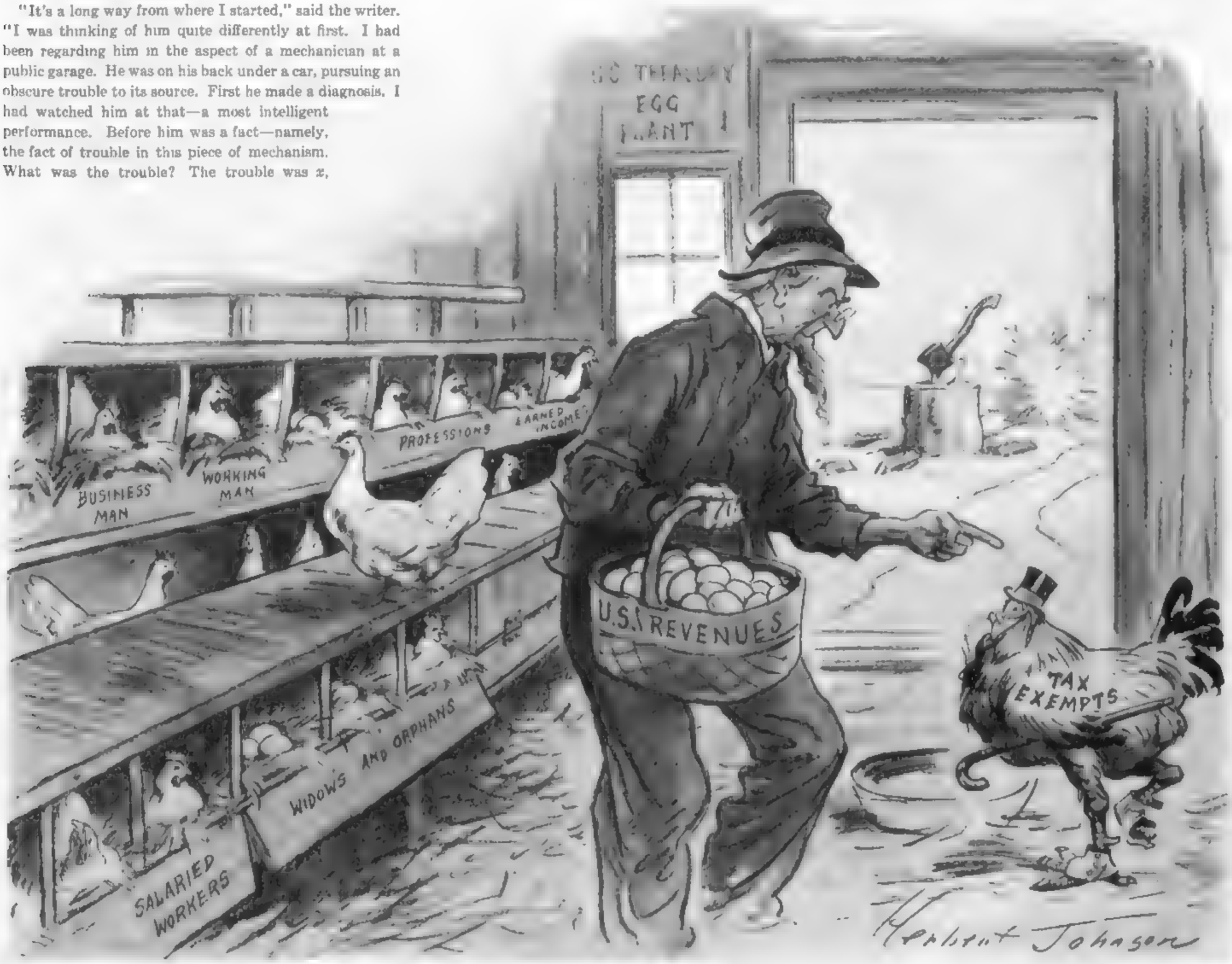
"If you think of it, here is a mental achievement of high order. First the data, current and historical. Then a grouping and regrouping of the facts in all possible combinations reflection, hypothesis, induction, deduction, synthesis, analysis, elimination, conclusion. Every mode of reasoning appears to be there. And when at length from under the car comes the vanity of speech, his voice, saying, 'Hah!' which means that the diagnosis has been verified, you are moved to admiration. You say, 'What a specimen is this average man of our time! He employs his mind logically. He understands the principle of an internal-combustion engine. He can take this complicated thing apart and bring it together again. When his day's work is up he will wash himself clean, change his clothes, read an evening newspaper, go to see the events of the world on a movie screen and on his way home to bed he will stop in the tobacconist's doorway to hear a radio concert.'"

"But you said ——"

"I'm coming to what I said. I asked myself by what means this average man of ours had been evolved. The word that occurred to me then was 'specialization.' And with that a doubt began to cloud my admiration. Specialization is not without price. It does amazingly develop some part of the man, certain faculties in him, some one aptitude. What of the rest of him? This one who had used his mind so well on a motor car—how else would he be equipped? The fancy seized me to drag him forth from under the car and ask, 'What shall we do about the inter-allied debts?'

"Well, you see; you know what is coming. At first he does not know what I am talking about. He thinks I mean something they will take care of in the front office. I tell him it is a matter of some eleven billion dollars owing to us by foreign governments on account of the war and that

(Continued on Page 163)



"WHY ARE YOU, ANYHOW!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Valentine to Everybody

DEAR People, dear Folks, I adore you,
I like you—in brief, I am for you.
Humanity, Species and Race,
I love you all over the place!

—Arthur Guiterman.

The Music of the Shears

CLIP, clip, snip, snip,
Oh, what music to the ears
Is the clipping and the snipping
Of those coupon-cutting shears!

Folks there are whose taste tympanic
Tends toward ballads trite and tearful;
Some whom Opera Germanic
Seems to give an ample earful.
Others not so choosical
Look to leg shows musical.
Bach and Beethoven and Brahms
Some select as oral ration;
Others favor singing psalms,
Jazz or highbrow orchestration.
What to some sounds odious,
Many find melodious.

Clip, clip, snip, snip,
One exception through the years,
For there's no one hates to listen
To the music of the shears.

Adelaide W. Neall.

Dolce Far Niente

OH, I'D like to spend a season
Where there is no rime or reason,
Where the armadillydoodle dawdles
round among the trees;
Where the kitty-katy-diddums
Play at hidy-seeky-hiddums,
And the parallelepipedon is piping in the breeze.

Oh, how sweet 'twould be to lie
Underneath a scurrying sky,
While the myrmidons are murmuring and the flitterbatters fly;
On a musky afternoon
When the bibblebobadoon
Goes a-hunting young green cheeses for to make a harvest moon!

And oh, wouldn't it be pleasant
If a pheasant, as a present,
Brought some lovely little eggy-wegs and laid them at our feet;
And a wary cassowary
Brought a comical canary
To trilly-rill a roundelay and make our joy complete?

Oh, I'd love to shilly-shally
In a Vallombrosa valley,
Where the wanderoo is wandering and the willow-walys weep;
Where the behemoth is beaming
And is seeming to be dreaming,
While the salamanders sally and Virginia creepers creep.

—Carolyn Wells.

Otherwise a Good Citizen

Why Big Business Grows Bigger

THE stenographer arrives at nine and picks at the letters on her typewriter with a pen point. The sales manager wanders in fifteen minutes later, looks at his mail and goes to a conference uptown. The treasurer strolls in, glances over his letters, and leaves for the week-end. The vice president appears at ten, opens a life-insurance circular, and hurries away to his country club.

The president of the company is next. He bustles in about ten-thirty, goes into his private office, summons the stenographer and tells her to reserve space for him on the Century. He is jumping over to Cleveland for a six-day convention. He goes to lunch.

By eleven the office is in the hands of the business-college girl. She runs the business until five o'clock. Between nine and five she earns the incomes for the members of the concern, about the taxes on which there has been so much publicity here of late.

—McCready Huston.

Drab Ballads

VII

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, JAZZEKIAL JONES, (THAT MILDEWED MINSTREL MAN), sang with great success the aching aria entitled:

IT TAKES AN OLD-TIME SONG TO SOOTHE A BROKEN HEART

An aged man, who, stunned with grief,
Was brought to Bell-e-vue;
In silent trance he had no word to say.
The doctor's diagnosis brief:
"There's nothing I can do—
A broken heart will carry him away."
A tipsy minstrel man whom they were bringing
To the psychopathic ward, stopped with a start,
He heard the words and said, "I'll just try singing
An old-time song to ease that broken heart."

REFRAIN

Just a Song at Twilight—but he never heard,
Roaming in the Gloaming seemed to fail.
Sally in Our Alley—not a glance or word.
Always in the Way made him turn pale.
Tell 'Em That You Saw Me, and Alabama Coon,
And other songs, in mem'ry's storehouse filed,

(Continued on Page 59)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

DRAWN BY H. BERT [illegible]

"Yi, Dear! We're Having Such Trouble With Biffy's Ears Since Doctor Carver Operated on Them

"One Simply Won't Stand Upright and the Child is Therefore a Source of Constant Mortification to His Father and Me"

"Speaking of Operations, Come Here, Buster! I Want to Show Mrs. Bull What Our Wonderful Twisto-Proctor Did for Your Tail

"Just Look, Annie! That Youngster's Tail Was So Disgustingly Straight That Beans and I Were Ashamed of Him. Doctor Turner Has Put as Beautiful a Screw in It as the Most Exclusive Boston Terrier Society Can Demand"

Here's a delicious soup the whole family will enjoy!

It's Campbell's fine that makes us shine
And do this stunt so neat
The soup within just makes us spin
And sparkle on our feet!

What do these tomatoes say to your appetite? Isn't there an invitation to it? Can't you just taste these red-ripe, juicy tomatoes blended in this famous tomato soup?

Just about everybody likes tomatoes. And judging from its enormous popularity, Campbell's Tomato Soup is the favorite way of eating tomatoes. It's a soup the whole family enjoys—and best of all, it's good for them.

Nothing could be more refreshing, more appetizing to start the meal than Campbell's Tomato Soup. It's the rich tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat" strained to a smooth puree and blended with golden butter.

Even richer when served as a Cream of Tomato. It's so easy to prepare it with Campbell's, according to the simple directions on the label. Wonderful for the children, too!

21 kinds

12 cents a can

THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN

By Alexander Woollcott

IT WAS in 1909 that Berlin went apprehensively to work for the Snyder company. With the success of Sadie Salome, for which Edgar Leslie wrote some of the words and which invaded at least two hundred thousand innocent American homes, he plunged into the steady fashioning of the more than three hundred songs with which, at the age of thirty-six, he is credited—or debited, if that is the way you feel about popular music; debited if, as many do, you suspect him of having all by himself invented first ragtime and then the jazz orchestras which you vaguely associate with loose living, alcoholism, bobbed hair, distrust of government and disrespect for old age.

Mr. Berlin and Eight Little Notes in the First Music Box Revue

At first he was supposed to write only the lyrics, for there was Snyder himself all full of tunes and knowing roughly twenty times as much about music as Berlin did. The writing of countless verses was a matter of considerable anguish to one who had so small and dingy a hold on the language of the land. When, in the midst of the vogue of one of his earlier songs, the Evening Journal commissioned him to turn out two hundred verses to it, at the rate of six a week, the order was carried out only after much beading of the brow. It was the mordant Wilson Mizner who made a historic remark about this meager vocabulary.

"Berlin," said Mizner, "is a man of few words."

How Songs are Built

FOR a time he took refuge in dialect ballads, in which, he fondly hoped, the somewhat fragmentary vocabulary might be mistaken for a deliberate touch of art. And usually since then his songs have been written in the vernacular, as a glance at such titles as Yiddle on Your Fiddle, or How Do You Do It, Mabel, On Twenty Dollars a Week? or Business is Business, Rosy Cohen, would suggest. Furthermore, some such couplet as

You can see
He and she

is likely to smite the ear in some of the most engaging songs of his later years. It is when you find London and Paris wondering what the word "whattle" means in What'll I do? that you realize how faithfully Berlin has clung to the idiom of the sidewalk Perforce he has worked in the vernacular as Will Rogers does. The lyrics of Irving Berlin are as truly "in American" as any of Mr. Lardner's or Master Weaver's adventures in the local patois

Probably Berlin's heart is happiest these days when some mob breaks suddenly into an old melody of his as if it were Suwanee River or Old Kentucky Home or some other tune that had been running in and out of their childhood. Yet he began as a lyric writer, and his secret and sinful pride is still in the neat and unexpected rimes with which he has punctuated the songs of his more sophisticated years. Usually the lyric comes first, or at least starts first. He may begin, let us say, with some such phrase as "What'll I do?" It was a happy day for him when he discovered that there could be triplets in words as well as in music, and he delights in such triplets as Nevertheless or *Look at 'Em Doing* It or *Full of Originality* or What'll I Do?—which are like boyish skips of joy in the midst of a sedate walk. Then lyric and melody grow apace, each shaping and giving character to the other. That is probably why folks find them easy to sing and why the words and music go jogging off across the world together with the sturdiness and independence of folk songs.

But usually he starts with a phrase of words rather than with a phrase of music. It is difficult, for instance, to escape the impression that his enormously popular Down on the Farm had its entire origin in no deeper or more sincere inspiration than his desire to use the couplet

Oh, how I wish again
That I was in Michigan.

The resulting lay has practically enshrined him in all hearts out Detroit way, and the song is sick with a yearning for green fields which no Bowery boy ever really felt.

A like suspicion is attached to the quatrain in the second verse of Lazy, which runs:

I'll be so glad when I am
Among the chickens
With Mr. Dickens
Or Mr. Omar Khayyám.

The latter-day verses are all far more workmanlike, and when he came back from the warm sands of Palm Beach with the words and music of Lazy jotted down in odd corners of his memory, it was probably the words over which he had toiled the more faithfully and which gave him the greater satisfaction. That chorus runs in this wise:

I wanna be lazy,
I wanna be lazy,
I wanna lie in the sun,
With no work to be done,
Under that awning
They call the sky,
Stretching and yawning,
And let the world go drifting by.
I wanna peep
Through the deep
Tangled wildwood,
Counting sheep
Till I sleep
Like a child would.
With a great big valiseful
Of books to read where it's peaceful,
While I'm
Killing time
Being lazy.

As you see it there in cold type, it doubtless strikes you as something less than tripping Which might be said of Ach, Du Lieber Augustine or Dixie or any other good folk song in the world. What with its several vulgarisms and its quite unequal gait, you probably recognize Lazy as a verse nicely calculated to afflict a critic of such classic taste and flawless prosody as F. P. A. But you should remember it was never meant to be read. It was meant to be sung. You should remember especially that no lyric written to the odd, capricious and incalculable pace of syncopated music is ever readable, for no fonts have yet been invented by which such tempo can be reflected in type. After all, Berlin's songs, for the most part, are just conversations written to music, and in the best of them there is the true salt of the American language.

After a short time the fugitive from Chinatown and Union Square, still feeling the breath of his boyhood on his neck, began devising his own tunes. The earlier ones had a simplicity enforced by the meagerness of his capacity as a pianist, and were quite innocent of such counter melodies and intricate rhythms as have marked the scores written in his venerable thirties for the Music Box.

A Rapid Producer

HIS first protests that he wanted to write the music as well as the words were met with an amiable discouragement by everyone about him. They were tolerant but firm, in the manner of the manager whose most profitable comedian is suddenly attacked with a ruinous ambition to play Hamlet. Indeed, the newcomer managed it only by the device of being careful to burst into the office with a new lyric at a time when no composer would be around.

Of course he had no piano of his own and there was none yet in the crowded home downtown to which he had long since returned, a contrite son and a puzzling but respected worker. So he would come rattling up the stairs of the office in Thirty-eighth Street at two o'clock in the morning and work there happily till dawn. His notion seemed to be that he should write several songs a day. And, indeed, he poured them out so fast at one time that the wily management thought it best to pretend that he was several persons. At least one vastly profitable song called The Pullman Porters' Parade was thus launched under the name of Ren G. May. If you meditate for a moment on the letters of that implausible name you will see that they spell Germany, of which then highly revered nation even he knew that Berlin was the capital.

You could hardly speak to him in those days without jarring a song out of him. Thus one evening at sundown when he and a fellow song writer named George Whiting were going into John the Barber's in Forty-fifth Street, Whiting ventured the suggestion that they knock off work and sally forth on an evening of festivity

"My wife's gone to the country," he explained.

"Hooray!" replied Berlin automatically.

A song, of course, to be written in the vernacular. A song, as it happened, that within a fortnight was being hummed mischievously by truant clerks and salesmen on their way to work and whistled by newsboys as they

Continued on Page 34

CADILLAC MOTOR CARS STANDARD

V63

V63

The human desire to own the best suggests the Cadillac

It is human to want that which is recognized to be the best of its kind.

Nothing less can possibly afford the same deep and lasting satisfaction.

Nothing less *pays so well* in joy of possession or as an investment.

Nothing less is worthy of him who has the means to maintain his personal standards—and who finds the thought of the second or third choice unsatisfying.

The human desire for that which is best is back of every purchase of a Cadillac car.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

CADILLAC

V63

(Continued from Page 32)

hawked the Evening Journal along Izzy Baline's old route—for of course the two hurried at once to the office By midnight a wet manuscript was ready and a half hour later they would be next door at Maxim's, from which sporty restaurant the sound of revelry always issued until dawn. After a moment's parley the master of the cabaret would, with tremendous manner, still the revelers long enough to propose a new song. At which signal Whiting would dislodge the local pianist from his stool, and, standing on a proffered chair, the escaped busker from the Bowery would try out his new melody.

To this day, when he finishes the first draft of a song, it requires all his self-control to keep from going forth to the nearest street corner, gathering a crowd around him and singing it to them. Indeed, the old impulse of the busker is so strong within him that his friends are likely to hear the shifting forms of a new melody as it takes shape during a year of experiment. This weakness proved a blessing on the one occasion when he was sued for the theft of a melody. The Pack Up Your Sins number, the elaborate and thunderous finale of the first act in his revue at the Music Box in the fall of 1922, was the bone of contention. This bone, the plaintiff argued, was really quite too much like a composition of his own, to which the larcenous Berlin must have had access, since it had been on sale since the preceding May. Then did Neysa McMein and Jascha Heifetz and Lenore Ulric put aside their pastels, violins and such and journey down to court to take their Bible oath that the confiding Berlin had played and sung his Pack Up Your Sins as long before as the preceding January.

At first he probably thought of the songs as something he himself could sing at cabarets, and certainly it was his burning ambition to appear in a musical comedy on Broadway. Such busking must have seemed to him the very pinnacle of life. If the blessing ever came his way, the world could then be allowed to end. Wherefore he and Snyder stormed the Shubert citadel.

Lenore Ulric on Her Way Up

FINALLY a hearing was arranged with the younger brother, then as now the impresario of the Shubert musical productions. It was a dismaying experience for Berlin. His knees a-tremble, he had scarcely reached the chorus of My Wife's Gone to the Country when he became uncomfortably aware that if the alarming magnate were listening at all it could be with only half his attention. For there he was at his imposing desk, seizing the occasion to dictate some letters to his stenographer, at which blended picture of big business and art the abashed singer broke down.

And the lingering memory of that painful embarrassment made sweeter the contract signed a year later when, after the two visitors had accumulated a little local fame, they were engaged to sing and play some of their songs in an impending Shubert show called Up and Down Broadway. In its second act they bounded on, wearing sweaters, carrying tennis rackets and trying to look as much as possible like two genteel young athletes considerably surprised at finding a piano there in the middle of the garden.

An alumni meeting of that summertime harlequinade would be an interesting reunion for the onlooker. In addition to such notables of the day as Emma Carus and the excessively paternal Eddie Foy, there were sundry newcomers who, along with Berlin himself, have since

At Camp Upton, 1917

come up in the world. For instance, there was Anna Wheaton, who had started in a few years before as the first Liza to play with Maude Adams in Peter Pan. And there was a minor dancer named Martin Brown, who has since put away his pumps and distinguished himself as the author of such plays as The Lady and Cobra. Also there was a personable young fellow named Oscar Shaw, who was eventually to sing Berlin's best songs at his Music Box. Blanche Sweet was in the chorus. Nobody paid any special attention to one tousle-headed chorus girl, of whom, however, it might have been observed that she herself attached an absurd importance to the negligible work assigned her. She started in with Up and Down Broadway as a mute extra girl at seven dollars a week; but she soon wormed her way into the chorus, touling at the steps and refrains as if her entire career and the fate of Western civilization depended on her doing each thing exactly right each night. Her name was Lenore Ulric.

Irving Berlin in His Famous "Kitchen Police" Song in "Yip-Yip Yaphank"

It was in 1911 that the newcomer in Tin Pan Alley set the shoulders of America a-swaying with the syncopated jubilance of Alexander's Ragtime Band. It was one of several songs wrought with a time which no one had ever consciously heard before. This was the first full free use of the new rhythm which had begun to take form in the honkey tonks, where pianists were dislocating old melodies to make them keep step with the swaying hips and shoulders of the spontaneous darky dancers. It was a song which stamped a new character on American music. It sang and danced its way around the world and royalties came in from a million and a half copies.

Alexander differed in two conspicuous respects from the best of Berlin's work before and since. To begin with, it was exultant, and we have all hearkened more attentively to Berlin when he has been woebegone. It is in his blood to write the lugubrious melodies which, in the jargon of Tin Pan Alley, have a tear in them Back of him are generations of wailing cantors to tinge all his work with an enjoyable melancholy. Each new downcast lay of his elicits a score of paragraphs hinting that the troubadour has been crossed in love again. No lady is to blame. It is his grandfather. When I'm Alone, I'm Lonesome, When I Leave the World Behind, Poor Little Me, Nobody Knows and Nobody Seems to Care, All by Myself, All Alone and What'll I Do?—these are the more characteristic. He would probably admit that the moment he is left alone, and the sounds of the city die down, he begins to turn Russian, growing a long beard and feeling sorry for himself.

But in the first flush it was such fun being the admired newcomer on Broadway. It was so gay to have all his New York slapping him on the back. It was such a foretaste of glory to have the great Mr. Cohan clasp him by the hand and assure him—through the corner of the mouth and one nostril, "You're there, kid, you're there!" His heart sang and the song was called Alexander's Ragtime Band.

Words for Alexander

ALEXANDER differed, too, in having been fashioned as an instrumental melody with no words to guide it. As such, it had gathered dust on the shelf, wordless and ignored, until one day when he himself needed a new song in a hurry. He had just been elected to the Friars' Club and the first Friars' Frolic was destined for production at the New Amsterdam. He wanted something new to justify his appearance in the bill, and so he patched together some words that would serve to carry this neglected tune, of which he himself was secretly fond. In his haste he took the cue for the lyric from an already published and quite unsuccessful song of his called Alexander and His Clarinet. For he alone among the writers of the world seems to have no unpleasant associations with the name of Alexander. Usually when you see that name affixed to a character in a novel, you must be prepared to discover that character foreclosing a mortgage on some lorn widow.

As a production number, Alexander was rejected by a disastrous venture which soon vanished from Broadway leaving not a wrack behind, except its home, which became known as the Fulton Theater. But a humbler and shrewder management around the corner made a better guess, and the Columbia burlesque house was soon noisy with the boom and blare of of the song, which was promptly

Continued on Page 174

3 Qualities No Other Four Possesses

Before Chrysler engineers achieved the new good Maxwell, every car buyer had to determine whether to pay a high premium for power and performance, or to pay less for ordinary performance.

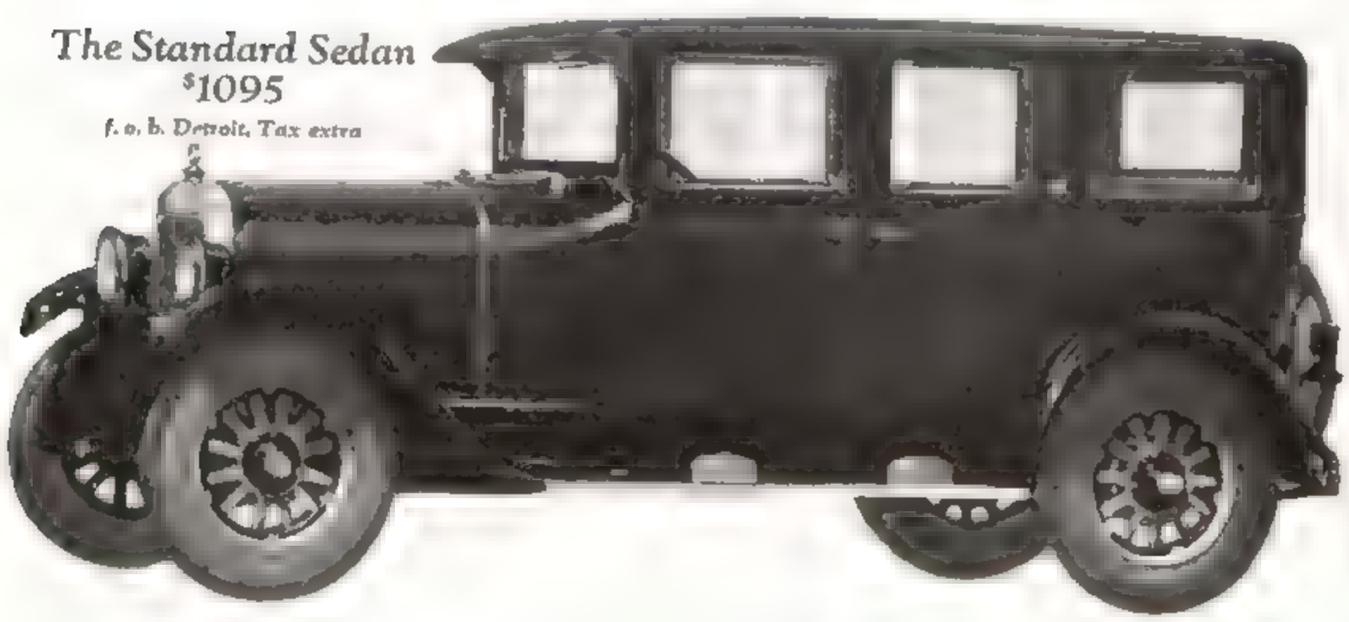
In the good Maxwell of today, Chrysler engineers, working with Maxwell's fine manufacturing facilities, have solved the problem completely and unquestionably.

They have solved it by engineering into the good Maxwell a combination of four-cylinder performance capacity and operating-maintenance economy wholly new to the motoring public.

In this latest product of the great Maxwell organization and factories expect a new degree of four-cylinder power, speed, flexibility and vibrationless operation which surpasses these qualities even as Maxwell previously expressed them.

Balloon tires, natural wood wheels, stop-light, transmission lock, Duco finish *standard* on all Maxwell models. Shrouded visor integral with roof, heater, standard on all closed models.

There are Maxwell dealers everywhere. All are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Maxwell's attractive plan.



58 Miles per Hour

25 Miles to the Gallon

5 to 25 Miles in 8 Seconds

The New Good MAXWELL

THE OLD DOCTOR

By E. W. HOWE

ILLUSTRATION BY W. H. WOLF

The Affection That Existed Between Them Was One of the Traditions of the Neighborhood

ALONG road without a turn, so unusual that a proverb has been written about it, ran across the divide separating Buck Creek and Little River, a distance of nine miles. This was called Seven Day Lane. Many of its residents believed Saturday the true Sabbath, and seven days in the week men were seen working in the fields bordering it.

Every traveler paid unconscious tribute to the beauty of the country along the lane, and there was a tradition that a man who had been pretty much everywhere once declared he had seen nothing finer in the great round world. Whether one entered it at Buck Creek or Little River, the country became steadily more beautiful until it culminated in a burst of grandeur called Longview Point, where most travelers stopped to admire, and could not decide whether the finest view was toward the north, the south, the east or the west. Some scenes of natural beauty seen from afar mercifully hide worthless crags, and valleys too wet for the uses of men, but all the land making up the views in Seven Day Lane was rich. When a quarter section changed hands on the Buck Creek side, the price was within a few dollars of the price on the Little River side; there was no difference, except in the buildings, and these were usually good, and the farmers thrifty. Poverty was a thing that came out of the mists beyond Buck Creek and Little River; when a poor team was seen in the lane, the residents knew it came from a distance. Plenty was so steadily the rule that the people could not understand want.

Midway between the river and the creek, at a road crossing, four early settlers had built their homes on adjoining corners. Here also were a church, a school, a blacksmith shop, a store, a community hall, a post office, and such other buildings as thrifty farmers find need of.

One of the four corners was occupied by the home of the doctor, also a landowner. Busy many years with the ills of his neighbors, the doctor's land was looked after by a renter whose home adjoined that of his employer. No one knew what arrangement the doctor had with his tenant, but it was generous, for the tenant shared the general prosperity.

A Living Sermon

APART of the renter's duty was to care for the doctor's horses. Being a humane man, he had a pair resting while another was at work, attached to his rainy-day buggy. These horses were famous in Seven Day Lane. If their owner had a long drive from a patient's home, he promptly went to sleep, and the animals kept the road. The neighbors told good-natured jests of meeting the doctor when he did not speak to them, and the care with which the wonderful black team hurried their tired master to his bed. Arriving at home, their impatience soon aroused the renter or his boys. Then the doctor was awakened, and the horses cared for.

Some others had automobiles, but the doctor continued to use the rainy-day buggy. Some of his patrons lived in rough land beyond creek and river, and, whatever the weather, he could go anywhere at any time. He began his practice driving a black team, and this he kept up many years, through preference or eccentricity. It was known for miles around that a promising black colt could probably be sold for use on the rainy-day buggy, and become of assistance in looking after the community's welfare.

When not engaged, the doctor attended all the services at the church and community hall, where he promptly went to sleep, and was usually aroused to go on one of his missions. Outside he found the renter had his buggy ready, and attached to it the team with the longest rest.

And he drove away with the blessings of every man, woman and child in the community, for here was a good man honored in his day and generation. Large and strong, he could have knocked together the heads of any two of his neighbors, but instead of doing it his life was gentle and helpful. A quiet man, he delivered no sermons except by the uprightness and usefulness of his life. For twenty years the community church had no pastor. The old men read the lessons, and the people sang the hymns, but there was no preaching; that had been done during the week by their head men. If advice was needed, the people went to them; to the doctor first, if available, as he knew many things besides medicine. A well-educated man, he also knew about land, business, crops, and the rules men have found most useful and helpful.

Among his buildings was a small pharmacy, where he kept his office and remedies. Over it were rooms where his patients most seriously ill were brought and cared for. Here he had nurses trained by himself, and, on occasion, operations were performed. He was slow to use the knife, but, when he did, exercised a skill commented on many miles away. Nor did he depend much on medicines, although familiar with them all; his patients said much of the time he gave them nothing except advice about simple habits neglected. A half dozen young women of the neighborhood were proud to be his pupils, and he assigned them as necessity required. Occasionally the best of these went away to larger fields, and others took their places.

The doctor's name was Joseph North, but he was generally known as the old doctor, to distinguish him from his son Joe. So long had the father been thus known that some of the newer comers recalled his name with difficulty, although they knew him well.

When only a little boy, young Joe rode about with his father and heard sickness, remedies and life discussed by a master. The affection that existed between them was one of the traditions of the neighborhood. The old doctor had a good wife and daughters, but everyone knew Joe was nearest his heart, although there was a place in it for everyone. The only boy in the family, he might have easily been spoiled, but had good blood in his veins, and took advantage of excellent surroundings. Joe North was as generally known as a good boy as the doctor was known as a good man—studious, polite, capable, gentle; and quiet like his father.

When young Joe ceased appearing with his father at the homes of patients, the discovery was made that he had gone away to school; and during the years when the doctor drove alone the young man was making good use of the new opportunity, passing creditably from one institution to another. The neighbors heard of his being first in his classes, of prizes won, and of noted men speaking well of him in the great city where he had gone. In time it was known he had left school, and become promising in surgery.

The Pride of Seven Day Lane

BUT as his fame grew he was still young Joe in Seven Day Lane. Four or five times a year he appeared at his home. Almost before his mother and sisters had time to greet him he was off with his father, and again along the roads they visited and talked of their trade, and those in need of its services.

When they appeared at homes in the lane the people cordially welcomed the son, and later talked of the father's quiet pride in him.

"Young Joe has gone far," they said, "but has not yet caught up with his teacher way out here in the lane."

The doctor never told of the growing fame of his son, although more familiar with it than any of the others; but hints of it found their way to the lane, trickled up and down it, across Buck Creek and Little River, to near-by towns, and into the local papers. In every town for miles around the men were proud of the distinction that had come to their section, and called the attention of strangers to it

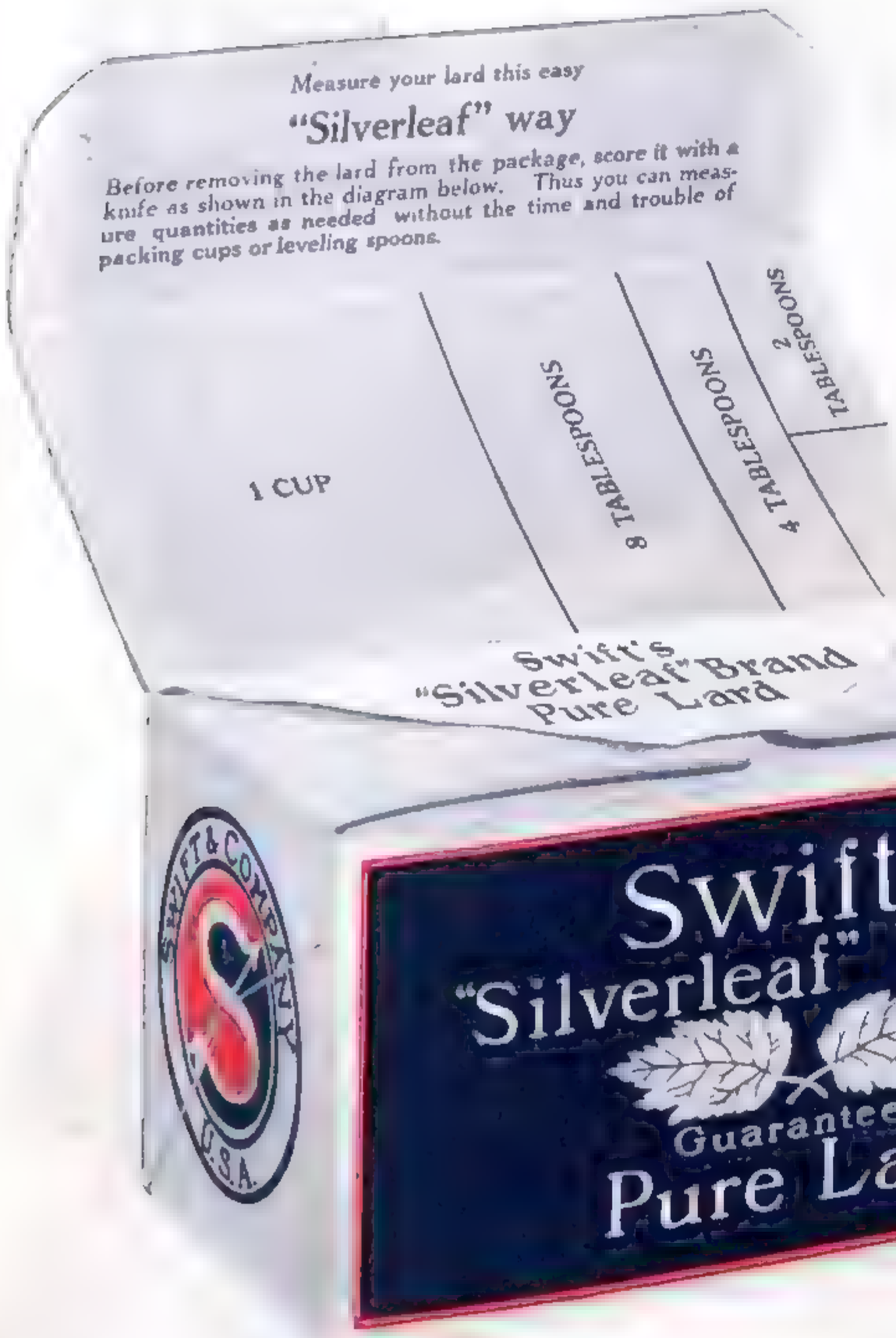
"And by the way," they would add, "before leaving the country you'd better see Seven Day Lane. Nothing finer anywhere."

Some communities, like some men, seem to enjoy unusual natural advantages, and Seven Day Lane came lucky from the hand of its Maker.

Young Joe, being much like his father, the neighbors could easily understand that he might take high rank in the outside world, where he had gone. His mother said that, as boy and man, he had never caused her a moment's uneasiness. The father had not said so much, but his acts declared the same thing, and more. There was a story current in the neighborhood that members of the family read all of Joe's frequent letters, save one, which the father had put away; it was believed to be a declaration of the

(Continued on Page 127)

Buy your lard this new *convenient way!*


Measure your lard this easy
"Silverleaf" way
Before removing the lard from the package, score it with a knife as shown in the diagram below. Thus you can measure quantities as needed without the time and trouble of packing cups or leveling spoons.
1 CUP
8 TABLESPOONS
4 TABLESPOONS
2 TABLESPOONS
Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
SWIFT & COMPANY U.S.A.
Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand
Guaranteed Pure Lard

Such a welcome, new convenience—lard in a carton, *already measured!* You just score the print as shown on the flap of the carton, and in a twinkling cut the exact amount you need. No delay, no inaccuracy, no waste. And so much easier than the old bothersome way of leveling your lard in a spoon or packing it in a cup!

Another advantage—the lard itself is "Silverleaf", a brand known for years to be guaranteed pure, uniformly fine, *perfect* for all shortening and frying.

The next time you buy lard, try one of these pound "Silverleaf" cartons. You'll find them ideal, unless you prefer to have your lard in larger quantities—such as the 2, 4 or 8-pound pails. But whether in carton or pail, you may always make sure from the Swift name and the silver leaves on the label, that you are really getting "Silverleaf".

Swift & Company

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

In one-pound cartons or pails of 2, 4, and 8 pounds

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Important Warning!

There is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on every pattern. "Congoleum" is a registered trade-mark and the exclusive property of Congoleum-Nairn Inc. If you want "Congoleum" be sure to look for the Gold Seal.

On the floor is shown Congoleum Rug pattern No. 323. In the 6 x 9-foot size it costs only $9.00.

"Brush the snow off, children. It can't hurt Mother's new Congoleum Rug"

Heedless little feet that love to tramp through snow and splash in puddles, that seem to pick up dirt wherever they go—bring no worries to the mistress of this kitchen.

For there's a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug on the floor and she knows it can be cleaned in a moment. Just a few strokes with a damp mop and the cheerful pattern will be as bright and spotless as new.

It's the smooth, seamless surface and heavy waterproof base of Congoleum that make it so easy to clean. Dirt and dust cannot work into these rugs. Liquids and spilled things cannot stain them.

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And the attractive designs are so varied that you can easily find one suited to any room in the house. There are artistic and elaborate Oriental motifs, dainty and fascinating floral effects and neat tile, mosaic and conventional patterns.

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Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6	x 9	ft.	$ 9.00	1½	x 3	ft.	$ .60
7½	x 9	ft.	11.25	3	x 3	ft.	1.40
9	x 9	ft.	13.50	3	x 4½	ft.	1.95
9	x 10½	ft.	15.75	3	x 6	ft.	2.50
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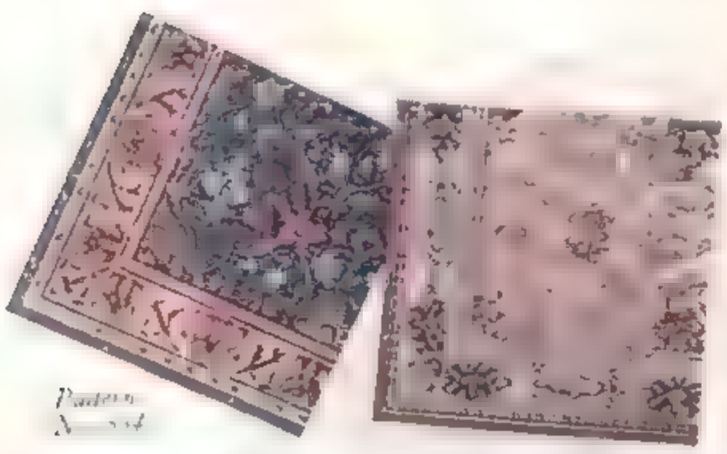
"Things Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum Rugs," an illustrated booklet, shows all the patterns in their full colors. It will be sent free on request.

Pattern No. 518

Pattern No. 408



Pattern No. 396

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM RUGS

The Angel With the Thermometer

ILLUSTRATION BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

THE other day a friend of mine crossed the Rubicon in a nurse's life. She bobbed her hair.

Since a hairdresser's journal has recently stated of its own volition that the Red Cross nurses in France during the war set the fashion for short hair, it seems strange for the question of bobbing to cause such a furor in hospitals. They are racked and riven by it. It's the price we nurses pay for having a special professional dignity to maintain, the dignity that is traced back to Florence Nightingale, mother of trained nursing and the angel with the now hopelessly outdated lamp.

But hearken to the ordeal of my friend Mabel, who was in training in a small hospital in New Jersey when she got tired of brushing out her crowning glory after twelve hours of night duty. There was no rule against short hair. Still, the superintendent said no, with decision.

"In the first place," she explained, "your patients won't have proper respect for you; and in the second place, how is your cap going to stay put on bobbed hair?"

Too true. One can't pin one's cap to bobbed hair. Next day Mabel was lying in her room when to her dashed her roommate, panting.

"Mabel," she gasped with her last breath, "they've just put up a notice on the bulletin board that any girl who cuts her hair will be expelled."

"Is that so?" said Mabel, or words to that effect. "Well, I'm off duty and I haven't been downstairs yet to read the rule."

Whereupon she grabbed a pair of scissors at her elbow and slashed off her golden locks with one fell slash. Her two hours' rest up, she went calmly back on duty

An Unstandardized Profession

THE storm that broke almost carried Mabel out of the hospital. Being expelled is a tragedy to a pupil nurse, because not only is it almost impossible to be accepted by another hospital but one loses all credit for preceding work and must begin all over again as a probationer. Mabel, however, is one of these ideal nurses, self-possessed, cheerful, brave, with just enough initiative, and of a good family. There are never too many ideal pupil nurses and sometimes not enough of any sort. The hospital hated to let her go.

Mabel stayed. The rule against short hair is still on the books, but with the saving clause that the superintendent may give permission. Four out of five of the pupil nurses have bobbed hair, and they have found a way to keep their caps on by wearing hair nets while on duty.

You may wonder why, in an attempt to give a bird's-eye view of the nursing profession, I spend so much time on bobbed hair. Perhaps you wouldn't wonder if you had to do up your hair at 6:30 on a cold winter's morning or undo it after twelve wearying hours of night duty. Often I have been too numb with sleep to do anything but shove it untidily under my cap, to the wrath of the head nurse. In my humble opinion, short hair has done a great deal more than the eight-hour schedule to make our work bearable.

When I was in training several years ago, I should never have dared to take a chance like Mabel I am a graduate of one of the best hospitals in the country, which, in my day anyway, could afford to pick and choose, and did so There are some hospitals—and mine was one—with a standing in the profession equivalent to that of Harvard, Yale and Princeton among colleges. I can think of four such. They are known even in Europe. It isn't that they necessarily give better training, any more than Harvard, for instance, offers better courses than other colleges; but they are the best known.

In my hospital we were two hundred pupil nurses and from fifteen to twenty head—graduate—nurses. The pupil nurses, as some people don't realize, do most of the routine work around a hospital, while the head nurses act as supervisors.

I got ten dollars a month when I began my three years' course; but very soon afterward the rates were raised to fifteen dollars a month for the first twelve months and twenty dollars for the next two years, including, of course, board and laundry.

Nursing is not yet a fully standardized profession. Hospitals vary greatly in requirements, in salary, in courses, and even in hours. For instance, there are institutions which not only do not pay pupil nurses but charge a fee just like a private school. Some hospitals work on a twelve-hour schedule and some on the eight-hour. We had a twelve-hour day. Most of the big hospitals, like ours, have a three years' course—Massachusetts General even has a special five years' course—but there are very good ones which train their nurses for only two and a half years, and some only two.

The term of probation is anywhere from two to four months, and the requirements vary from a high-school education or its equivalent to two years in high school, one year, and even no such education at all.

I was eighteen years old—the age minimum in nearly all hospitals—when I decided to become a trained nurse. I had no sentiment about it, though my chum, who entered with me, was full of noble ideals about healing the sick. Her fiancé had just found that he was tubercular, and they couldn't be married. As for me, my father was a doctor and I was brought up on *materia medica*. He offered to help me get my M.D., but I couldn't bear the six long years of study.

I thought secretarial work would bore me. I wanted infinite variety in my work, a feeling of freedom from definite moorings, and yet I wanted to be pretty sure of earning a living. I know of no profession which combines all three as nursing does. Notice, I call it a profession, though once in a while I'm startled by the conception people have of a nurse's character.

Recently, I came off a private case in a very well-to-do family. The patient was a self-made man, in the fur business, I believe, married to a woman with social ambitions When I was leaving, the man thanked me and said kindly.

"You know, I have no feeling about nurses at all. If I meet you on the street, nurse, don't be afraid to say hello, because I will treat you just like one of my friends."

My adieu was rather hurried; I had to try so hard not to giggle. This professional dignity!

Old Hospital Training Days

IT DOESN'T seem possible, especially since the late war, that so many people are ignorant of the change in the type of nurses since the days of Sairey Gamp, and even since the days when the first trained nurse in the United States, Linda Richards, got the first diploma in 1873. The only way I can explain the snobbishness we so often meet is that people don't distinguish between a registered trained nurse, who is a graduate of a hospital course, and a registered practical nurse. Registration in the latter case only means that a woman has fulfilled certain requirements of character and practical nursing knowledge to the satisfaction of the state.

The class of girls who go into training are the same as those who go into other professions—medicine, law, journalism My best friend in training school came of a fine New England family whose name you would immediately recognize. My roommate was a convent-bred Canadian girl who had been brought up by an elder brother, only to have him die of tuberculosis and leave her penniless. Afterward she specialized in tuberculosis sanitarium work. Of course, these are special cases: but the average sort of girl in a training school is the same kind that works in business offices, and certainly no business man would dare to look upon his smart young secretary as a domesti-

To go back to those training days. There we were, two hundred of us shepherded into a row of private houses adjoining the hospital The probationers—that is, the newly arrived who had to serve three months before the hospital decided whether to admit or reject them—lived two and three in huge old rooms. Very gay some of them were, and all hung about with pictures of sisters and brothers and sometimes fiancés. The older pupil nurses and the graduate nurses occupied suites of three rooms—a bedroom each for every two nurses, opening from a pretty little sitting room, where they gave teas and talk fests and occasionally parties.

Whereupon She Grabbed a Pair of Scissors at Her Elbow and Slashed Off Her Golden Locks With One Fell Slash

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The Buccaneers of the Bahamas

"What Business Have I," She Cried, "to Tell You What You Should Do or Shouldn't Do?"

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XII

IN THE easy-going jollity of yachting life the Vallander motorboat the next morning was the scene of a continuous reception. Jimmie, as seemed right, was the first caller. Stains of iron rust, paint and grime marked his overalls, and sweat ran in rivers down his face. As he stepped on the spotless deck he could only glance at his grimy hands and look an apology.

"I daren't even sit down, Roddy," he said, "or I'll leave a mark. I slept on board the Rosamond and got to work on the other at six this morning. Now I'm going to court to square myself. I took the Rosamond without permission."

Roderica, the last word in smart yachting dress, blew him a kiss. "My honest workman," she said, "I just had to call you as your boat passed. I wanted to tell you ——"

"Yes, yes; to tell me?"

"Good morning." She laughed at his disappointment. "Is it down tools for lunch? Or dinner, you'd call it, I suppose? If it is, come at one."

"And what will you tell me then?"

"I shall decide when I see if you are really clean." Her provocative eyes gave clearer answer.

"I love you," Jimmie whispered as he turned to go.

"Cupid," she said airily, "wears no overalls."

She watched him as his tall boatman, standing, sculled him to the wharf. A little frown cut her forehead. Her mother's warning made of him a perplexing problem. Jimmie against rum running, Jimmie a prohibitionist? As bad as that?

It couldn't be. Her passionate eagerness to see the wheels go round, to know everything from the inside, to be shown everything, to understand every move, should not be balked. She thought of Jack Sutherland; he knew all about it.

Lord Uther, passing, brought his launch alongside. "Had your breakfast, Miss Vallander?"

"Hours ago, Penterry. Come on board."

The big solid Englishman eyed her with admiration. "Sounds harsh," he said, "callin' a man by his family name. Have a shot at Uther, look."

"If you'll prove yourself a descendant of Uther Pendragon," she gibed.

"A break in the line," he answered, chuckling; "but I've had ancestors who tried to fake it. Ancestral trees are dyin' or dead."

She spoke with enthusiasm of the balmy air, the sparkling water, the atmosphere of contentment, rest. "And yet I hear much of the three B's when the island woke up—buccaneers, blockade running, bootlegging."

"Amusin' game, bootleggin', look. I'm in it myself."

"Uther!" she exclaimed, astonished, laughing.

"Roddy! Mutual, you know, look."

"If you like. Tell me, are you really in the game?"

"Up to the scuppers. Things are rotten in England. Arthur ——"

"Your older brother, the marquess?"

"That's the johnny. Rent rolls shriveled, agricultural wages ridiculous, taxes confiscatory, death duties robbery—there's no livin' there any more, look. Arthur sold the Scotch deer forest to one of these profiteers, tried to sell the Bedfordshire properties and couldn't, let the London house and the Mediterranean villa, plowed up the fallow deer park in Gloucestershire, and with all that he can't keep up the home place and the other in Bucks."

"Rotten luck."

"Ain't it, look? Poor old boy. We had a meetin', he and Lancelot ——"

"Your second brother, Lord Perseval?"

"That's him. Borin' you, this?"

"Please go on."

"An old aunt had died. She cut up twenty thou' for Lancelot, ten for me. Lance said he'd take his and chance it in Nairobi and not ask Arthur for any further allowance. I said I'd have a shot at Canada. Arthur—good sportsman, Arthur—he said I'd never settle down to farmin', and perhaps he was right, look, but to take the yacht. He couldn't sell her, he said, and he couldn't keep her up any longer, and just to take her and flit away to the Bahamas ——"

"Splendid!" Roderica cried, intensely interested.

"Jolly fine of him, what! So the Guinevere's lyin' over there at Salt Cay and I'm cuttin' hatches in her and maltreatin' her in other ways, and she'll be ready by the first of the year, look."

"Oh, fine! But, Uther, where's your training, to hold your own with these bandits in the business?"

"It ain't there," he admitted. "But I've had a stroke of luck. I took that old boy you met at dinner ——"

"Duane?" she asked incredulously.

He nodded. "We were together a day in my boat. This is between us, Roddy; he's lyin' low. He's in it too. We palled up; he's a good sort. He has liquor and no boats, and I've a boat and no liquor. There you are, look."

Roderica, thrilled, excited, gave confidence for confidence. She told him of Uncle Jason's will, of the business partnership with Duane, of everything, in fact, but Jimmie, whose name was never mentioned.

"Secret for secret," she said. "Don't breathe a word. I am an ingénue, you know, and don't understand sordid things."

"Look!"

"At what?" she demanded. "You're staring at me."

He chuckled. "I'm expressin' surprise," he explained in his even voice. "No more than that."

When he left ten minutes later Roderica gazed after him as she had after Jimmie, but her lips were smiling and her eyes were bright. She was inside the game.

Next came Mr. Duane. Her mother was due back from the shore at any moment, she said; she spoke warmly of last night's tribute to Jimmie and that charming girl. She was so glad, she told him, that good fortune had brought her mother and herself in just that lucky hour.

He watched her, questioning, and he inwardly commended. She showed no jealousy of a girl who had been thrown by accident into Jimmie's life.

He was proud of her, beamed on her, praised her appearance, her dress.

"This secret engagement," he said—"tough on the boy, unfair to you. Mixes things up."

She shrugged helpless shoulders. "Mother loves her own way." She smiled. "So do you, I think. But talk to her."

"And you—how do you feel about it?"

"What difference, when there's perfect confidence? I trust Jimmie to the limit. He trusts me."

He patted her hand, approving this answer. "Tell little Rosie," he said; "tell her in confidence. She saved my boy's life. She's mixed up with him in a queer business way."

"Are you sure he hasn't told her?" she asked, smiling.

"How could he without your O. K.? Besides, he wouldn't think what I think."

"And what," she asked, looking innocently at him, "do you think?"

"That she might get too fond of the boy."

"He's very attractive, certainly." The faint sarcastic curl of the lip marked the little gibe which she could not resist. The observant old man saw it. "I'll tell her," she added.

He said to himself that he would make sure of that. She saw her mother on the wharf; she would send the boat, she told him, and excused herself. He stared sourly after her. He might be a fool of a father, but she was not the one to question that; she ought to see Jimmie with his

(Continued on Page 42

The Landau Sedan $1645

Bumpers front and rear, automatic windshield cleaner, gasoline gauge on instrument board, transmission lock, snubbers on front springs, rear-view mirror, Moto-meter and wing cap, heater, Fisher one-piece "VV" windshield, four-wheel brakes, Duco finish, balloon tires disc wheels, unit instrument panel, driving controls on steering wheel, and plush mohair upholstery

The growing favor and good will which the Oakland Six is winning and holding everywhere reflect the outstanding quality of the car. Oakland and General Motors realize that as the builder builds so shall his product serve—and they have set their standards accordingly.

Roadster $1095, Touring $1095 Special Roadster $1195 Special Touring $1195 Coach $1215 Landau Coupe $1295, Coupe for Four $1495 Sedan $1595 Landau Sedan $1645 At Factory

Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan

OAKLAND

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 40

eyes. Was he the cat's-paw to draw whisky out of the fire; or did she really love Jimmie?

Mrs. Vallander came with news that pleased him; she had gone to see Rosamond

"That child," she cried, "director and secretary of a company! What are you up to, Mr. Duane?"

"A heap of sense in that little head," he said

Mrs. Vallander smiled. "She asked my advice about all this rigmarole of business. She seems very much alone. I met her aunt—a fool."

"You've got her right; and what advice did you give, lady?"

"What possible objection can there be to what you say is all right?"

He nodded, pleased. "Strange things happen here," he explained. "Unless a company is formed some British subject has got to take title to the two boats they salved. And I say if a company is formed, why shouldn't the girl be openly in it? She's half owner; why not let the records say so? Then her rights are protected."

"Why not?"

"If you and Roderica ask that, it's a go. You told her of the engagement, of course?"

She stared at him, stiffening. "Why should I make a confidante of that child, when Roderica's own friends don't know?"

"Roderica promised. She'll tell you why."

The mother reflected. "Oh, if she wants it ——"

"She does. Madam, I've got an appointment, so please let me have your brother's will."

She produced it from her hand bag.

"My lawyer'll hustle the probate along, and then—well, I'll be ready when the law's ready, and we can rush the stuff out. My trouble is men—men I can trust."

"There is a Washington young man here—John Sutherland. He might be of use to you. He was a gentleman once, and I assume he would be dependable."

He laughed. "Right," he said; "you sure can't be a gentleman in this trade." It was almost as if he had added, "nor a lady either." She read it that way, though he never thought it.

There followed a long talk—about Lord Uther, about the Miami-bought boat and payment for it, about liquor prices and methods of shipment. The intense surprise of Mrs. Vallander that his lordship was in the business was equaled by her chagrin that she was tied up with Duane. She might, had she only known it, have liquidated Jason's estate with the aid of one of her own class; that was her reflection after the wild Westerner had gone.

She sat for a long time, bolt upright as always, considering. In Washington she had sometimes feared that Roderica would ultimately fail in her part of the agreement and jilt the young man; she never thought of that now. Her once inflexible standards were already relaxed. She had stepped abruptly from a sheltered life of teas, dinners and conventional charities and churchgoing into a world of struggle. Had she engaged in some lawful business she must have lived by the code of that business or gone to the wall; and the ethics of business are not those of superior persons who have inherited money and can condescendingly stand aloof. She had gone farther; she was an active though secret partner in a lawless occupation, and this defiance of law had already begun its inevitable insidious disintegration of character. It did not matter that she thought she was right; her attitude toward one Constitutional amendment unconsciously loosened her respect for the Constitution itself and for all laws passed in virtue of its sanctions.

This mental process could not stop at written laws. It undermined standards of conduct. Mrs. Vallander, buccaneering at Nassau, was not quite the unbending cave-dweller of Washington. She would not as yet knowingly scheme to substitute Lord Uther for Jimmie Duane, but she dwelt regretfully on lost chances, and wondered whether her elusive daughter was really in love. She did not have to deny to herself that in giving Rosamond Fair—that unformed girl—advice which must lead to intimate and continuous association with Jimmie, she was forwarding her own desires. Girls were in business everywhere. Women were directors of companies. Wives and fiancées took it all as an unimportant incident of life.

Now what Rosamond had really told this wise, sympathetic, experienced new-found friend was this—that it all had been a lark, that she had done nothing that gave her any claim on the two boats, that Mr. Duane senior insisted that she had, that they could not get the necessary five directors without her unless they brought in strangers, that he made it a personal favor to him that she should join the board, and how could she refuse the dear delightful old gentleman? And oh, she didn't want to, at all

"Why?" Mrs. Vallander had asked

A flood of reasons had poured out, but never the real one. The old lady had guessed before the auto drive was over; the ridiculous child fancied herself in love with Jimmie Duane and knew that he was engaged to be married to somebody up north.

Mrs. Vallander, on the deck, watched Jimmie put off from the wharf. "As if Mr. Duane's plans," she thought, "should be thwarted for the sentimental fancies of a child." She heard Roderica's gay welcome, waited for them to come on deck. But they did not come.

Roderica was too vexatious. Was she in love with him? Was that the explanation of her graceful acceptance of that awful dinner? Did gratitude dictate her cordial manner toward the girl? Roderica was not given to be effusive toward girls not of her kind, was exacting, jealous. Had love transformed her into a meek lamb?

Oh, it was too perplexing. The tender maternal mood of the night had vanished for the moment. The mother's thought was, "She was too perfect to have acted from a perfect motive."

XIII

THE day arrived which had been fixed by the court for the sale of the Rosamond to satisfy the claim of the two salvors. The sale was held beneath the shadow of the great ceiba, or silk and cotton tree, which towered in the public square and in Bahaman tradition. Pirates in a stormy past were reputed to have swung from its widespreading branches; bright British sovereigns by the barrelful had been paid in its shade to blockade runners for cotton during the American Civil War; and now in this third hectic time in the life of the placid little island it was the scene of many an ingenious legal incident in the history of bootlegging. Just as the three islands, Bermuda, Barbados, Bahamas, which still maintain local legislative assemblies such as were canceled on the mainland by the Declaration of Independence, are known as the three B's, so the three periods when Nassau emerged on the map are grouped—buccaneering, blockade running, bootlegging. A fourth B will come with the day, if that ever comes, when Bahaman colored men are barred by immigration laws

(Continued on Page 44)

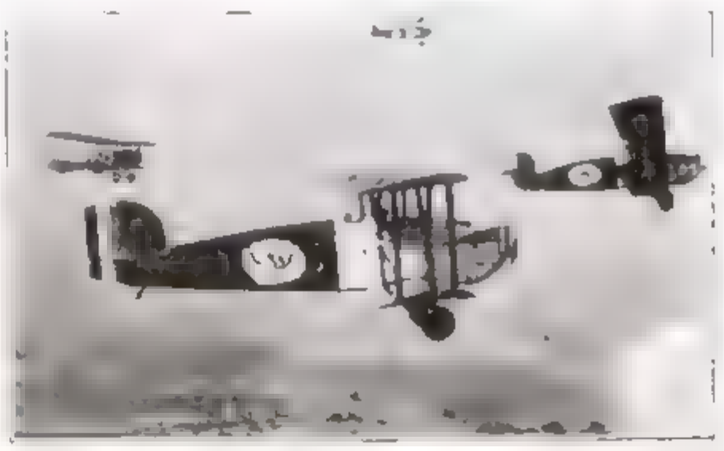
Duane Praised Roderica's Dress With Fervor. He Complimented Her on Her Vitality, on Her Animated Manner, on Her Fresh Clear Eyes. "Be Careful," He Warned; "It's Only Just the Shank of the Evening"

In 1924 Victorious on Land

In the 1924 Decoration Day Race at Indianapolis, every one of the ten winning cars had Delco ignition. This was the fifth consecutive year that Delco had been on the first car home and on a majority of the first ten.

Sea and Air

In the 1924 National Motorboat Races at Detroit, Baby Bootlegger won the Gold Cup race and Miss Detroit VII was first to finish in the National Sweepstakes. Both of these boats were powered with Delco-equipped engines.



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On the six Packard engines of the Navy Dirigible Shenandoah.

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On the airplane in which Lieutenants Macready and Kelly made their famous non-stop flight from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Such achievements indicate the service that Delco is daily providing on millions of the finest motor cars—a character of service that has earned for Delco recognition as the world's finest electrical system for automobiles.

Delco

STARTING, LIGHTING AND IGNITION

(Continued from Page 42)

from the fields of Florida—blackbirding. The Bahamas seem to have been lifted from the sea to vex the United States. Since Blackbeard, the truculent blackguard, ravaged the coasts of the States before the States were one, down through the days of the wreckers, with their false lights luring schooners on hidden reefs, the commercial prosperity of the little islands has been oddly dependent on spoliation of its—to put it mildly—somewhat larger neighbor. Facile humor might allege that the policy survives, and that American tourists, who now come in their thousands, are victims of the island tradition. It would not be true. They are hospitably welcomed and not excessively charged.

The gathering round the silk and cotton tree looked like a garden party. The commandant of police, acting as provost marshal of the court, seemed, in his white uniform, to be holding a reception. The most conspicuous group centered about the Vallanders. It included some preseason visitors whose names were in the American Social Register, and who had called on the yachting cavedweller. All were dressed with that flaunting simplicity which trumpeted the fame of New York's most costly dressmakers, and nearly all had that elaborate ease of manner which subtly convicts the rest of the world of inferiority. Some of these had come because Mrs. Vallander had told them the romantic story of a girl and a young man who had found a lovely vessel and brought it into port; thus had she publicly bracketed the names of Jimmie and Rosamond. Some had been marketing and drifted along. Finding some of their own sort they had stayed. Lord Uther was the leading man of this group, collarless, his clean white shirt spreading wide on either side of his column of a neck.

Two or three correct young men in white linen breeches and long woolen stockings, decorated in unobtrusive checks and squares, flitted about making cheerful jokes. Everybody accepted Jimmie because the Vallanders called him by his first name and because he had an engaging personality; but he did not linger among them. He talked to Roderica until she had got in the code word. After receiving this hidden love message he went about his business.

Outside of the gay circle, marked from afar by the brilliant colors of twirling sun umbrellas, stood the elder Duane in earnest talk with Rosamond. She was in white with a plaid tie carelessly knotted about her throat, and a dented panama hat was clapped on her curly head. Her intense excitement showed only in the eager eyes turned up to Duane.

"Of course, Rosie," he was saying, "if you and Jimmie are set on buying her in, go to it, but you gotta know where there's tons of money to fling in the sea if you're a yacht owner."

"Mr. Jimmie says that part's all right, daddy."

That's where they stood by this time. He was "daddy" to her always, and he was nearly as much a slave to her as he was to his son.

"Why not buy her in our own names and put our own flag over her? That's what I can't understand. Why should there have to be a company. A holding company, Mr. Jimmie calls it; and why the British flag?"

He smiled into the earnest eyes. "That's right, Rosie," he said; "stick up for the Stars and Stripes, but grip this idea to your heart: It's a flag for patriotism and honor, but it ain't a flag for trade. It covers fool laws. It means fancy wages to captains and engineers, and you gotta have more officers than you need. It means ridiculous wages to seamen and giving 'em victuals they couldn't afford on shore."

"But if we could see the American flag flying over her just once, and then sell her if we had to."

His was the two-lobed brain. He could listen intelligently, answer correctly, and yet know what went on about him. His eye was on Roderica; flirting and flaunting was his name for her actions; in his youth engaged girls —— Well, perhaps he was old-fashioned, and he did not understand these silk-stockinged peopled anyway. He turned to Rosamond with an added tenderness in his voice.

"Once under our flag," he told her, "you can't sell her without a permit from the Shipping Board. It amounts to this—under the American flag you can't compete with local boats. If you want to sell her she eats her head off for a month or two, and perhaps you're turned down on the permit."

"Oh, that can't be!" Rosamond denied, laughing. "No country would make laws which tie vessels to wharves and then stop your selling them."

"They do just that," Duane affirmed with the bitter wisdom of a shipowner who has asked and received no favors from the Shipping Board. "When the West was an unexplored forest and life in Massachusetts and Maine so hard that young men escaped to sea, we had ships. That started the delusion that we were a maritime nation. Now, fellas in the West who never saw the ocean believe there's millions of young men hid away somewhere who feel the call of the sea. Here's the plain hard fact, Rosie. Land chances are so big that you can't drive an American to sea except with a club. There you are. That's the trouble. Ships follow when a crowd of young men choose the ocean. But they don't. The American eagle is a land bird; the British lion ought by rights to be a sea lion. He's amphibious."

"I see," said Rosamond with a little sigh.

The provost marshal began a second sale. Rosamond listened with parted lips. It was not yet the Rosamond. She looked across in surprise at Roderica when she heard the name Maude R

"Sold for debt!" she exclaimed as she listened. She looked so astonished that Duane chuckled. "For a debt of a hundred and twenty pounds!" she cried.

"Perhaps Miss Vallander won't pay it," he said, laughing. "Look here, Rosie. Miss Vallander's got sense. She may be cruising in British waters all winter. She's got a Miami crew, hand-picked. They cost her a dollar a minute. She's got more privileges at half the cost under the British flag. So she goes to the grocer and says she won't stump up for his bill against the ship. He libels the yacht. The captain swears—and it ain't a lie either—that there ain't any money to pay debts. The judge orders a sale. She's bought in by the owner. There's the British flag afloating over her now, and British registry and British laws to protect her. Simple, ain't it? And it costs only the court fees."

"Treason!" she breathed vehemently.

"Nonsense, little girl! A flag on the ocean covers commerce, and the country that's got sensible commercial laws gets the flag. Britain gets the flag because her laws are modern and liberal. Did a Maine senator with one foot in the ocean make our laws? No; it was a man from Wisconsin who never licked lips wet with salt water."

"But Miss Vallander's name—how can she let it be dragged through a court like this?"

"Her name never appears. The yacht came here in the old owner's name. The papers will show him as transferring to ——"

"Mr. Uther Penterry," she repeated as the gavel fell and the buyer's name was disclosed.

"A British subject, a friend of the Vallanders, remember. He will hold her for Miss Vallander."

"It seems to me," said Rosamond fiercely, "that a ship's papers never tell the truth."

"That ain't expected in shipping," was the dry answer. "It's plenty if they are legal."

"You showed her how to do this," Rosamond accused hotly.

"Yes; a legal trifle; don't get hoppity, Rosie."

"I'm miserable, daddy. I didn't expect this of you."

He patted her shoulder fondly. "If commerce was worked by the ideals of a kid like you," he said, "the world would starve. But you stick to 'em, all the same."

Then the Rosamond was put up. Jimmie bid the amount of the salvage claim. It was topped from two sources. Rosamond, atiptoe, quivering with excited pleasure, traced the bidders. She saw that one was the grocer who had libeled the Maude R, followed his glance when the bidding reached nine thousand dollars, saw Lord Uther raise his cane to his lips. The grocer dropped out. The other competitor fell away at twelve thousand dollars. Alert-eyed Rosamond knew who had shaken a head in a negative.

"Sladen!" she exploded. "If he had got it ——"

"So you saw that? And what else did those piercing eyes focus?"

"Lord Uther—but why?"

"Holy Mount Rainier!" Duane muttered softly. "You don't miss much."

And then Jimmie came, smiling. "Put it there, partner," he said. "They ran it up on us, but we've got her fast now." They shook hands with mutual pleasure.

The Vallanders crossed to them, to the intense hidden pleasure of the old man. His fierce egotism was always looking for a slight, and it had seemed to him that Jimmie had been subtly barred from this bunch of swell dames. Mutual luncheon invitations ended in their accepting Duane's suggestion.

"You're all tired of yachts. Come to my house." He turned to Jimmie. "There's an hour," he cried. "Go to it." To Rosamond he said, induced solely by her efficiency, "You know every store and how to dig out things. Help Jimmie."

So the young lover sped away to spread a feast worthy of Roderica's first visit to his tropical home. In this place of difficult marketing, where servants could not be trusted to cater, he thought of that first dinner in Washington, and laughed aloud. "We've had a bully day," he said.

"Glorious," said Rosamond. "Come to the market."

Half an hour later they climbed the steps of the vine-embowered cottage, both laden with parcels, both very hot, and Rosamond very disheveled. Jolly laughter and the tinkle of ice against glass welcomed them from the porch.

"Just like the dad," Jimmie cried, laughing, as he looked at a table laid for two. Protesting, he was ordered to the porch; Rosamond was insistent. "You'll only make the servants nervous," she said. "Once you rattle them they can't do a thing."

With quiet cool manner she got some moderately quick action from Mary the cook, from Iva, and from grinning Marie; and the excellent meal was only ten minutes late. She sat beside Mr. John Sutherland, a handsome stranger connected in some way with Lord Uther and included in the invitation at his suggestion. Conditions forced her in a small way to act hostess, for she only could give intelligent directions; and the circumstances of the morning made her an incidental tail to Jimmie's flaming comet. She remembered the delightful courtesy of the Vallanders in playing up so gracefully on the night of their arrival, and she wished that this should be Roderica's hour. She had a brilliant idea.

"Miss Vallander," she cried, "will you let me name the big yacht after you—the Roderica?"

"How perfectly sweet of you!"

Roderica smiled as though she meant it, but this impertinence, as she called it, capped the day for her. This girl, slight, insignificant, of no social position, seemed always to be the center of attention, left Roderica always in the shade, had not the sense to efface herself in the Duane home, held her own everywhere with what Roderica called effrontery and Lord Uther had said was amusin' dignity. She was so ignorant of the world of society that she obviously had never heard of the Vallander family and had no notion of its importance.

This proved her a nobody and yet she always behaved as though she was somebody. Roderica foresaw the day when it would be safe to teach this intruder her place. In the meantime she accepted with outward grace a compliment approved by all.

"Jimmie and his two girls, Roderica and Rosamond, oho! Jimmie and his two boats, oho!" Such was the father's thought as he laughed uproariously for no reason that anyone could guess.

"I give you a name for your company, Jimmie," he cried. "Roserod, Limited; how's that? Here's to Roserod, Limited, and its secretary-director, Rosamond Fair."

They drank it in mineral water, for in the subtropics only idiots drink wine in the middle of the day.

"Is it true, Miss Fair," Roderica asked, "that you have to put your name on a sign?"

"Yes," Jimmie broke in, laughing. "The law requires that; in a conspicuous place too. Roserod, Limited; Rosamond Fair, Secretary—that's what it'll be. And there's nothing the company can't do under its charter. Why not? The lawyer says it doesn't cost any more to put everything in, and you never run the risk of acting *ultra vires*. That means 'beyond your powers.'"

"Be careful, Miss Fair," Roderica warned, smiling; "never act *ultra vires*."

The little tang in the voice was noted by the elder Duane. He was alert in his paternal tenderness and natural sensitiveness to every glance and tone of Roderica.

"Rosie," he said with tactless affection, "always cleans up what she starts. And there ain't much that's beyond her powers."

"I'm sure of that," the now furious Roderica said sweetly.

She was so angry that she was safe, for she knew her mood and held herself in check. She turned and talked to Jack Sutherland just as indifferently as though he had never caught her unawares and forced kisses on willing lips.

The lunch finished, everybody enthusiastic in praise of Rosamond's fresh lobster salad and her curried eggs, they went again to the porch. Lord Uther quietly got Roderica in a corner.

"I hear the lad slangin' our trade," he said, smiling. "He's hot against bootleggin' and bootleggers. I want his two boats. He can't mean to keep 'em, and he might not sell to me."

She leaped at the chance to thwart any plan of Jimmie's. After five minutes' eager talk she agreed to try to buy the Roderica.

"My engineer has looked her over," said Lord Uther, "and says she's worth forty thousand dollars. I'll give that, look."

Roderica's spirits bounded. She was actually in the game at last, and, to some extent, in opposition to that towheaded minx. Her eyes sparkled as she planned to wheedle the Roderica out of Jimmie and yet keep him sweet.

"No spoofin' him," Lord Uther cautioned.

"Nonsense! If I buy her haven't I the right to sell her to whom I choose?"

He chuckled. "I didn't mean that," he explained. "I thought you'd just persuade him."

"I have a little influence over him," she answered quietly.

Then they turned to look at a large sombrero mounting from the street. Beneath it flared the ends of a long tawny mustache and below that a long lank figure carelessly dressed could be seen. Mrs. Vallander sprang to her feet.

"We must be going," she said. "Thank you so much."

A little surprised at her abrupt movement, Duane accepted the proffered hand. "It was fine of you ——" he began, but the sentence remained forever uncompleted.

"Well, well, if it ain't Hank!" he cried in hearty delight, grasping the square slabsided shoulders of the newcomer and standing on tiptoes to shake him the more vigorously.

(Continued on Page 66)

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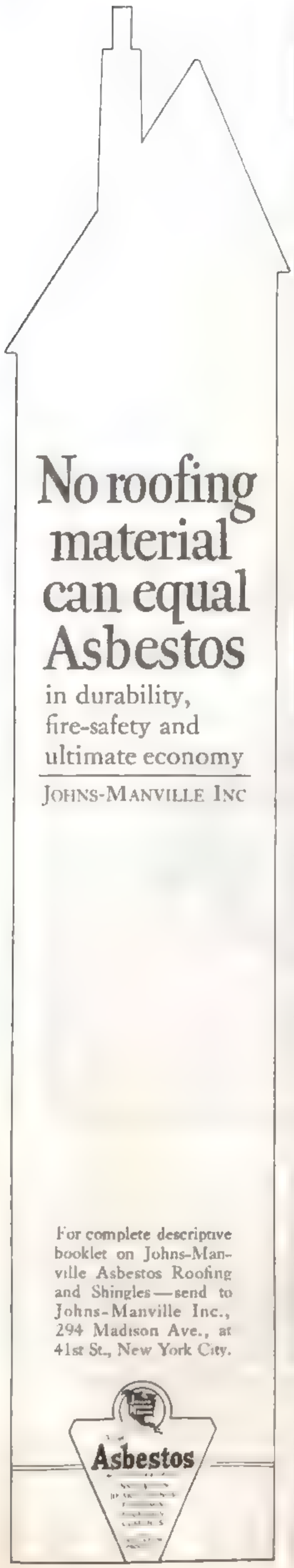

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THE SPORTING SPINSTER

(Continued from Page 9

the Canadian Government. Once there, she could defy a regiment of Sherlock Holmeses.

What luck it was that she had kept all this secret from her friends! Harris and his wife and two small boys would be on duty when she arrived. Oh, they would find her, but it would take weeks. Aunt Emma chuckled a right popular chuckle; boys who rob orchards and melon patches and go fishing when they should be at school use this quality of chuckle.

"Ella," said Jenny Winton, "I'm going in to the hotel. Don't let Georgie out in the yard; it is too damp."

"Very well."

Jenny had no automobile; she was afraid of them, and chauffeurs were not to be trusted. So she walked to the corner and took the street car into town.

She was highly elated. Emma had never before sent for her after a row. The woman couldn't bear the thought of losing Georgie. And she certainly was going to lose him, million or no million, if she did not mind her own business. The effrontery of the woman! Old maids were queer; they always had notions about rearing children. None among her friends criticized her methods. She was a model mother, and she needed no assistance from Georgie's aunt. Right now they should come to some definite understanding as to future conduct. Emma could continue her visits only on condition that she cease her insupportable meddling.

Twenty minutes later she entered the hotel. She knew where Aunt Emma's room was; and when she reached it she knocked resolutely upon the panel of the door. No answer. She knocked again. A maid approached.

"The room is vacant, madam."

"Vacant?"

"Yes, madam. Miss Winton surrendered the key about an hour ago."

"Oh, I see. She will be in the parlor."

But Aunt Emma was not in the parlor. Deeply puzzled, but totally unsuspecting, Georgie's mother proceeded to the lobby and inquired at the desk, to be informed that Miss Winton had paid her bill and gone. Still the truth did not strike Jenny.

A bellboy approached her respectfully. "Miss Winton told me to tell you she'd changed her mind and gone."

"Oh"

Very indignant, Jenny started for home. Just a mean, despicable trick to annoy her. All the better. Here was the best excuse in the world to close the door finally.

Like the fury of all delicate women, her fury was cold and clear-minded. Emma should apologize abjectly or never cross the threshold again.

As she entered the house Ella came hurriedly to meet her.

"Where is Georgie?"

"Georgie? What do you mean? You certainly did not let him out after I had warned you?"

"Why, you sent for him!" cried the governess. "Miss Winton came in her car and said you wanted Georgie at the hotel! Oh, I knew something was wrong!" wailed Ella, wringing her hands.

But Georgie's mother did not wring hers. She stood perfectly still for a moment, white and rigid. Then, resolutely—as a lioness starts in search of her lost cub—Jenny Winton rushed over to the telephone to summon the police.

Aunt Emma had stolen Georgie!

III

"HERE, put this sweater on," said Aunt Emma.

Georgie obeyed. "Why, aunty, it fits me!"

"I thought it would. Roll up the collar about your throat and stick your cap on. I'm going to give you a spin."

"Did Cara Mia say I might?"

"I didn't think to ask," answered his aunt, throwing on the power.

It was like a dream to Georgie—the roar of the engine, the vanishing houses, the telegraph poles going by so sharply that they seemed to click on the ear. Through the side streets toward the northern city limits the car sped. Once beyond the city, the speed went up to forty-five and stayed there for some minutes. At length the car slued to the right and took an easterly course.

Never before had Georgie been so thrilled. He had ridden in automobiles, but these never had gone faster than the street cars. This made him feel like going up or down in an express elevator; and the wind hummed like the organ at church. It puckered his eyes and made it difficult for him to breathe. But he was warm. Cara Mia would make him take off the sweater when she saw it. She wouldn't have one in the house. They were vulgar.

From time to time he sent a wondering side glance at his aunt, upon whose lips lay a petrified smile.

He understood. Aunt Emma was giving him a ride before they went to the hotel to meet Cara Mia. But as mile after mile flew to the rear, as the minute hand of the clock ate up the minutes, he began to wonder if Aunt Emma hadn't forgotten, or was ill or something. Timidly he touched her arm.

The car magically slowed down to ten miles an hour. The road was clear forward; behind there was a lumbering produce truck.

"George, can you hear me?"

"Yes, aunty."

"Do you like your Aunt Emma?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Why?"

Georgie was puzzled. He liked Aunt Emma mightily, but he couldn't tell why. He could tell why he loved mamma; she was his mamma. He had to say something, or hurt his aunty's feelings; so he reached about in his little green mind for a parry.

"Well, you don't treat me like a girl," he said diffidently.

Aunt Emma laughed.

The answer delighted her. She was perhaps the one woman he knew who accepted him for what he was, a normal boy in an abnormal atmosphere; and he vaguely sensed it.

"George, I want you to understand, first-off, that I love you better than anything else in this world. And I shall always tell you the truth about things. When anything puzzles you, come to me; I'll tell you the truth. Do you know what kidnap means?"

"It's stealing a boy or a girl."

"Well, George, old man, I've stolen you—for the summer."

Georgie felt the familiar coldness in the pit of his stomach; but there wasn't any goose flesh. In all his life he had never spent a night away from his mother.

"Does—does Cara Mia know?"

"By this time, yes. But it will take her several weeks to find us. We are going up to a secret camp of mine in Canada, where I'm going to teach you how to play ball like those boys you watch in the vacant lot. Teach you how to catch trout, how to swim, and lots of other things. You'll miss your mother and she'll miss you. But when you return home the boys on the other side of the wall won't call you sweetie any more. If they do you'll climb over and swat 'em on the beezer."

The cold went out of Georgie's tummy. How many times in the recent past had he wished he was big and strong enough to thrash the boys who made fun of him! How many times had he imagined himself climbing over that wall and whipping all the boys at once!

"I'm doing this, George, just for your sake. I'm going to teach you how to play if I go to jail for it. They arrest folks for what I'm doing. Do you want me to go to prison?"

"No." The negative was prompt.

"It isn't as if I were a stranger, old man. I'm your flesh-and-blood aunt. Your mother knows just what has happened and that you're as safe with me as you would be at home.

"She will be very angry. Perhaps she will never forgive me. I don't know. This is your first great adventure. Your mother lets you read, doesn't she?"

"Ella is reading to me about Ajax and Achilles and Hector," said Georgie.

Through the fog that enveloped him bored a shining force—romance. An insistent dream was about to materialize. The thought of his mother's anguish receded. Besides, Cara Mia knew that he was with his aunty; she would be angry, that was all.

Here he was, poor infant, using the same lame excuses he would use years later, his wife the victim instead of his mother. It is born in us; we can't help it. . . . She would be angry, that was all.

The sun was now out of sight. The great highway still glistened in spots. And away off, at the vanishing end—the unknown! Besides, his mother would scarcely punish him for something his aunty had done. Machiavelli in bibs!

"Well," said Aunt Emma, "you're going to tear out a few pages from those books. Now, hang on. I'm going to step on it till we reach a certain bit of wood I know."

An hour later the moon was up; and Georgie saw a world he had never seen before, a misty world of black shadows and silver gauze and unexpected streams. The roar of the car as it swept over wooden bridges was like pounding on his drum. Georgie felt very small. Adventures in the daylight were fine; but in the dark, with Aunt Emma suddenly assuming the aspect of an ogre! Maybe she was! Ogres could take all kinds of forms.

"Aunty!" he cried, to make sure.

Aunt Emma slowed down. "What is it? Are you cold?"

"No. I was just wondering if it was you You look kind of funny."

She patted him on the back, and the car raced forward once more. She must pass the main artery which led to her Adirondack camp. Once beyond that she would know some real sense of security. About eight o'clock she was out of the danger zone. She drove the car into an auspicious clearing and told Georgie that he could get down and stretch his legs while she got supper ready.

"Are you warm enough?"

"Yes, aunty."

"Then we shan't need a fire. Don't wander off."

Not he! He was interested in the huge battery lamp she set on the carpet of pine needles. A great Cyclopean eye, staring into the woods. What happened next reminded him of the magic carpet: chicken, cakes and coffee appeared from nowhere. It was a picnic, one of those affairs his mother considered too vulgar and noisy to patronize.

Aunt Emma nibbled a sandwich just to keep Georgie company. She wasn't hungry. He was such a little codger. Her conscience began to shout. Supposing something happened to him? She hadn't looked forward into that—the possibility of an accident.

"How do you feel?"

"Fine, aunty!" he said courageously.

As a matter of fact, the velvet black shadows beyond his aunt troubled him. Anything might pop out from there, you know. And then, there was nothing to hear; and that made everything mysterious. So he decided to talk.

"Aunty, what's prenatal?"

"Bunk. It's something that happens to you before you're born, and then doesn't." She noted the boy's puzzled frown. "You see, George, old scout, we all inherit traits from our fathers and mothers. Your father inherited courage. Just before you were born he was killed by a burglar. Your mother had a tough time of it; we didn't think either of you would live. She believes you have inherited fear of dark rooms and thunderstorms because she feared them that night. But it's all bunk, George, pure bunk."

"I see," said Georgie, deeper in the dark than ever.

"Had enough to eat?"

"Yes, aunty."

"Then let's clean up. I'm going to drive all night. Long ways to go. I'm going to tuck you to bed in the rear seat. You'll have to sleep with your clothes on tonight."

"Shall I say my prayers here, aunty?"

Prayers? His aunt stared at him dumbly for a moment. Something rose into her throat, hindering her breath. Prayers, spoken with the faith of a child! It came to her rather oppressively that she had somewhat neglected God. Fortune and health, and Emma Winton could not recollect having thanked Him!

"Say them at my knee, George," she said, blinking rapidly.

So Georgie knelt and closed his eyes.

"Dear God, watch over Cara Mia and aunty and Ella and me. And don't let Cara Mia cry. Tell her I'm all right. And make me a good boy forever. Amen."

The prayer having been dutifully performed, Georgie at once forgot the past in

(Continued on Page 48)

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My Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 46)

the wonder of the present. Presently he climbed into his impromptu bed.

"Cara Mia always kisses me good night, aunty."

She kissed him; and he clung to her fiercely for a moment.

"Why, aunty, your face is all wet!"

"It's the dew, old man," replied Aunt Emma.

IV

SHE couldn't turn around and go back. That was not to be thought of now. But the savage mischief was gone out of the adventure; and she was sorry she had started upon it. His mother loved Georgie; no doubt of that. Her anxiety would mount to agony, for she would visualize the automobile going through bridges, falling down cañons, being thrown into the air by trains; her vivid imagination would draw these pictures over and over. To telegraph from Montreal that Georgie was safe and enjoying himself would be an invitation to the police, before the experiment could be put on trial. So far the boy had shown no fear, except a fear that his mother might worry. He hadn't clung to her or cried out. He was George Winton's son, and if there was any fear in him it would have been put there, it would not be inherent fear, any of this prenatal bunk.

Saying his little prayer at her knee like that—and she to cry about it! She clenched her fists and stared at the sky.

"Dear God, I'm a rough and willful woman. I've had my way all my life. But You know what is in my heart; to teach this little boy to play like a human boy and not like a mechanical thing out of a book. He's going to suffer when he grows up. He's going to be buffeted and disillusioned whichever way he moves. Love will torture him some day as it once tortured me. Nobody living knows why I'm an old maid. But You know. It was Your will, not mine. If there is hurt to come to this adventure, let it fall on me. But guard this little boy who might have been mine but for Your imperious will. Let him return to his mother broken of his fears. Amen."

Then Aunt Emma bent her head and stood motionless for some time.

All night the car thundered through silvan tunnels, through land mists and water mists, till shortly after sunrise Aunt Emma's weary eyes beheld the noble St. Lawrence. She stopped the car by the side of the road and awakened Georgie. He awoke with a smile. That augured well. She had been a little afraid of the awakening. But there was no sign of terror, only eager curiosity.

"Where do we wash our faces?" was his first question.

Aunt Emma laughed. "Old man, we don't wash our faces. When we get to the camp we'll take care of that. But just now we're in a hurry."

"Oh, look!"

He saw the great green river and dimly east a gigantic bridge.

"That's the St. Lawrence. Under that muggy cloud is Montreal."

And what would happen there? If Jenny had summoned the police they in turn would summon the reporters, and by now the news would be all over the United States and Canada. Jenny Winton was a famous person. Trust her to cook up a good story.

"Look alive! A bite to eat, and then off we go to the city."

They entered the city at half after nine. Aunt Emma drove the car to a strange garage and got fresh supplies of oil and gas. Hard by was a news stand; so while the car was being attended to she and Georgie walked over to the stand. Georgie wasn't interested in newspapers, but he was interested in the highly colored postcards. So while he stood looking them over, his aunt scanned the front page of the newspaper. Queer, she was expecting it; but the shock of the actuality filled her ears with strange noises.

Jenny had taken a fine revenge. She had brains, that woman. The story read that Emma Winton, eccentric woman millionaire, had been gradually losing her mind, and the abduction was the climax. The woman had driven away in a powerful gray touring car, the license number of which was not yet known but which would soon be in the hands of the police. The description of Georgie was photographic. His mother had remembered even the color of his shoelaces. Miss Winton had purchased a lot of articles in a sporting-goods house, mostly outdoor clothing for boys, fishing tackle, wading boots, and was probably making for her camp in the Adirondacks. The police hoped to bring back the boy promptly.

There was one ray of light; by the time the license number was broadcast she and Georgie would be beyond the reach of daily newspapers.

Ruefully she agreed that Jenny was right. Certainly she had lost her mind, to have set forth upon an adventure of this caliber. Why, Jenny, as Georgie's mother, as the mother of the prospective heir, Jenny could fight for the control of the property on the basis that her sister-in-law was mentally incompetent! Jenny, being an imaginative writer, never would miss a shot like that.

As they turned away from the news stand Georgie naturally had to see a man leading three Airedale puppies.

"Oh, aunty!" There was a volume in that call.

"For sale?" Aunt Emma asked of the man.

"Yes'm. Fifty dollars."

"I'll give you thirty for the male," she bargained.

"Fifty, ma'am."

"Nothing doing," said Aunt Emma briskly. "Come on, George."

And Georgie started after her, his heart dulled with disappointment. He had almost possessed a dog! But the little play wasn't over yet. The vender hung fire for a moment, then hauled his dogs after the bidder.

"Hey, you can have him for thirty, ma'am."

Aunt Emma counted out the money; and Georgie's supreme ambition in life was realized. He owned a dog.

As the car backed out of the garage one of the mechanics scribbled something on the margin of his newspaper. Aunt Emma knew exactly what it was—the license number.

"Going north, miss?" he asked.

"Toronto," she lied cheerfully.

And westward she went, but turned northward as quickly as she could find the way. Two hundred miles, and a good half of it over primitive country roads.

During the ride to camp, which took six hours, Georgie paid no attention to his surroundings. He had fallen in love; and, loverlike, he began to search into the future. Would Cara Mia let him keep Ajax? Would Ajax ever save him from drowning, or pull him out of a fire, or protect him from bears? He asked these questions of Ajax, who swore joyously that he would save his master on all points. Of course there were periods of reflection, when the puppy fell to snoozing; and Georgie's thoughts would fly back to his mother. But God would take care of her; He always had.

Again he said his prayers at Aunt Emma's knees; and her face was not wet by dew this time; but something touched her heart with celestial calm. She said a prayer herself, and vowed to forswear cigarettes and cuss words and nightcaps so long as the boy was with her.

Georgie and Ajax slept soundly. Aunt Emma, who had arrived near dead for want of sleep, slept but little. Grave thoughts and humorous were hers, some that made her sigh and one that made her chuckle. Emma Winton, forty-eight, white and single, was a fugitive from justice.

Georgie's thundering amazement that first morning in the fresh wilderness! A wide green tumbling stream almost at the doorstep, the great pines towering to the sky, the chatter of squirrels and the piping of birds, and a perfume so exhilarating that it made him wish to dance, sing, run! He did not know what had happened to him; and had anyone explained, his green little mind would not have understood. He was free—free of the oppressive world in which he had lived and in which he had had no part. He had entered into the kingdom of boyhood. He had a dog, and presently he was going fishing; a game he took to as a kitten takes to cream.

Throughout the day Aunt Emma constantly watched him for some sign of that prenatal inheritance said to be his—terror, fear. All through the adventure the real terror had been hers. Bewilderment the boy had shown, but neither fear nor terror; he hadn't even cried, which would have been normal. The boy was like any other, only he had never till now been permitted to be so.

That night, after prayers, Aunt Emma said, "I'm sending you to bed in the dark, old man."

He smiled back at her. "I got Ajax."

She laughed. Of course. What human boy was ever afraid of a dark room if he had a dog with him?

At ten o'clock a great spring storm swooped down upon the land. The thunder roared and the lightning flashed and the rain beat upon the shingles with the rattle of many drums.

Georgie awoke, sprang out of bed and groped wildly for the bedroom door.

"Aunty!" he screamed. "Aunty! Aunty!"

V

FORGETTING the very thing she had set out to do—to cure the boy of this inducted fear—Aunt Emma threw down the sporting magazine, met Georgie at the door and swung him into her arms, nearly as badly frightened as he was. She had never before heard a child scream.

"There, there, old scout!" she cried, getting control of herself. "There, there! That's only thunder and lightning; nothing to worry about."

She was a strong woman, but she could not force down those little bands of steel wrapped around her neck; and at each crash of thunder his body vibrated. Bunk, she knew it was bunk; the child had been taught to be afraid. She maneuvered to the rocker, sat down and began to rock, striving to get some song to her lips, and eventually recalled The Mikado.

Taken from a county jail
By a set of curious chances ——

She sang the whole absurd lyric, and by the time she was done, the thunder had gone on, leaving only the patter of rain. Georgie suddenly relaxed.

"What frightened you, George?"

"That," he said, throwing out an arm indicatively.

"But Ajax didn't mind. You aren't afraid of the dark with him. You ought not to be afraid of thunder with him hard by."

Georgie could find no words, for no one had ever before talked to him like this or made comparisons. So far as he could remember, when it thundered he was expected to fly to Cara Mia or to Ella.

"Did your mother's Angora cat run and hide when it thundered?"

Georgie couldn't remember.

"Well, I'm not afraid of it, old man; no, sir."

"But I'm little!" Georgie defended.

"So is Ajax; he's a little-boy dog, but he isn't afraid. See him wag his tail when he hears his name!"

With a new notion in her head she rose and carried Georgie to the door, which she opened. The perfumes poured in—earth and ozone. Georgie tried to hide his face against her shoulder, but she caught him by the chin, and somehow he couldn't shut his eyes.

"See! There it goes, away off. It's one of God's ways of cleaning up house. See!"

Georgie saw because he had to. Still the tremors ran over his body at each flash.

It struck his aunt that the boy was like a young hunter, brought to the bar for the first time. The horse would fight it a hundred times, then sail over serenely. All Georgie needed was some examples.

"That's all there is to it, old man; just noise and a gleam. The guide's two little boys laugh when it thunders. And so will you before we go home."

Georgie had his doubts, but he said nothing and laid his cold little face against her neck; and she in turn became subjected to tremors.

What a double-dyed old fool she was! What would she do when this strange companionship came to its end, nevermore to be renewed? Eat out her heart, probably. It was certain that Jenny would never forgive her for this deed. And who could blame Jenny? So long as she lived the boy would carry her heart in his hands; and never to see him again ——

A week later, in the afternoon, Georgie came into the living room, crying. His nose was bloody and his nether lip cut.

Aunt Emma's first impulse was the wrong one, but she caught herself in time. She did not take him into her arms. The poor little soul!

"What's happened?"

"Jimmy Harris said it was his turn to bat, when it was mine."

"And he hit you? What did you do?"

"I came right home."

Aunt Emma shook her head. This wouldn't do at all.

(Continued on Page 50)

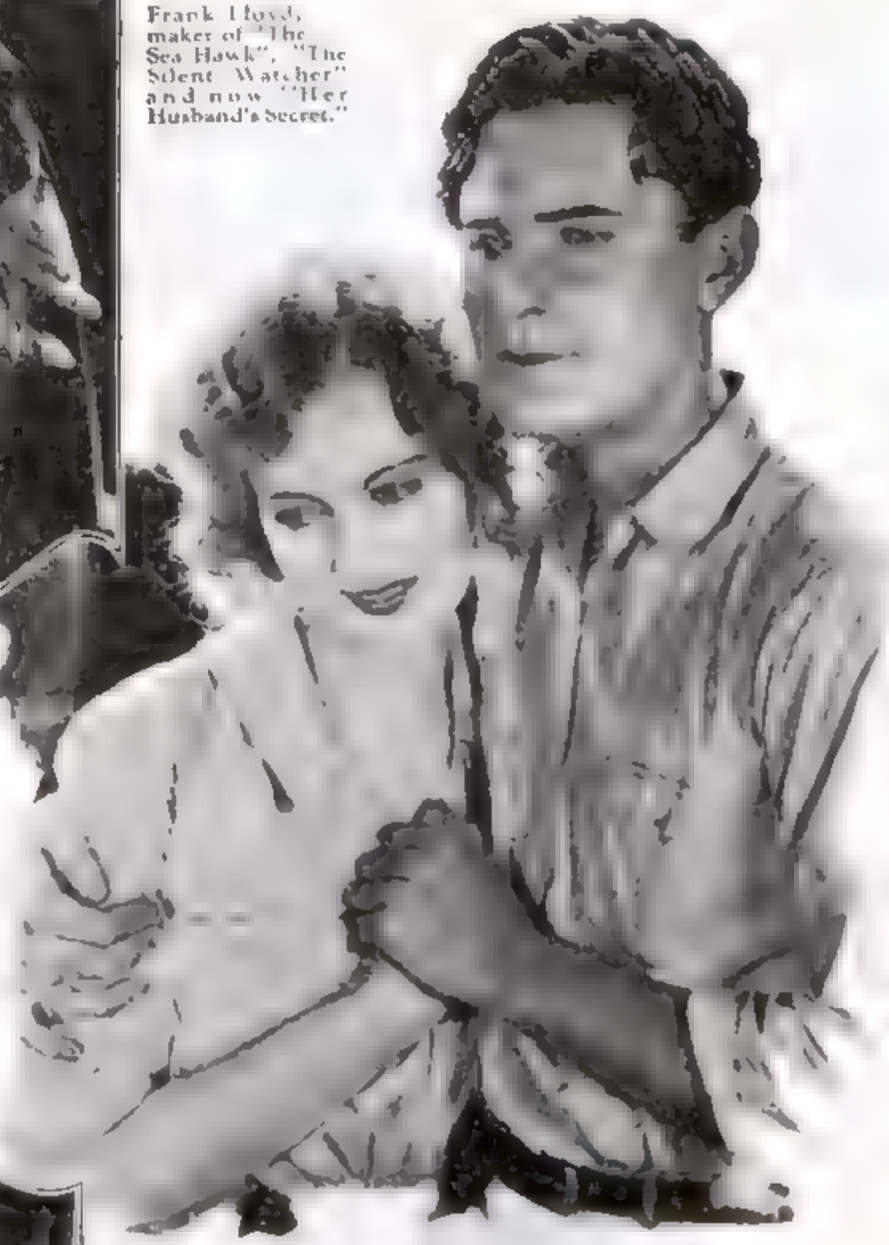
News of First National Pictures

"Her Husband's Secret"

"HER HUSBAND'S SECRET" is May Edginton's story, "Judgment," which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post recently, under its movie name. It is the latest screen achievement of Frank Lloyd, creator of the never-to-be-forgotten "The Sea Hawk" and the delightfully human "The Silent Watcher." His characters stand out, real and strong, in every picture he presents. On the screen the name "Lloyd" means entertainment insurance.

Frank Lloyd, maker of "The Sea Hawk", "The Silent Watcher" and now "Her Husband's Secret."

"Her Husband's Secret" is a modern story of a man who redeemed himself when the final chance of redemption came. The cast is composed of screen favorites—Antonio Moreno and Patsy Ruth Miller (across the page) and Ruth Clifford and David Torrence (on the left).



Richard Barthelmess in "New Toys"

Above—Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay in "New Toys."

REMEMBER how big a hit "New Toys" scored on the New York stage last season? It touched the drama and the comedy of newlywed life so forcefully and truthfully that it was of universal appeal. Now Dick Barthelmess has made a photoplay of the story, and who better than Mary Hay, former stage star and in real life Mrs. Barthelmess, could play the leading feminine role? There's a baby in the picture—the "new toy" of the newlyweds—but Miss Mary Hay Barthelmess was a year too old for the role. "New Toys" is a John S. Robertson production adapted by Josephine Lovett

"As Man Desires"

IF you enjoy a movie story moving against a novel and refreshing background be sure and see "As Man Desires," in which Milton Sills and Viola Dana are featured. Part of the action takes place in a British army post in India and the rest in the picturesque South Seas

On the right is a dramatic moment from the picture with Sills in the uniform of a British Indian officer. Ruth Clifford is the girl in the scene. "As Man Desires" is an adaptation of Gene Wright's novel, "Pandora La Croix."

"If I Marry Again"

SHOULD a man always marry the girl everyone believes he will marry, or should he trust his judgment against all the theories of heredity and dare the scorn of society? "If I Marry Again" is the story of a boy who did the latter and was exiled with his bride to the tropics for it.

There's a popular cast of players in "If I Marry Again." Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes are shown above and others are Anna Q. Nilsson, Frank Mayo, Hobart Bosworth and Myrtle Stedman. John Francis Dillon directed

Questions on First National pictures and players will be answered by John Lincoln, editor, First National Pictures, Inc., 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Thirty Years Ago He Found Out—

Thirty years ago, at the beginning of his career, he found the shoes that suited him. He selected them carefully, deliberately, for quality, workmanship, style—and value. "Just Wright" Shoes became a permanent feature of his wardrobe.

He has found in them the solid satisfaction that results logically from the extra care in buying leathers, the more painstaking craftsmanship, the fine regard for every detail—half century habits at the Wright factory. Priced at $10 and $11.

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E. T. Wright & Company, Inc.
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Send booklet "From Father to Son" and name of "Just Wright" dealer.

Name _____

Address _____

State _____

(Continued from Page 48)

"Look here, George, the next time he argues, you punch him first."

"At Sunday school ——" began Georgie, temporarily mastering his hiccups.

"More bunk. Don't you ever turn the other cheek except to be kissed. Understand? You punch Jimmie or Eddie if they try to impose upon you. You lick either and I'll give you ten dollars. Now come into the bathroom till I wash you up."

She could have cried over his poor little bloody nose and his puffed lips; but it wasn't to be done. No mollycoddling. So she washed him with pretended callousness. Her psychology was good, for Georgie ceased to hiccup.

After this she told him to look around among the bookshelves for something to read; and he fell upon Tom Sawyer, a book taboo in his house because it was likely to teach him all there was to know about boy devilments.

So let's leave him and follow his aunt over to the Harris cabin, where she warned Harris not to punish Jimmy.

"George must learn to defend himself," she said. "And the only way he'll ever learn is for him to take enough lickings to make him mad. Then he'll turn Winton and whale the everlasting daylights out of Jimmy."

"All right, ma'am," agreed the guide. "But Jimmy's tough."

"Well, don't you say anything to him. Mind, now."

The baseball games continued, with Aunt Emma behind the bat. "Atta boy!" "Knock the trade-mark off it!" "Bonehead!" And other like phrases were absorbed by Georgie. Aunt Emma was quick to see that both Harris boys looked with tolerant contempt upon Georgie, primarily because he had not resented the bloody nose and secondarily because he was one o' them city fellers.

Now then, during one of the games, a storm came out of the south. Georgie was batting, but dropped the bat at the first rumble of thunder.

"Pick it up!" cried Aunt Emma in a fierce whisper. "Don't let those boys know. Pick up that bat! When they run, you can."

Bewildered and terrified, Georgie obeyed, and struck blindly at the first ball. It soared over Eddie Harris' head.

"Run!" shouted Aunt Emma.

George ran, automatically, eying the sky rather than first base, which he missed entirely. Eddie frantically retrieved the ball and hurled it home, while Georgie stood trembling on the far side of first base.

"Out, out!" yelled Jimmy, dancing. He ran in to seize the bat.

Georgie stood where he was, helpless. A roar of thunder and a flash; he put his hands over his eyes.

"Hey!" cried Jimmy. "Git out in th' field there! Whatcha waitin' fer?" Jimmy was intent upon having one whack at the ball before the rain drove them to shelter.

There may be something in mental telegraphy. At any rate, Aunt Emma threw her will out to the stupefied boy: "Go into the field! Play ball! Fight!"

Georgie obeyed. But it may be that the fearless Jimmy produced this phenomenon. If such a boy wasn't afraid of thunder and lightning, why should Georgie Winton be? Hitherto he had believed all boys like himself; now he was faced by comparisons not complimentary to himself. So he walked to the field, still trembling, turned and faced the batter.

Eddie threw the ball and Jimmy sent it whizzing toward Georgie, who did not see it, who had no thought about it.

A squall of rain covered this hypnotic inaction; and as he saw his aunt and the Harris boys leg it for the automobile shed, he followed this example, terror helping his heels along.

He would have made for the far corner of the shed, where it was dark, but Aunt Emma laid a firm hand on his shoulder, and he was forced to remain where he could witness the madness of the elements. Each time the lightning rent the sky he winced.

"Be over in a minute," said Jimmy callously. "But yuh went an' lost th' ball," he added grumblingly.

"I've got two more," said Aunt Emma.

"Gee!" said Eddie. "Yuh must be rich! Say, are yuh gonna gimme that pup when yuh go?"

"No!" said Georgie, with unexpected fierceness. "No!"

"Well, yuh needn't git mad 'cause I ast yuh."

"Yuh gotta dawg," said Jimmy, addressing his brother. "Whatcha want another fer?"

"Aw!" replied Eddie, holding out his palm cupwise for the sweet rain. A little pool formed in his palm and he sucked in the water noisily.

All this delighted Aunt Emma, whose hand told her that Georgie was no longer trembling. No better lesson could have been given him. Here were two lads about his own age, calmly discussing balls and dogs in the face of a substantial thunderstorm, the thing that had always terrorized him.

"Say, Georgie, can yuh swim?"

"No."

"This'll warm up th' crick. They's a nice hole down below."

"We'll go there just as soon as the rain quits," declared Aunt Emma.

"Could I learn?" asked Georgie, looking up into his aunt's face for the first time.

"Sure!"

"It's easy. Yuh jus' jump in. I throwed Eddie in, an' he swum right off."

"But you can't go," said Eddie to Aunt Emma. "Jimmy an' me ain't got no swimmin' pants."

"I have, for all three of you. Come along into the house."

This experience did not cure Georgie, but it permitted him to set himself against the terror; and having accomplished that much, he began to think. Four storms occurred in the night during the following ten days. He did not cry out and run to his aunt, but for three times he snuggled down under the bedclothes, fairly suffocating Ajax. When the fourth storm came he found himself counting the blasts.

Having finished Tom Sawyer, he and the Harris boys must go treasure hunting. Aunt Emma drew a chart and hid five dollars in silver; but the result convinced her that it would not be wise to hide any more money. The boys would have torn up the land from there to James Bay. Of course she was always near at hand, for this primeval wilderness had but few trails.

So the days went on joyously. Georgie could swim, fish, play ball; he became sturdy and tanned; but he had put a new line into his prayers: "And let Cara Mia find me soon." At first Aunt Emma did not understand; but in the end she did. Georgie was happy, but he was so cocky over his new prowess that he wanted his mother to see him!

About the middle of July, on a cloudless afternoon, Georgie came in with a black eye. There were streaks of dust on his face and clothes, but no tears.

"Well, what's happened now?"

"I licked Jimmy and hit him on the beezer. He said you were an old snoop because you never let us play alone."

With a laugh she gathered him up and kissed him. She was quite ready now to pay the reckoning. This was a man child, come into his own. But to lose him—the agony in this thought!

She had got out fresh clothes for him and had bathed his eye with witch-hazel, when she heard the telephone bell ring. It would be from Harris, who had gone into the settlement for fresh supplies. It was indeed Harris, but he offered astounding news. A car with two men and two women had stopped at the farm and asked the direction to the Winton camp. Following instructions, he had refused. One of the men showed a detective badge; and so they were now speeding for camp.

Aunt Emma took it coolly. She had hoped they wouldn't locate her till autumn.

"George, your mother will be here in a little while to take you home. Do you love me?"

He flung his arms around her and vowed fiercely that he did.

"You see, George, she's bringing along a detective to have me arrested."

"She shan't arrest you!"—vehemently.

"Atta boy! And if she asks you about that black eye?"

"I'll tell her I licked Jimmy Harris and busted him on the beezer." Georgie was no longer the purist, of simple and immaculate diction. "Why should Cara Mia want to arrest you? You've just been giving me a good time."

"We'll sit tight and see, George. You won't forget me when you're gone?"

Georgie laughed. "I'll never forget you. And I'm coming to visit you on Long Island."

"Let's hope."

But Aunt Emma's real hope was a vast electrical storm. She needed it sorely; for nothing other than elemental violence would convince Jenny Winton that she alone had taught Georgie to make obeisance to fear and that God had had nothing to do with it.

■

JENNY WINTON, Ella, the detective and a chauffeur arrived in camp at five. Mother and son flew together with strange cries. The picture hurt Aunt Emma, for she saw by it the long agony of the mother; Jenny had suffered the tortures of the damned, and she looked it. Her beauty had receded before the gnawing agony. Oh, she loved the boy with all her soul, it was easy to see, but with none of her soul understood him. Jenny understood men and women; with uncanny skill she plucked their souls to pieces; but her imagination stopped there; Georgie would have to grow up before she could understand him. While she, Emma Winton, sport and spinster, understood Georgie from his calloused bare feet to his present black eye.

Unless God was kind enough to bring along a thunderstorm—and above, there was not a wisp of portentous cloud—Aunt Emma was going to lose the boy forever. The coming of a storm was as improbable as that home run she was always looking for in the last half of the ninth inning, she thought cynically. Georgie was possibly, just possibly, cured of his fears; but the germ was still there, ready to rear its ugly head again, if Jenny nurtured it, which doubtless she would.

"Arrest that woman," said Jenny coldly.

"Meaning me?" asked Aunt Emma.

"You!"

The detective stepped forward. "Sorry, Miss Winton, but you can't break the law and get away with it. My papers are all right, so you'll have to go back to the States with me. You are under arrest."

Here Georgie broke away from his mother and rushed to his aunt's side, clutching her skirts.

"You shan't arrest her! You shan't!"

Tableau.

The blank look on Jenny's face at this defection of loyalty to her was balm of Gilead to Aunt Emma. The detective pawed his chin. This fellow had notions.

"Georgie, come to me at once!" called the mother.

"But aunty shan't be arrested!"

"You're under arrest, miss," said the detective. "This is a serious offense. It doesn't matter what the boy thinks."

"But my aunty has been good to me, and I love her! She didn't give me this black eye. Jimmy Harris did that; and you should see his beezer!"

The detective broke into laughter; he couldn't help it; and he was not stilled by the furious glance Jenny sent him. He knew now that his suspicions had been correct. He couldn't for the life of him imagine why the aunt had stolen the boy. The mother's interpretation—spite—hadn't seemed to get across with him. While working on the case he had thoroughly investigated both sides. The mother was a high-brow novelist, and the aunt was a good old sport. Here he had clear light: A family row, with the upbringing of the boy as the bone of contention. The aunt had kidnaped the youngster so as to return to him the right to go forth into the world and acquire a black eye. The detective sat down on the porch steps and wiped his eyes.

"Are you going to arrest her?"

"She is under arrest. But if it's handcuffs you want, nothing doing. I'm going to speak my little piece, and it's up to you, Mrs. Winton, to think it over. You two women have had a row as to how this boy should be brought up. I was hired to find him, and here he is. My advice is to settle this out of court. You know all about marriage; your books show that. But I know all about courts and juries and newspapers. Not a jury in America would convict your sister-in-law. And there's the newspapers. Wow! What a yarn they'll make of it! Mrs. Winton, your popularity couldn't stand the ridicule.

"I'll take her to court and she shall be tried; but you'll always regret it. I'll take her back tonight, if you say so. And we'd better start right off, if we want to reach Montreal by midnight."

Here the chauffeur of the hired Montreal car spoke up: "Not enough gas to go halfway. In the hurry I forgot to load the extra tank."

Aunt Emma could have kissed him. This meant that she would have Georgie

(Continued on Page 53)

Grouchy Husbands

EVERYTHING a moment before had been peaceful—and even comparatively quiet. Perhaps the youngster did make a slight disturbance at play, but it was unintentional—not anything over which a normal father should hit the ceiling. Perhaps some remark was made, innocently enough but from the eruption which followed it might have been criminal!

What is the cause of outbursts like that? Unreasoning fits of temper on the part of men who ordinarily are kindly husbands and fathers!

It isn't often that overwork is the cause. Men are made for work. Work leaves the healthy brain and healthy body pleasantly relaxed—not taut and straining. Responsibility shouldn't fray the nerves. Men are miserable without it. They really love their homes and families.

But when this love is manifested by periodic explosions over nothing—when any little disturbance is a signal to fly off the handle—something is decidedly wrong!

The chances are that the man isn't well. Nerves! He would be the first to deny it, of course.

Why men fly off the handle

"Never felt better in my life!" he sputters. But he doesn't. His very vehemence is indication of the trouble which is secretly worrying millions of men in America. They are fagged. They are wearing out prematurely. Instead of the glowing health which should be theirs, "the prime of life" finds many of them a burden on their feet, tired at the beginning of the day as well as at the end of it, irritable, exacting, pessimistic. They are not "sick," no; but certainly they are not well.

And nine times out of ten the reasons are these: they neglect exercise, they don't get enough sleep; they shun fresh air; they eat too much, and [illegible] the wrong things. And worst of all, they unthinkingly load their systems with artificial stimulants with drug stimulants—which contribute *nothing of real value* to their well-being, but which slowly and surely rob the body of its reserve strength.

Perhaps the most widespread offender among these artificial stimulants is caffein. It has no food value. It *seems* to give new energy, but this is a delusion. Actually it whips and goads the tired nerves to action when what they really need is rest.

Various forms of abuse have resulted in an alarming health record in America. The United States Life Tables for 1920 show that Americans pass the period of full health and vigor at the age of 31. These are cold, hard figures. But they become warm, human, illuminating, every time a grouchy husband goes on the warpath over nothing!

In 2,000,000 homes, people are eliminating one form of abuse by making Postum their regular mealtime drink. It is all wheat, skillfully blended and roasted. Instead of caffein, an artificial stimulant, it gives only the healthful elements of whole wheat and bran. It is delicious!—rich, full bodied, with the appetizing flavor of roasted wheat.

Here is a drink which every member of the family can enjoy together, with no fear of sleeplessness, ragged nerves, headache, indigestion—with no sign of a grouch! Made with hot milk instead of the usual boiling water, it is the ideal drink for children, too.

You—the wife, the mother—are in a wonderful position to improve the health of your family. Your most important contribution, perhaps, will be the selection of food which builds up, instead of tearing down. Postum is not a cure-all—but it is one easy step in the right direction!

Get Postum at your grocer's—or accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply, and my own directions for making it. You will be glad to know, too, that Postum costs much less per cup.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply and my personal directions right away."

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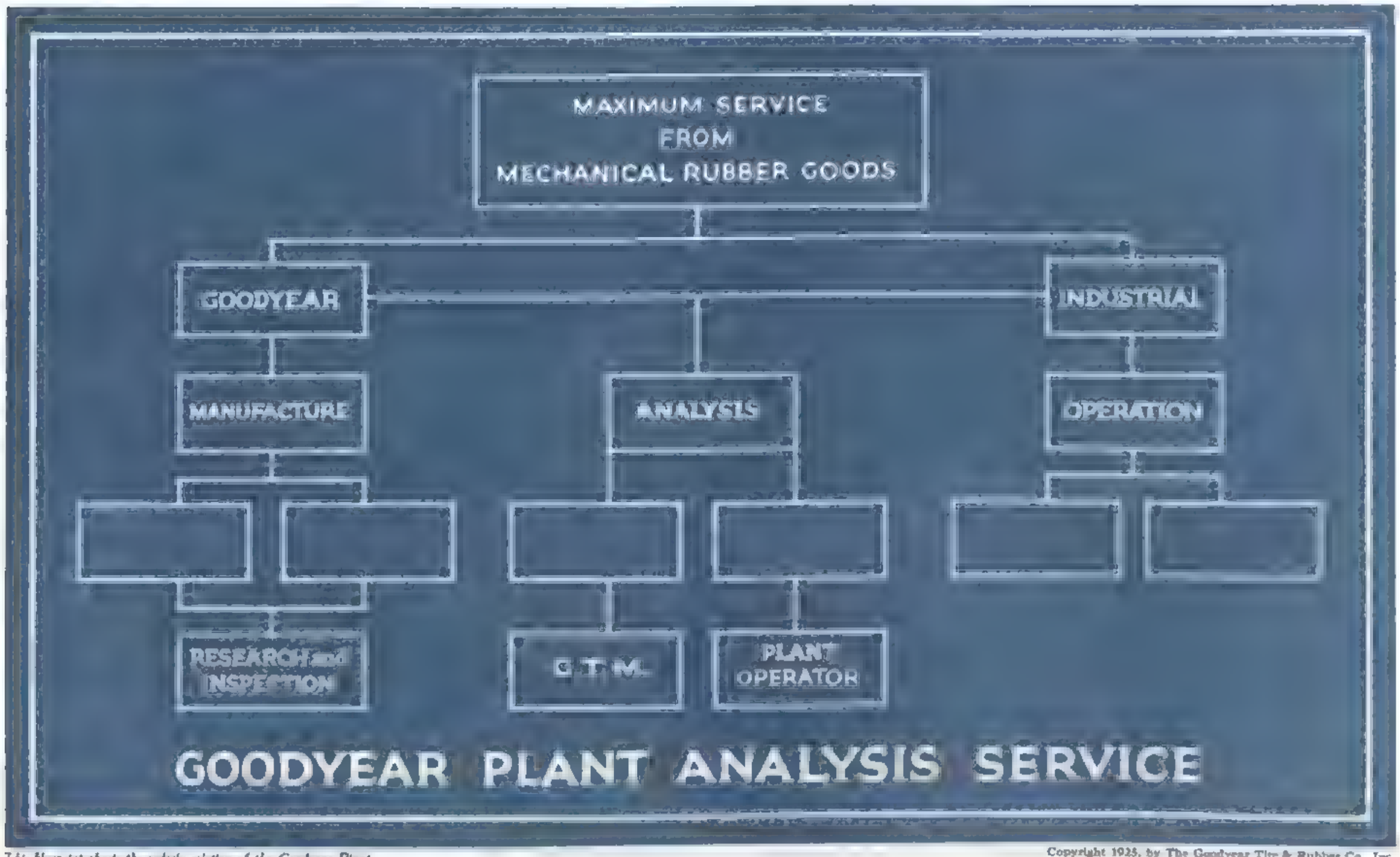

This blueprint charts the orderly relation of the Goodyear Plant Analysis Plan for maximum service from mechanical rubber goods

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The Plant Analysis Plan—and the G. T. M.

The entire purpose of the Goodyear Plant Analysis Plan is to provide for industry the most efficient and economical of mechanical rubber goods—belts, hose, valves and packing. It offers a sincere and scientific service, which embodies expert study of requirements, experienced manufacture of products, and an unfailing interest in the performance of the product on the job.

Two important factors in the successful operation of this Plan are entrusted to the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man. He makes the original study of plant requirements, and he keeps in touch with the product performance, suggesting ways of increasing its utility and prolonging its serviceable life.

The G. T. M. does his work on the basis of expert knowledge applied to the actual plant conditions. He brings to his task a scientific grounding in the properties of mechanical rubber goods and a wide experience in the operating conditions of leading industries. He places this equipment at the service of the plant superintendent or factory engineer.

In co-operation with the plant officials he makes a careful survey of all the mechanical factors involved. Makes accurate measurements of pulley dimensions, center-to-center distances, speeds and loads.

What the G. T. M. does, therefore, is to substitute science for guesswork, and replace "a belt" or "just belts" with "the right belt for the job."

Along with his specification goes the work of the Goodyear Development and Production departments. Here, the G.T.M.'s calculations are checked over carefully. Here, the qualities that he orders are built into Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods with all the knowledge and skill of long experience and continued striving for perfection.

A staff of research and development engineers is constantly engaged in the study and testing of superior materials for Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods. The only fabrics and compounds they are interested in are those that give promise of longer life and better results. Consequently, the Goodyear product measures up to Goodyear specification for uniformity, quality and maximum strength.

And then the factor of Conservation: The Goodyear Analysis Plan, operating through the G.T.M., endeavors sincerely to see that the product thus accurately specified and properly built yields to its user the very utmost in long-lived, trouble-free economical service.

These are the reasons why you may find it profitable to employ the Goodyear Plant Analysis Plan in your plant. The G. T. M. will be glad to make a study of your operating problems, and will recommend the best products for your use. For further information about the Plant Analysis Plan and the records of Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods in your particular industry, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

VALVES · PACKING BELTS · HOSE

GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 50)

one more night. Many things might happen during a night; Jenny might act upon the detective's sensible instructions. She turned to the detective.

"I can telephone to my man Harris for gas. I refuse to surrender any of my own gas, for I'll have to take my car along. It will be folly to try to make Montreal by night. I never do, and I know the way."

"That suits me," said the detective. "That road is pretty rocky, and I'm tired."

"Spend the night here?" cried the infuriated Jenny. "I refuse!"

"And I refuse to move till morning," replied the detective. "I'm not going to take any chances. I might fall asleep. Miss Winton, your word of honor, and I'll sleep in the guide's cabin."

"I give it."

"Well, that's that. Do you get trout here as late as this?"

"The pools are alive with them. Would you like a rod?"

"I'll tell the world!" cried the delighted detective.

"I shall report you," said Jenny.

"Report what? That I found the boy? I'm going fishing, with all the respect in the world to you."

He took down one of the rods from the wall hooks and started off for the stream.

"Hey!" piped Georgie. "There's a big one by the pine that's fallen in the water. I lost him this morning."

"Leave it to me," returned the detective.

"Georgie, come here!"

Georgie ran to his mother, and once more they became locked in each other's arms.

"Don't you love Cara Mia any more?"

"I love you better than the world; but I love aunty too."

The spinster's heart thrilled. No hedging, straight from the shoulder; the boy was a Winton. Nothing else mattered. She had her doubts now about going to court. Jenny was a mad person just now; but later the detective's sensible talk would react.

"But, Georgie, don't you see how she has tortured Cara Mia? Georgie, I have died a thousand deaths, not knowing whether you were alive or dead."

"I prayed God to take care of us all, and He did." Here was something unanswerable. "Aunty wouldn't let anything happen to me."

Jenny looked over his head to her enemy. "I'll find some way to crucify you!"

"Well, you're going to—when you take that boy away. He's wound himself about every nerve and vein in my body. When I stole him I had only one notion—to give the Winton in him a chance. He is brown and healthy and normal; he can defend himself with his fists"

"And swears and smokes?"

"He hasn't seen me smoke or heard me swear since the first night he said his prayers at my knees. He's taught me to say my prayers too. Jenny, can't we patch up this somehow?"

"Never!" Jenny crushed her boy to her heart. "I'm glad you love him; for now I can give you some of the agony you gave me."

"Very well. I'll telephone Harris for the extra gas." And Aunt Emma entered the cabin.

VII

"GEORGIE, what has she done to you?"

"Why, Cara Mia, I've had lots of fun I can swim and play baseball."

"Didn't you ever think of me?"

"I said prayers for you every night. And I got a dog. Can I take him home? He's an Airedale, and he loves me. We sleep in a dark room together, and we aren't afraid."

She was appalled. He did not hate the woman who had caused his mother all this mental agony!

For the first time in days the novelist in her awoke and tried to solve this phenomenon. She suddenly realized that she had never applied her analytical insight to the boy; she had never tried to enter his mind, to think in his levels. She had not considered it necessary. She had laid down certain rules for the government of his conduct good rules, too—but she had never tried to find out what Georgie thought of them, even though he obeyed them. She could not now thrust herself into Georgie's mind and readjust its actions to suit her needs. Her own flesh and blood, a blank wall!

She gazed at the door through which her husband's sister had gone, and her fury strangely subsided. The truth came to her. She had worked for the spiritual side of her son; Emma had awakened the human. Georgie was at that age when spiritual instruction was of less importance than those of human actions and relative desires. Emma, a spinster, could enter Georgie's mind, while she, his mother, could not! She laughed; the laughter to be immediately interrupted by a series of choking sobs.

Georgie kissed her again and again, reassuringly.

She accepted the hospitality of the Winton cabin coldly and silently. When she spoke at all it was in reply to some question by Georgie. She was puzzled, however, by Aunt Emma's frequent visits to the door, whence to observe the sky.

Afterward Aunt Emma cynically observed that some farmer had purposed to get his crops in on the morrow, and the Lord hadn't the same notion. For at eight o'clock a storm came up.

Georgie was sitting on the floor before the fireplace, busily trying to get a snarl off the reel that had back-lashed that morning. His mother could not keep her eyes off him; neither could his aunt. Suddenly the first gun of the storm bellowed; the lightning vividly illumined the room. Jenny rose to perform the old service, but her sister-in-law caught her roughly by the arm.

"Sit still, you fool!" she whispered. "Watch him!"

Fascinated, Jenny sank back into her chair. Georgie was still intent upon the snarl. Once he made a gesture of impatience, but remembered the admonition of his aunt, that impatience never got a snarl out of anything. A terrific crash of thunder came.

"Gee, aunty, that was a humdinger!" cried Georgie.

Six times bellowed the thunder. The snarl became free, and Georgie rewound the line and looked triumphantly at his aunt.

"Say, aunty," he said, "let's take Cara Mia fishin' tomorrow!"

An interlude of silence, indoors and out.

"I don't know how to fish, darling," said Cara Mia.

"Aunty and I'll teach you. Won't we, aunty?"

Aunt Emma was tongue-tied.

Jenny smiled at Georgie. "Do you know, Georgie, aunty could teach me a lot of things?"

Then Aunt Emma spoke. "I never knew till this moment, Jenny, why my brother George married you."

And Georgie wondered why the two women he loved so began to cry and go blindly toward each other.

FISH STORIES

(Continued from Page 7)

one, properly balanced—and adopted. So he will by precept and example be slowly educated away from error and taught adherence to artistic truth.

Thus we see, if we look at it in the proper light, that fishing clubs are not merely sporting institutions. Most emphatically they do not deserve the epithets bestowed upon them as mendacious aggregations of lazy loafers. They are in reality art centers. Everybody knows that art centers should be encouraged.

But there are other reasons for this undeserved reputation. One of them is the sublime inexperience on the part of the average outsider as to how strange literal happenings can be. Tell the absolute unadorned literal truth, and nobody but a fellow fisherman will believe you. Such skepticism is worthy only of pity. It is terrible to see one's fellow human beings groping in the darkness of ignorance without raising a guiding light. But your wise man lets 'em grope. He knows it is useless. His reward will merely be a derisive and phonographic cackle of "Fish lie!" Consequently he keeps quiet as to what he knows is really true. He bottles it up inside him until he meets some fellow fisherman who has something he wants believed.

A Cross-My-Heart Story

The classic example of that sort of thing in my own experience is the time I caught fish using a twelve-pound salmon for bait. It is a hope-to-die cross-my-heart true story. But until this moment I have never dared tell it in mixed company. It is, as I say, literally true; for it is one of those experiences perfectly proportioned by nature, needing no legitimate artificial balancing of the sort aforementioned. It came about as follows:

Of a fair evening on the northern coast of British Columbia I returned to the float of my friend Henry Maurin, possessed of a peaceful conscience but only one twelve-pound salmon. A twelve-pound salmon, in those waters, is satisfactory from a gastronomic standpoint, but holds a slight place in history.

"Why," asked Henry, "didn't you go fishing?"

I defended my salmon as skillfully as possible on the quality-versus-quantity basis.

"That size," Henry cut me short, "I generally use for bait."

The jest seemed to me at once ill-timed, tenuous and somewhat dilapidated, not to say bromidic; for every nonfisherman thinks it funny to talk about using whales for bait. Henry fired up at my expression.

"You don't believe me?" he challenged.

"Well, I've heard it before," I submitted.

"Tomorrow morning you come out with me," he ordered, "and bring along your baby salmon."

I was willing to give Henry his little joke, whatever it was to be, so next morning I went. We chugged in his gas boat, at slack tide, out to a reef in the middle of the chuck, where he shut off the engine and we drifted. A reef in that country means that the water there is only about 200 feet deep instead of extending on through to the China Sea. There he produced a huge coil of immature clothesline, near the end of which had been attached a chunk of lead. There was no hook. The end of the line he passed through my salmon's gills and out its mouth, making the contraption secure with two half hitches. The said contraption he dropped overboard with a plunk, let go the young clothesline, and handed it to me.

"Hold this," he commanded.

I thought I saw the joke. My job was to hold that clothesline until Henry's misguided sense of humor was satisfied, like the other boob holding the bag and the candle for the snipe. But I was willing. Let him have his fun. Only I wondered how long I'd have to do it before he would be satisfied.

And then I imagined the weight became perceptibly heavier. It might be imagination, or it might be a subaqueous swirl of tide.

"Feel anything?" asked Henry.

I told him.

"That's it!" he cried. "Now pull in slowly and smoothly. Don't jerk."

With Salmon for Bait

I obeyed. There was no tremor of life, no faintest struggle. But the line was distinctly heavier. Hand over hand I took it in, yard after yard of it. There was an awful lot of that clothesline. And then, peering over the side of the gas boat and down into the clear water, I saw slowly defining itself a wide ugly head. It looked a good deal like a sardonic marine bulldog; the same broad snub face, the same small obstinate eyes, the same prominent determined jaw. My salmon was crosswise in the creature's mouth, and it was hanging on grimly and determinedly—again just like a bulldog.

At this point Henry quietly slipped down a gaff on a long pole. It was an eighty-pound ling cod. The salmon was only a little frazzled. Before it became hopelessly frazzled we caught two more, the smallest about fifty pounds in weight.

Henry had proved his point to me. If anybody has that stack of Bibles a mile high, I'll swear on them it is true. On the way home he told me some other things about ling cod. I was feeling meek and humble, so I did not try to throw him overboard, as I might ordinarily have done.

For example, he told me that in the good old days ling cod used to be so large and fierce that they frequented the short lines instead of lurking, as at present, in the deeper waters; and that if you rowed too close to the beach they would come up and

Watch This Column

PHANTOM ABDUCTS CHRISTINE

The magnificent six-ton central chandelier of the Paris Opera House, released from its fastenings by the Phantom, and sent crashing down on the heads of the audience, is only one of the thrilling episodes in *"The Phantom of the Opera,"* UNIVERSAL'S great spectacle which I predict will be seen by every lover of moving-pictures. How this is done without harming anyone is a secret of production.

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Carl Laemmle

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(To be continued next week)

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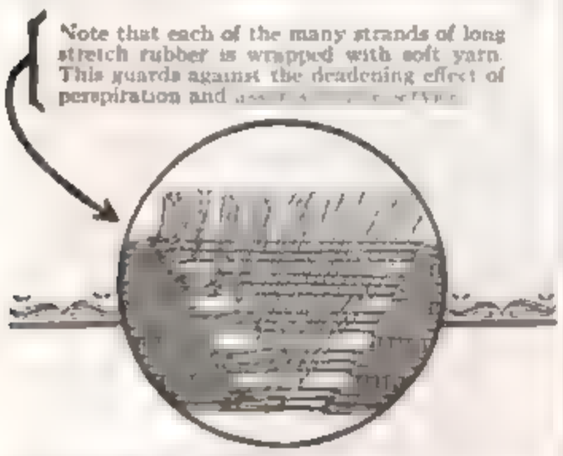
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bite your oar blades. He said it was very expensive in oars. The only thing that saved him from going broke buying oars at four dollars the pair was the invention of the outboard motor. He just polished up the brass propeller, and when the ling cod bit it, that blew their heads off. He asked me belligerently if I didn't believe that. I was meek then, and believed it. But I asked him if it did not sometimes kill his engine.

This same ling cod is an incredible creature anyway. He runs big, as you may have gathered from the preceding; but his head is out of all proportion to the rest of his body, which is long and slender for his weight. Most of the head is mouth, armed with sharp teeth. His expression would indicate that he would pass the Binet tests with a mark something like minus twenty-four. This indication is borne out by both his actions and anatomical dissection. An eminent surgeon on Henry's float performed autopsies on the various sorts of fish brought in. He found the salmon had the highest brain development and the ling cod the lowest. Indeed, he reported the latter as possessing little more than the motor centers.

Personally I don't see why he has any brain at all. You can hit him over the head with a hammer, leave him on deck for an hour or so, throw him in the live box—and immediately he will wake up and begin to chase herring! I have seen him—more cross-your-heart stuff -decapitated and disemboweled, fully prepared for market, go through all the motions of swimming when thrown into the water. I have seen his detached heart go on beating regularly for from five to ten minutes after it had been removed and laid out on a board in the hot sun. Worse than all that, I have caught many of him by using good-sized rock cod for bait. The rock cod is armed from attack in any direction by long sharp spines carrying enough poison to make even a slight prick from them very annoying to a human being. As well think of swallowing a cross between a porcupine and a cholla cactus as one of them. The doctor was right—"merely motor centers without even the simpler convolutions."

Another absolutely true story I know about that makes the next best breathing exercise in belief is the feat of Bwana McMillan in hooking and landing a 1500-pound fish on a nine-ounce rod with a nine-thread line. He was Bwana McMillan, then, of Juja Farm in East Africa. Now because of his extraordinary services in the war he is Sir Northrup McMillan. After dispensing the most gracious hospitality to dozens of Americans who visited East Africa big-game hunting, he made a trip to the Pacific Coast. His erstwhile guests rallied around to see what could be done about it. In comparison with the lions and elephants and rhinoceroses and other beasts he had so lavishly flung upon them at Juja, California at first glance seemed to have little to offer. The skiptious jack rabbit, while fierce as ever, was becoming scarce; it was no use exposing the cowardice of our mountain lion or panther; and ducks were out of season. It was decided to hook him on to a swordfish, if possible. If he did not know the proper artistic formula to use in describing the great struggle, why, we could teach him.

Pretty Good for an Amateur

So the best Catalina boatman was engaged, Bwana McMillan was furnished forth with both light and heavy tackle, and he was sent forth on the deep with the blessings of all. It was hoped he might get a swordfish or a tuna; it was expected he would snare a yellowtail with his light tackle; it was devoutly prayed that he would at least get some fun out of something.

He did!

In an hour or so the gas boat chugged back into Avalon, towing what from a distance looked as if it might be a raft of logs. In answer to a megaphone, Bwana McMillan explained that this was his fish, and that it had not seemed expedient to take it into the boat. He added nonchalantly that he had brought it to gaff on his light tackle.

The steward was hastily instructed to open the safe and from it produce in readiness the club's jeweled Order of Ananias, First Class. The entire present membership then swarmed down to the float. A half hour later word was sent that the emblem be returned to the safe; it would not be needed; the story was true.

What had happened was this: Bwana McMillan, trolling his light tackle, struck an obstruction. He thought it had run aground and so informed the boatman. The boatman protested that ground was a half mile away, straight down, and that it must be a piece of drift. They backed up to see, McMillan slowly reeling in his line. The thing he had snagged turned out to be a 1500-pound sunfish asleep on the surface of the water. The sunfish is a large flat creature, running to immense weights, and it has precisely this habit of basking in the sun. Hence its name, I suppose. It had no idea it had been snagged; it had not even waked up.

As soon as McMillan and the boatman discovered the true state of affairs they shut off the engine and quietly sneaked up on the sleeping monster, McMillan still reeling in his gossamer line, playing his fish in orthodox style. I forget the precise technic of the finale, whether they hooked onto the creature with their gaff attached to a rope, or whether they lassoed one of the big gill fins, or whether they used some sort of harpoon. At any rate they secured it, after it had been properly reeled in. I imagine the adventure may be found fully set forth in Tuna Club annals.

A Shark Gets an Assist

And the Tuna Club is hard-boiled when it comes to records. In order to wear one of their buttons you must catch a fish above a certain weight, with certain tackle, and without outside assistance. Some of the battles with the big fellows used to last as high as fourteen hours, and then most often the fish at last got away. Often the fisherman was about as much exhausted as his victim. And if for even one instant in all that time, for any reason whatever, he called upon his boatman, except to maneuver the boat or finally to gaff the fish, he was disqualified. There were very few buttons awarded, and they were highly prized.

I knew one man who for nine successive years had come way across the continent in the hope of winning a Tuna Club button. He caught many fish of one sort or another, and had enjoyed the rarest of sport; but for one reason or another he had never succeeded in the major purpose of his visit. Several times he had hooked big tuna, and had fought them for hours, only at the last to lose them. He figured that he was about $10,000 on the red-ink side of the tuna business. Then at last the break came. He hooked another big fish and played it actually to the point of exhaustion. It had practically given up the struggle—was on its side fifty feet from the boat. Slowly he dragged its unresisting bulk toward the waiting gaff. And at the last minute a shark arose and from the belly of the moribund tuna it took just one small bite. And Mr. Fisherman did not get his button, because the committee ruled that in the person of the shark he had had outside assistance!

No; do not hoot with scorn or point the finger of derision. It was the hardest sort of hard luck, but the decision was wholly just. Every fisherman knows the danger of the last flurry that the immediate proximity of the boat sometimes brings about; and every fisherman is only too sadly aware of how many apparent certainties are thereby lost. That tuna was not landed until he was in the boat; and there is no doubt that a bite out of the belly, however small, is discouraging of effort to one in a weakened condition.

Nor is this accident to the honest fisherman so unusual as one might think. Predatory fish are always on the watch for something easier to catch than their elusive prey when in good health and untrammeled. For this reason the salmon hang close about the great tidal whirlpools and boils, such as those in the Yucletow Rapids of the British Columbia coast. There herring are apt to get caught in the rush of waters, tossed about and bewildered or crippled to the point where they are easy catching. That trait is the only reason on earth why the fisherman ever gets a nibble at his spoon. Otherwise, why should he expect that out of all the herring and hake which crowd the waters his lure would stand the remotest chance of being selected? I say "crowd" advisedly. Unless you have seen it, you can have no idea of the millions of these fish. The tiny air bubbles from their schools—each bubble representing one herring—will rise so thickly that the surface of the water will present a milky appearance, and that for miles. I have seen a small purse net cast straight out in the current, the bight of which hardly opened at all because of the tide, bring in twenty-four big dip nets full of these silvery fish.

But the best way to get an idea of the crowded condition of the waters is to go on deck or down to the float on one of those nights of unusual phosphorescence, when there are not merely surface flashes and constellations, following the agitation of the water by a stick or oar, but when the depths themselves are aquiver with latent fire that needs but the slightest touch to throw it into brilliant manifestation. Then every floating twig or weed is outlined, every jellyfish is surrounded by a nimbus of glow. The anchor line is a down-dropping string of jewels, and every fish that swims is plainly visible. You can see them as comet-like diffusions of slowly moving lucence; or as long curving streaks like shooting stars; or as themselves, but clad in a radiance.

Then is when you will realize how crowded is the ocean. Then, an you are a fisherman, you thank the marine gods that the salmon are even as you and I and like the easy pickings afforded by the cripples; and you come to an understanding of why you are using a wabbler which sheers violently from side to side instead of a spoon or a spinner, which moves forward with the directness and dignity of a herring in full enjoyment of his health and faculties. The wabbler looks crippled.

So when next a shark deprives you of your $10,000 Tuna button by giving you outside assistance, revile not too bitterly. You are merely being presented the reverse of the shield, receiving an unwelcome example of the principle that enables you to be a fisherman at all.

A World's Record?

Sometimes it is aggravating, however. In 1908 I was at Magdalena Bay in Mexico, the guest of the Navy as observer of target practice. Between firings, some of the officers and myself used to go fishing from one of the steam tenders. The yellowtail were there unusually abundant and of good size, and as far as we knew had never been fished. We caught a good many of them and enjoyed good sport and good eating. But so numerous were the sharks, and so keen were they on the game of catch the cripple, that fully half the fish we hooked were either lost to the sharks or badly mangled. It was not at all unusual to divide fifty-fifty—the sharks would take the hinder end and we would retrieve the head and fore part of the body. They did a good surgical job of it too; neat and clean and cut squarely across.

And speaking of yellowtail, on a fishing trip in their pursuit I had the pleasure of assisting at the breaking of a world's record. At least, I am sure it must have been a world's record. At any rate, if anywhere a bigger fish has ever been landed in a shorter time, I should like to know of it.

We were out in a small gas boat with a very distinguished company, which included an ex-governor of one of our Western states. The Pacific Ocean that morning was trying to prove Balboa a poor judge of nomenclature. None of us minded this particularly except the governor. He did not like it at all. He was having internal difficulties, and he could no longer call out the state troops or summon the Federal authorities to his aid.

Finally we decided that as this was supposed to be a pleasure trip, we'd better do something about it. We none of us wanted to quit fishing just then and go home, so finally we marooned the governor on the beach of a little cove, with a promise that later we would return for him. Against his pale-green protests we left him some lunch; and against his apathetic indifference we provided him with a light sand-shark hook and line and a piece of yellowtail for bait in case he needed amusement. He lay down flat on his back above tide mark and pulled his hat over his eyes. He said that he did not want either food or amusement—ever again. He wanted rest, and he wished we'd go away and drown ourselves. So we went, but not with that purpose in view. But we left the food and sand-shark tackle.

Five hours later we returned, to find the governor pacing excitedly up and down the strand. He had recovered his color, but his garments showed traces of immersion. Both the food and the shark tackle had disappeared. We calmed the governor—this

(Continued on Page 56)

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Large Fours and Medium Sixes	20
Large Sixes, Eights and Twelves	30
Ford - - - - - - - - -	15
Purolator for Ford, installed in 20 minutes with only a wrench.	
For Trucks - - - - - -	$50

West of Rocky Mountains prices slightly higher; in Canada, $22.50, $30, $45 and $70.

Cars without force feed systems or exposed oil lines, requiring auxiliary pump, and special fittings, $5 additional.

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PUROLATOR can also be installed on practically any type of marine engine having force feed lubrication. Priced as above according to size of engine.

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Carry it home in a
Sealright
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Sealright Liquid Tight Paper Containers are made in all convenient sizes, from ¼ pint to a gallon. Many progressive ice cream dealers, druggists, grocers and moist food dealers, use them exclusively. For your convenience and protection, insist on Sealright Containers.

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Also makers of Sealright Pouring-Pail and Regular Flat Milk Bottle Caps.

(Continued from Page 54)

was in the pre-Volstead days—and listened to his tale.

It seemed that after due period he recovered sufficiently to sit up and take notice. But he still felt a little weak. So he baited his hook and cast it out into the deep and attached the line to a stick which he planted upright in the sand.

"Then if I got a bite the stick would be pulled over, you see, and I'd know it," he explained carefully.

We applauded this highly original invention and told him he ought to get a patent on it before somebody else thought of it.

After an interval the stick slowly toppled over, and was as slowly dragged across the beach and toward the water. The governor pursued it, seized the line and struck with all his strength. Nothing happened in the way of flurry and excitement; not at the other end of the line, that is. It continued to be pulled slowly seaward. The governor pulled; no difference. He took a wrap around his hands and dug in his heels. Still no difference, except that the governor as well as the stick was dragged across the sands. He showed us the troughs his feet had gouged. The governor is a game guy. He followed the end of that shark line until he was up to his neck in water. Then he had to let go. Otherwise he simply would have gone to sea.

"It was like being hauled in by a winch," said he.

We gathered that at no period had the thing at the other end of the line exhibited a trace of either hurry or excitement. It simply went very calmly away from there along with whatever fish lines and governors happened to be attached. It was probably traveling in low.

We were considerably intrigued by this recital, and believed the essential details. We considered that the governor was in no fit condition to rise to any such heights of invention. So we unrived the signal halyard from the boat and attached thereto a short chain and a hook meant for real old he sharks, not merely these little sand babies. This we baited with half a yellowtail, cast it into the bay, and sat down in a row to await developments.

For some time nothing happened. Then, just as had been described to us by the governor, the stick to which the line was attached slowly toppled over and was dragged with a dignified and unhurried leisure toward the sea. We uprose as one man and seized that halyard. There was no nonsense about pulling in hand over hand. We just took that rope over our shoulders and single file we walked inland. There were twelve of us and we were feeling strong. Whatever was at the other end had to come, and that was all there was about it!

While the Salt is Handy

Now ordinarily by the time it is brought to landing net or gaff, any fish is more or less fought out, tired, acquiescent through a certain amount of exhaustion. Not this fish. He came out of the briny deep and onto the shore in precisely the time it took twelve good men and true to walk across the beach. He hit the shallow water when his vigor was unimpaired and his astonished indignation had just had time to reach its climax. The effect was as if the coast was being shelled by a warship. But he came—and the time was something under ten seconds.

We had heavy scales and a small live oak grew handy from the side of the cliff. We took a half hitch or so about his rotund body and weighed him. Somewhat more than 300 pounds! Then with the oars as levers we rolled him over and over down the sands until he caught his natural element and returned whence he had come. He was a specimen of the black sea bass, which is a tough species and not to be harmed by such an excursion as this. It was hoped he had been taught more respect for governors. At any rate, we had a record of pounds per second!

Now we may just as well go on with and get off our chest these absolutely true stories, which—from anyone else, of course—might challenge belief, before we proceed in subsequent articles with strange ways and means, and the habits of fishermen and the low-down on tourists and guides and similar fauna. This next story has to do with snakes.

Water snakes, and some land snakes that take to the water for the purpose, are very fond of little fishes. They catch a great many of them. But ordinarily they know enough to confine themselves to fingerlings of a size they can swallow. The ordinary garter or grass snake has no power of tearing his prey limb from limb. This incident has to do with not merely one superambitious reptile obsessed with a desire to get away with the biggest fish story in snakedom, but with a whole community of crazy serpents.

In British Columbia, along whose broken coast line Mrs. White and myself have cruised each summer for the past few years, are many lost coves and hidden streams and lakes, almost unknown and rarely if ever visited. These it has been our business to track down, both for the fun of exploration and for the occasional wonderful fishing to be had. One such we visit regularly every season. To reach it we carry a light portable skiff for a considerable distance to a blue lake some four miles long and surrounded by high mountains. This has forests and dark water and a pair of resident loons and good trout enough to satisfy anybody, but we do not stop here.

Near the farther end, quite concealed unless you know where to look for it, is a narrow choked water passage that connects with another lake. The shores are not possible for a carry, so we have to work the skiff through; squirming a doubtful passage over sunken snags and deadheads; clambering out on slippery logs, sliding the skiff over gingerly, and as gingerly reëmbarking. The skiff is a noble craft for her purpose, which is transportability first and stability second; but you cannot expect to stand on the gunwale of a ship that weighs only forty pounds. However, we have made it to date without a ducking. The second lake is even prettier than the first lake. It is not so large, but its forested hills cup it more closely, and the great trees lean far out over the dark waters. There are trout here too; but still this is not it.

One About Snakes

From an unseen cañon near by always a smart little breeze is blowing, raising a choppy sea. Now it becomes necessary that the passenger in the stern sit very tight and the oarsman watch the slop. The skiff is no sea boat. But a mile takes us to a tiny beachlet at which we land, and where we abandon the skiff in favor of our legs. Then comes three miles of land travel, along a slope, over a ridge, down another slope—and all of a sudden we are there. There, in this case, consists of a circular pond about three-quarters of a mile in diameter. Like all north-country lakes, its shores are so densely grown with willow, aspen, salmonberry and salal that it is impossible to fish from them. Ordinarily one must have some sort of boat or a raft to get any chance at all. Hence the skiff. But this is a little too far to carry the skiff. Then why bother with it, since there are trout in the two other lakes? Go to! If you ask such a question you are no true fisherman; because it is ours, of course; we found it.

There are just two places where we can get a back cast. One is from the end of a log that has fallen straight out into the lake; the other is afforded by a narrow strip of beach about sixty yards long. In the former case we balance rather precariously; in the latter we wade out about waist deep and cast out to the edge of some lily pads—as long as we can stand the cold water.

From those two places we catch lots of fish. They are good fish, too, that strike hard and fight hard—for their weight, for they are not whales. They run from eight to twelve or fourteen inches. We know of lots of places—those two lower lakes, for instance, through which we passed without wetting a line—where one can get four or five pounders.

What has that to do with it? This is our lake, I tell you, and we never fail to visit it each season. We never get there until close to noon, and we have to start back soon after two o'clock; but even in these most unpropitious hours we take forty or fifty fine trout—and except for a half dozen or so, carefully put them back. These details are important. They help to define the picture of a fish nut.

Now on the day in question I had been for some time absent on one of my tangled brush crashing and futile expeditions in search of another place to fish from. Our projecting log and our beachlet had not failed us; from either of them we could get a rise or a double rise at almost every cast. But every true fisherman will understand the desire to find a new place. If we could get the skiff up there —— I returned to find Mrs. White just emerging after a fine hour's sport. It had been agreed that she should save half a dozen for the pan; but as she was not wearing her creel, I asked her how about it.

"Oh, I've got them," said she. "I just killed them as I caught them and laid them at various places in the shade along the beach."

She led the way to a small bush, parted the branches confidently, looked puzzled.

"I'd swear I left one here," she remarked.

She went to another. Still no fish. Another; same result.

Fulfilling the first duty of all fishermen in such and similar circumstances, I proffered irony to the effect that I didn't believe she had caught any fish at all; that anyone who couldn't catch fish in that lake ought to stick to cross-word puzzles, and so on.

But at the fourth cache she was vindicated. This is what we saw with our own two eyes, so help me Izaak Walton:

A grass snake was laboriously shoving the trout into the brush. The snake was about two feet long and not much bigger around than my middle finger. The trout was a nine-incher. It must have far outweighed the snake. The latter was obviously unable to carry its steal, so it had seized the fish by the tail and was laboriously shoving it head first. A more awkward, painful, struggling performance I never witnessed. But it was succeeding, albeit slowly and with many stops and difficulties. If I had not myself seen it, and if I had not had with me a thoroughly reputable witness, I should never have believed in the physical possibility of such a feat. And obviously this was not the only fool snake on the shore, as the evanishment of the three other trout would seem to attest. But outside the marvel of that, why did the snakes do it?

What did they want of fish of that size? They could not swallow them, as they did the fingerlings that constituted their natural prey; they could not tear them to pieces and down them piecemeal. And where were they taking them to? Why not do whatever they were going to do *in situ*, so to speak? Why were they any better off with those trout there rather than here? I don't know much about the family lives of snakes, but I do not gather that they possess ancestral homes or storehouses or adoring grandchildren to whose fireside they bring things. I had always thought snakes rather self-centered. Nor have I ever been told that they laid up provision against a hard winter or anything of that sort. The only thing I know about snakes is their reputation for guile and mendacity—see the Book of Genesis.

A Clew From Genesis

That, however, would seem to afford a sufficient clew. The incident, viewed in the light of that knowledge, loses its obscurity. As I earlier pointed out, snakes are fishermen. It seems probable that these were merely bringing back to the nearest art center or the Serpentine Fishing Club tangible proofs. Each of these robbers saw himself in his mind's eye sauntering—or rather, wriggling—nonchalantly in.

"Yes, pretty fair sport," he would observe. "I had a big one, but he got away. Still, I did land a pretty fair one. He's over there by that bent twig."

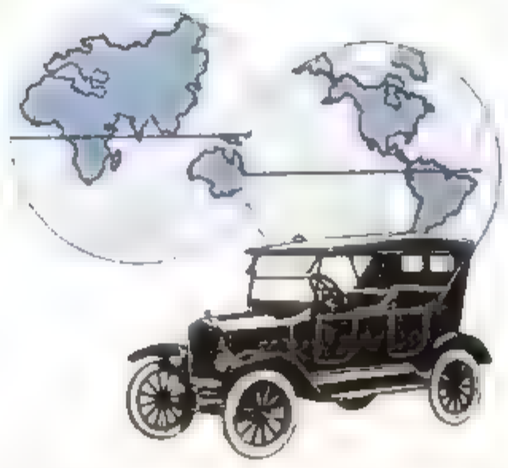
I did not figure this out until we had returned to the yacht. Then I was sorry we had taken the trout away from that last snake.

Probably we would not have known until some future incarnation how it all turned out; but it would have been interesting if those four old reprobates had all sprung the same yarn. Like good fishermen everywhere, they would have had to stand together!

That is all I have to offer in the way of the unbelievable but actually truthful. If you have difficulty believing any of them, get some friend to help you. On another occasion we will take up other aspects of this fish business. The tourist and how he is stung; fishing for art's sake or for fish; perhaps a little dissertation on strange circumstances demand strange tackle—those are a few. There are many of them, and any one possesses cosmic importance to one who in the springtime loves to go a-fishing.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. White. The next will appear in an early issue

The UNIVERSAL CAR



AN EPIC OF SERVICE

Less than a quarter century has elapsed since the first Ford Car was built. Yet within this brief span of years eleven million have been delivered into service, and of these over eight million are in use today.

They have gone out to enter the daily life of people of every class, and in every part of the civilized world. And their coming has affected the thought and activities of untold millions to an incalculable degree.

The Ford Car has brought a personal freedom to this legion of users, giving to the many the travel-benefits enjoyed by the few. It has increased individual accomplishment and thereby added enormously to the sum total of human achievement and progress. In this lies the real significance and importance of this "universal car."

So far-reaching and varied is the story of the Ford Car that it can never be adequately or completely told. Its adaptability to the needs of widely differing peoples and conditions can be but touched on; its universal service merely indicated.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Ford

"THE AIR IS FULL OF THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T MISS"

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Radio Batteries
—they last longer

The Greatest Inaugural in History

EVERY four years our national capitol surges with the throngs gathered to witness the Presidential inaugural. And, as the chief executive of this great nation swears to maintain its laws and its integrity, every man and woman in America, in thought, turns to Washington.

This year, through the medium of radio, an audience of millions will hear the President take the oath of office and deliver his address. Because of radio, March 4, 1925, will be the greatest inaugural in American history.

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If your receiver employs four tubes without a "C" Battery, or five or more tubes with or without a "C" Battery, the new Eveready Heavy Duty 45-volt "B" Battery (No. 770) will prove itself a most dependable and economical source of plate current. Its longer life and greater capacity cut "B" Battery costs in half.

For a receiver employing four tubes with a "C" Battery or fewer tubes with or without a "C" Battery, Eveready No. 772, 45-volt vertical "B" Battery, or Eveready No. 766, 22½-volt horizontal "B" Battery is the most economical. The Eveready No. 772 is especially adapted for use in battery compartments of many receiving sets.

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Dry "B" Batteries are an economical, dependable and convenient source of plate current. There is an Eveready Radio Battery for every radio use—they last longer.

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New York San Francisco

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

They didn't help in cheering,
But he laughed like mad at hearing—
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!
—Harry G. Smith.

As tender as a turtle dove,
The song to make a lost land love.
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE.

Toodle-De-Oo

"I'VE got the best wife on this earth—
Toodle-de-oo, toodle-de-oo!
Nobody knows how much she's worth!
Best little wife on the whole darned earth—
Toodle-de-oo, toodle-de-oo!"

This was the song I sang with glee,
Teetering home at half past three,
All lit up like a Christmas tree.

"Toodle-de-oo-dum, toodle-de-oo!
Best little wifie, I tell you!"

I got this far when something chill
Froze my song; for, standing still,
There was my wife in the dim-lit hall,
Standing cold and straight and tall
Just—just standing still. That's all!

She didn't speak; just stood; and she
Looked and looked and looked at me!

Was I a man, or was I a mouse?
Was I the master in my house?
What in the world was there to fear?
Light I laughed, and with a leer.
"Toodle-de-oo!" I sang and grinned,
Faltered then when the silence dinned
Into my ears; for the woman, she
Simply stood and looked at me!

"Toodle-de-oo!" I tried again,
"Toodle-de-oo!" and once more then—
"Best little wifie on this earth!
Nobody knows how much she's worth."

Never the ghost of a frozen smile!
Never the wink of an eye, the while
Still she stood and stood and she
Looked and looked and looked at me!

"Toodle-de-oo ——" My voice broke down
The hair stood up on my itching crown;
I tried to grin, but my lips were numb;
I tried to josh, but my tongue was dumb.

"Toodle-de-oo!" was what I tried
Hard to say, but missed it wide,
Lost my nerve, broke down and cried.

"Toodle-de-oo!" I whispered, then
Slunk away to my own dark den.

Two long hours of hiding deep
Under my blankets, feigning sleep,
Then, in a tender, pleading coo,
Like when a ringdove starts to woo—
"Toodle-de-oo? . . ."
After a minute, or maybe two—
"Toodle-de-oo? . . ."

No reply to my piteous plea;
Through the wall I felt that she
Looked and looked and looked at me.

I've laid off on this bootleg stuff;
One guy knows when he's had enough.
—Lowell Otus Reese.

It's a Hard Life

AT SEVEN o'clock on the night of January 18, 1874, Mrs. Ezra Furrow remarked to her husband, "Ezra, hadn't you better go out and get some water? There's about two foot of snow now and no sign of a let-up. Might be too deep to get to the pump in the mornin'."

"'Tain't a bad idee, Maria," responded her husband.

At nine o'clock he returned with the water.

"What kept ye, Ezra?" asked Mrs. Furrow.

Mr. Furrow shed his overcoat and muffler.

"Nothin' t' amount t' an'thin'," he said. "Had to shovel my way to the pump, o' course. Then I come down on the pump handle too hard, I guess, an' it broke. Found a piece o' two-by-two in the barn, so I whittled a new handle out o' that. Wouldn't 'a' taken so long only the bolts was a leettle hard t' fasten on account of it's bein' kinda cold. Guess I friz a finger, but nothin' t' amount t' an'thin'."

"No, 'tain't nothin'," said Mrs. Furrow after inspecting the finger. "You saved yourself some trouble not waitin' till t'morr' mornin' t' git that water."

"Guess I did," said Mr. Furrow, settling down to his almanac.

II

AT SEVEN o'clock on March 14, 1924, Mr. Westchester Dwellor yelled into the telephone, "Is this the water company? Well, what's the idea of cuttin' off my water, hey? We haven't had any water for ten minutes and until we do I can't shave before I go to the movies. . . . What? Testing the pumps? Well, why can't you pick out a civilized hour to test 'em, hey? Fine service a man gets for his money nowadays! Here you go and upset everybody with a lot of fool tests that . . . I will not ring off. I'm going to write to the mayor! I'm going to put it up to the city council! Here I haven't been able to shave or wash or get a drink for ten minutes! . . . Hey? What? It's on again now? Well, use a little more sense next time and pick a civilized hour for your fool tests of your old pumps!"

And Mr. Dwellor refused to be pacified for the rest of the evening.

—Baron Ireland.

Ballade of a Foiled Passion

SOME love to play, and some to sing
Before a large and listening crowd;
My passion is a different thing—
I dearly love to read aloud.
A man who's naturally endowed
Should use his talent, as I view it,
Nor hide his light beneath a cloud—
But no one likes to hear me do it!

My voice has just the proper ring,
My accent's good, and I am proud
Of my enunciation's swing—
I dearly love to read aloud,
I'm neither low nor lofty browed,
I neither shout my stuff nor chew it,
I've never whined, nor moped and mowed—
But no one likes to hear me do it.

By such eternal chastening
Some readers would be bluffed and cowed;
Yet, though I feel its constant sting,
I dearly love to read aloud!
I'm cat-called, goose-hissed and bow-wowed,
And yet I stick sublimely to it;
I read my piece, as I have vowed—
But no one likes to hear me do it.

L'Envoi

My head is bloody but unbowed—
I grit my teeth and plow right through it;
I dearly love to read aloud,
But no one likes to hear me do it!

—Ted Robinson.

The Inconvertible Turtle

THE turtle was somewhat unsteady
As he found himself caught in an eddy;
He mused, "Though I hurtle,
I can hardly turn turtle,
Because I'm a turtle already."

—Otto Freund.

Song of the Taximeter

I'M a tiny, ticking terror,
With a calculating soul,
And I rarely make an error
As I tally up your toll
In staccato
Obbligato
To the motor's barcarole.

As you drive through summer breezes,
Or through winter evenings chill,
Though the engine stalls and freezes
I keep piling up your bill
Quite precisely
And concisely
With malicious, vicious skill.

When you reach your destination
And as out you start to climb,
With a fiendish exultation
I ring up an extra dime—
Most uncalled for
And unhauled for—
Yet you pay it every time.

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

"Ma Wants to Know Can You Go Shoplifting With Her This Afternoon? She Needs a New Coat"

The Foibles

MRS. FOIBLE'S new home is full of antiques,
Her rugs are in rags and her tea service leaks,
And all of her chairs have the loveliest squeaks—
They date from the time of the Flood.

Her Sheraton's charred and her Chippendale's chipped,
Her marble-topped table came out of a crypt,
Her curtains are faded and jaded and ripped—
And spattered with Ancestral mud.

She has highboys and lowboys and wormeaten chests,
Her linen is marked with armorial crests,
In anything moldy she gladly invests—
She dotes upon cobwebs and dust.

She collects with a zest, she's the dealers' delight,
They murmur their thanks when she heaves into sight,
For—whatever they offer, she's certain to bite,
She is gifted with infinite trust.

Her husband complained of his four-poster bed,
It felt just like cobblestones under his head.
"It was quite soft enough for John Adams," she said.
"I should think it would satisfy you."

And now he is eagerly waiting the day
When grandma's settee will be reckoned passé,
And all of his relics are carted away
To the dump—where they're long overdue.

—Ellery Rand.

The Modern Mode

SHOULD you chance to go out shopping—
Doesn't really matter where—
Man or maid behind the counter
If you pay the right amount or
If a balance is your share,
In a manner flip and flighty
Will remark to you: "All righty!"

Should you chance to go out walking—
Doesn't really matter where—
In replying to a question
Should you offer a suggestion,
And explain yourself with care,
Doubtless you will have that flighty
Exclamation flung: "All righty!"

Should your spirit chance to wander
Through the realms of upper air,
Were there any conversation
This same charming observation
Would be wafted to you there;
Ever to the Lord Almighty
Someone would observe: "All righty!"

—Clinton Scollard.

Lullaby

SLEEP, sleep, my little one!
The day's not yet begun!
Lie still and sleep
In slumber deep!

A trolley rattles by with clank and bang,
The motorman sends out a warning clang,
Scaring the Wops in a street-paving gang!

But don't you mind; sleep, little dear!
Your mother's watching here!

At intervals there comes the raucous din
Of hard-boiled chauffeurs full of go and gin,
Plying their strident auto horns like sin!

But do not wake, my little one!
That noise is just for fun!

Some sons of Erin on a near-by street
Piling up iron girders ere the heat
Makes moist their brows, give the whole block a treat!

Bye-low, my baby; close your eyes!
While mother swats the flies!

Stout riveters, whose brawny arms are bare,
With rhythmic racket add their welcome share
To the sweet sounds which fill the morning air.

But never mind, my cherub; sleep
Right on in slumber deep!
(Though how you can do so,
Blest if I know!)

—Clarence Mansfield Lindsay.

Whitman's FUSSY PACKAGE

A rich feast in nuts and chocolate

If you can distinguish between the finest chocolates carefully blended and finely milled, and the other kinds—

If you appreciate the flavor of vanilla bean, contrasted with its imitations—

If you prefer *nut centers* and *nut combinations*, and if you want your favorite assortment in a package of rich and quiet beauty, you will thank us for directing you to the Fussy Package.

There are no soft centers in the Fussy Package. It is a special assortment for those who like chocolates with hard, or "chewey" centers. It is a good example of how Whitman's Chocolates are selected and packed to suit individual tastes. Thousands already know the Fussy Chocolates as their first favorites. Hundreds of thousands more no doubt will welcome them.

Sold only in those selected stores, one in nearly every neighborhood, that combine selling fine candy with giving good service.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
New York Chicago San Francisco

The Fussy Package contains chocolate pieces enclosing Almonds, Walnuts, Filberts, Peanuts, Brazil Nuts, Pecans, Double Walnuts, Pecan Caramels, Triple Almonds, Nougat, Nut Bricklets, Nut Brittle, Almond Dates, Double Peanuts, Nougat Caramels, and Almond Caramels. Packed in boxes from half pound to five pounds.

THE KNIFE

(Continued from Page 12)

'ave to put in no bill for this job. What's the good of it, Culbranson?"

To which the mate, a philosopher of sorts—"Well, you can't never tell, cap'n. It maybe might come useful yet for some poor soul."

Three days later, and some twelve miles farther south, they could have used the shelter of that isle themselves, poor souls, and thankful. This occurred on the seventeenth of April—a date to be memorable throughout that region below the line where history is counted in devastating storms.

They had found their derelict, right enough: an old three-master kept afloat by her cargo of deals and tin-bound stacks of cedar shingles. They were in the act of passing a hawser aboard when a squall swept upon them like the black wings of Azrael. The Kanaka at the wheel promptly lost his head, the *Dundee's* fore boom jibbed and carried away its tackle, and the foremast snapped short.

Cookie Anderson, eager with the promise of loot, had been the first man overside. He was standing in the dinghy with Jimmy Lee to bear a hand at the moment all hell broke loose. The dinghy smashed against the channels. Cookie grabbed for a rope. Jimmy was in the way. With a shriek, Cookie snatched him back and sprang to safety on his sprawling body just as the dinghy went under.

What happened after that, how he was borne up in wreckage and flung to leeward on the *Yackarra's* rail, how he lay partly stunned and nearly drowned while the *Dundee* disappeared like a draggle-winged bird in the smother, how the derelict finally crashed on Rose Island reef and he came ashore among the shingles—serviceable life preservers with their bindings of tin strips—these events were mercifully dim.

The first dependable fact he gripped was the presence of that knife. . . .

As he crouched there by the ledge he had reached the fever stage of thirst. He began to think—a queer process for Jimmy—and he thought that if he had the knife he might slash the sappy vines and young trees that grew so thickly round about. In one place, too, were things like big green melons, hanging high up. With the knife fixed to a branch he might hack them loose. They might be good to suck. Crikey! He had the feel of cool juice squashing out and trickling down his throat, and he made puppy noises and bit his fingers in desire and despair.

For Jimmy could not swim. Worse than that, his ingrained terror of the water had been most horridly confirmed. Worse than all, he was aware of dreadful dangers lurking down yonder in the pool. He glimpsed their wavering fins and slow snaky tentacles; mysterious and unnamable monsters.

No, he dared not plunge in after the knife. Still, it was there; something to strive for. So instead of dying just yet, he stumbled along where the big fruits grew and tried to climb a tree.

He never had learned how to climb a tree. He slipped and floundered and very grievously barked his nose and his shins, and sat down and wept. But nobody being on hand to kick him and the process of thought continuing, after a while he took off his sixpenny shirt and tied it between his ankles as a loose bandage. And therewith, when he tried again he hiked himself up topside of a leaning trunk exactly as the island natives do—the trick they have used time out of mind.

He knocked off a fruit. It proved unreasonably tough, but he managed to worry the fiber apart at one end. He jabbed into the core with a stick; something spurted, and he clapped his salt-tortured mouth to the most delicious, vivifying, heart-lifting draft that ever rejoiced an amateur castaway. A miracle to Jimmy; it might pass as a very fair miracle, anyhow. He had discovered the aerial fountain of half the tropical world—the common green coconut.

Such was Jimmy's immediate salvation. Actually, he had broken the spell of horror of loneliness, of hopelessness. Actually, he had derived motive and accomplishment from the one simple cause, and he continued to derive.

That night he had his first rest, undisturbed by lions and bears and other noxious beasts. By day he could see there was no such game and scant cover to hide a cat. But in the dark, roaring with voices of wind and reef, who could be sure? He felt much safer to spread his dry seaweed beside the ledge, handy to a weapon which he might perhaps reach in desperate need, if he could ever bring himself to the risk.

Next day he tried to fork it out with a strip of splintered bamboo. He nearly lost it altogether; but prodding around, he chanced somehow to impale a curious arrangement like a bunch of wriggling, soft, semitranslucent ribbons. Jimmy was mortally hungry. He tore the creature apart. He bit into it, with shrinkings at first, and then with gusto. Later he improved his spear by wedging the splinters apart and sharpening them on the coral; and about the same time he began to regard the doings of the late Mr. Crusoe with rather less awe.

Again he blundered on a lucky discovery when he twisted some threads of coconut fiber into a crude net, weighted with pebbles. The clumsy device was no good as a dredge; it would not catch the knife at all. But when he buzzed it about his head and threw it at a huddle of sea birds on the beach it brought down one ensnared, so that he made an easy captive; and he might have gone into the poultry business on a large scale if he had been able to stomach raw fowl as readily as raw rock squid.

The matter of cookery, however, was reserved for his best performance. It came to an issue weeks afterward—after he had contrived his hut of pandanus thatch; his coco-husk sandals for wading the sharp reefs and his little stone hammer for gathering shellfish at low tide; his throwing stones and his sling and his dagger of cane—after he had domesticated himself quite well in a fashion; but he still longed for the knife.

Once, as he sat brooding and glooming over it, he pictured how he might get at it with a hook of some sort. Hooks would be useful for his fishing too. They might be carved of clamshell, he imagined, and he remembered how Cookie Anderson through quiet evenings had used cunningly and patiently to drill out shell bracelets with an instrument he called a Yankee fiddle.

Now a hook, after all, is nothing but the segment of a bracelet, and a Yankee fiddle is nothing in the world but a stout bow and arrow, with two loops of string to twirl the shaft. Jimmy had already made rude experiments in that direction, so he took his own bow and arrow and put his weight to them as he had seen Cookie do, and set to work.

First he tried it on shell, and when he noticed what surprising heat sprang up under his fingers, on slips of wood. He failed many times. But there came a moment when he started a curling blue wisp and then a live spark from the bamboo dust.

On all accounts, this marks the climax of Jimmy's adventure. It is the point for wonder and for pride in human potential, that alone and unaided by any Crusoe fixings whatever the cook's boy had wrested from a howling wilderness food, shelter, tools, and finally fire. No mean achievement, it may be said; the sort of achievement easily doubted by a generation too wise to believe in desert islands. But the fact stands indubitably attested, the sole cause and the direct cause of Jimmy's rescue.

"June 6—Friday; 14° 30′ S. 168° 11′ W. Fresh breeze out of S. E. No sign of derelict, which likely drifted too far or smashed up. If not sighted tomorrow we shape for Butaritari. . . . Afternoon, smoke observed to south. Supposing it might be wreckers or ship on fire, bore up toward Rose Island."

Thus the log of the schooner *Dundee*. The log of the *Dundee* was, and it continues to be, a strictly unfanciful, open-air chronicle; and that is why it contains no mention of a missing cook's boy—regretful or otherwise—between the dates of his tragic disappearance and his most unexpected recovery. The *Dundee* herself had been laying up for repairs these last two months in Apia roadstead. Once more at sea, she had put in some few days' perfunctory search. Not for Jimmy, of course, but for the lost *Yackarra*. Not for Jimmy, whose existence had never occurred as a possibility until the *Dundee's* surfboat entered the lagoon and her crew blinked toward the beach. Even then they were slow enough about it.

"Now what t' Sam Hill sort of guy would you take that to be?" inquired Culbranson. At the edge of the rocks popped up a figure, squinting through the slanted sunlight. A stalwart figure, nearly naked, with the remnant of ragged trousers about its waist. Weathered to a ruddy bronze, with a skin fine-drawn on the coiling muscles, startled and alert as he stood at gaze, the fellow might have seemed some able young native of the isles. But no native would ever have given the curious wild shout of recognition he loosed across at them.

"Whee-whee-whee!" So it sounded.

Cap'n Joe Brett was sitting in the stern sheets, Culbranson beside him. On the next thwart sat Cookie Anderson, a volunteer under the pious plea of gathering turtle's eggs for dinner. Two white sailors were rowing, for Cap'n Joe, not knowing what he might find, had not cared to bring the blacks.

"Good gosh!" remarked Culbranson. "It's Jimmy Lee!"

They were close enough to be sure, for all the mad improbability of it. They could see it was Jimmy Lee. And they saw more. Suddenly the lithe brown apparition broke into the strangest activity. It began to leap; it began to dance. It hammered its chest and flapped its arms and crowed abroad like a gamecock.

"'E's gone crazy!" opined Cap'n Joe.

Culbranson put up a hand.

"Listen!"

"Whoopee!" came the amazing challenge; a voice harsh with disuse, and with something else—sheer exultation. "I see you there! I'm talkin' to you, y' dirty sea cook!" Followed the name of Cookie Anderson, three times running. "You 'ear me? Kettle scraper! 'Ash slinger! I'm lookin' for you! I been waitin' for you! Whoopee-whee-whee!"

They listened, all of them, dumbly, while comprehension began to creep over each bewildered face. But the figure on the rock still held them in its singular demonstration. It turned. It paused. It poised for an instant with an indefinable last gesture of suspense and hesitation; then with a triumphant yell it sprang forward, cleaving the water in a clean, deep dive. When it reappeared and climbed the rock again it held an object that flashed in the sun.

The four others in the boat glanced around at Cookie Anderson. They remembered. They had a perfectly clear sequence of that little galley drama aboard the *Dundee* between master and slave; the misery, the cruelty and the crowning treachery. And with the simple humor of tough and tarry minds, they understood; that is to say, they got the situation well enough—the essential justice of it, as Cap'n Joe Brett summed up for them grimly.

"Not so bloomin' crazy, after all!"

The boat had drawn very near the ledge. Cookie Anderson sat crouched like a thing of venom. His lips were lifted on the yellow teeth; his little eyes showed red.

"'E's got a knife!" he squealed.

All the evil of his twisted nature spat in the word. He bunched himself eagerly toward the gunwale, and swiftly his own dirk was out and gleaming. But Culbranson knocked it from his grip and overboard with one contemptuous sweep.

"No, he ain't! Look there!" For Jimmy Lee had cast his own weapon aside. He was coming to meet the boat, and coming empty-handed. "Knife be damned!" said Culbranson. "He ain't got no knife. He don't need no knife! . . . I tol' you how it would be." He chuckled. "I tol' you he'd turn on y'! The young coot—he was bound to get square with you some day, Cookie. Man to man—even Stephen. And we'll all see fair play!"

He laughed; they all laughed. Cookie was like a snake deprived of his sting. He would have shrunk away, but they boosted him forward. At the last he would have begged and cringed, but they booted him out on the strand and stood round him as a ring, until for mere shame he took position.

As Culbranson stepped over to referee, his foot caught in something so that he almost tripped. It was the thing that Jimmy had plunged for; the thing he had finally thrown away—a thin band of shimmery metal, one of those tin strips in which shingle bundles are bound. But it meant nothing to Culbranson, and it meant nothing to Jimmy Lee. Smiling, confident, hard and able, he came up to settle his score and to take his rightful rating at last with nothing but his two fists: man-fashion; in the age-old way of the sea.

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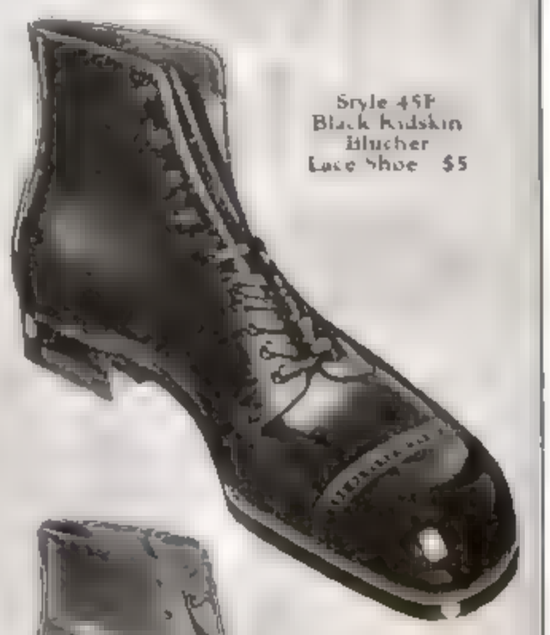

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THE ANGEL WITH THE THERMOMETER

(Continued from Page 39

It sounds like a girls' boarding school or a college dormitory, and except that we worked much, much harder and were disciplined much more rigidly, the life was the same. Lights out at 10:30, one late permission a week till 11:30, extra late permission once a month till 12:30. Up at a quarter of seven and off at a quarter of seven, with two hours off during the day unless we were on night duty. An afternoon a week off, and a half day Sunday.

This is a sort of average schedule. As I have said, each hospital has its own variations of hours, and some work on an eight-hour basis.

I cannot find that this is much of an improvement, really. It sounds better; but according to the girls I've talked with, it simply means cramming the same amount of work into a shorter time. Anyhow, I know of at least one case where it didn't benefit at all the nurse it was intended for. This happened in California, which has, or did have, an eight-hour law for nurses. A very prominent newspaper woman in San Francisco had a younger sister whom she was bringing up and who went into training. The newspaper woman worked practically limitless hours on the paper, but she was horrified to learn that Grace had to be on the job ten hours a day. She at once formed a society for the prevention of cruelty to nurses and spent a lot of time in Sacramento till the law passed. Whereat Grace promptly got married.

Hospital Discipline

One thing all the best hospitals impress on their nurses about hours. They must not work a minute over their time. The purpose of training is to teach one to do a certain number of things in a certain number of hours. I know of a hospital in Massachusetts where a nurse must sign the register when she comes on and when she goes off; and if she stays fifteen minutes overtime, she must call upon the superintendent in person, explain, apologize and accept meekly a stern rebuke.

Many's the time I've hidden in a pantry when I was supposed to be off, with friendly pals keeping a lookout, in order to finish work which I simply had not been able to get through in the required time.

Also, you must not do a single solitary thing that does not come within your duties. Once, on an extremely busy day, which the superintendent of the hospital had chosen for inspection, I happened to notice that the white wooden blinds in the ward were much nearer black than white. The ward maid was supposed to clean them, but she had a million other things to do. I fetched a large pail of hot soapy water and was busy scrubbing the blinds when the superintendent of nurses strolled through casual like. It's a way they have.

"Come off that ladder," she said stonily. "I don't ever want to see one of my nurses doing a thing like that. Take that pail out immediately."

"But, Miss N," I pleaded, "the superintendent is coming and ——"

"Don't answer back! Take that pail out!"

I took it. Fortunately I distracted the superintendent by talking about the shiny electric lights, and I marshaled him into the pantry to look at the nice new shelves I had put up, and I kept myself sedulously between him and the blinds. I was frightened to death.

They seem very gay and carefree now, those training days, but they were not all golden days by any means. We trembling probationers were first led in small groups through the wards and warned not to touch, not to smell, not to hear, not to see anything we weren't permitted to by our supervisor.

The first thing we were taught to do was to make beds. We had classes in bed-making every morning for three weeks and we used to practice with one another as patients. That is, we would take turns getting into bed and letting another girl toss us about in a clumsy attempt to make up a bed while the patient was in it. When I went on regular ward duty they expected me to make eleven beds in an hour.

Then came the eventful time when we were to know whether we had got our caps; in other words, whether we should be accepted. My hospital had a system of leaving discreetly on the bureau a little note that contained one's fate. You never knew just when this little note might descend upon the bureau, and the authorities were very secretive indeed about their decision. We used to walk into our rooms with eyes shut and hands clenched tensely.

And then I had to go and miss the big moment! Instead of sleeping soundly during my two hours off, as most of the girls did, because we were always so tired out, I elected to go shopping. When I got back the nurses' home was filled with chattering, excited girls.

"We've got our caps!" they hailed me.

My little note hadn't been left because I was out, and for a while I thought I had been rejected. My heart didn't stop thumping until the superintendent sought me out and gave me my cap too. Only one girl of our class didn't qualify, "for reasons," as the note said, "best known to the hospital authorities." She had to pack and go within two hours. Such was the rule and there was no appeal. Afterward, we always spoke of that girl in whispers, as if she had died.

Next day we appeared in borrowed uniforms and our much-coveted caps. The cap, by the way, is the one significant feature of a nurse's uniform. They all have some quirk or twist by which doctors and other nurses can tell literally at a glance what hospital one has come from. The system has its advantages, especially in repartee. Long afterward, I was taking care of a private patient in a hospital and eating at the nurses' table. There were a number of private patients, and for some reason they were almost all being nursed by graduates of Massachusetts General. The girl who sat next to me had dispensed with her cap. Somehow the talk turned to various hospitals, and a nurse opposite us made some remarks about Massachusetts General, ending with:

"I see that Massachusetts General is sending all her children here now. It's a wonder they don't think they're too good to eat with us."

A silence fell on our side of the table. That evening my neighbor appeared in the cap of Massachusetts General. The silence then was on the other side of the table.

After the cap-getting event came the steady grind of work and study till graduation. A nurse's course is a sort of outline of a doctor's course, far, far different from that of the first nurse's training school in America at the New England Hospital for Women and Children in 1872. Then great care was taken that the nurses should not know the names of the medicines given. The bottles were numbered, not labeled. Nowadays we attend lectures by doctors and nurse teachers, and regular classes. We are taught anatomy and physiology and elementary *materia medica*, as well as numberless other things a nurse should know. And what with classes and work in the wards and lessons to prepare, there is hardly a breathing spell till graduation.

Nurses' Escapades

My graduation was particularly exciting, because my chum married a doctor in the hospital. This is not so common as one would suppose, and I should advise any girl who thinks of entering a hospital because of the fine chance of marrying a doctor or a patient not to leap. She would only find a great chance of getting expelled. A sort of comradeship exists between the doctors and nurses in a hospital, and also on private cases, but it is the kind of comradeship of an older brother and his very young sister, condescending, though friendly. They are coworkers, they may exchange occasional banter; at midnight, a doctor may come off a case and sit down in the ward and beg, "I'm hungry, got anything to eat?" And the nurse will laugh and make him a cup of coffee. But that is all. Of course, doctors have married nurses they met in the hospital, and so have patients. Love, you may remember, will find a way; but in general the perfect blaze of disapproval which the authorities turn on romance wilts tender sentiments.

I have heard a lot about nurses' escapades. Like the escapades of chorus girls, they are much exaggerated. Nurses do have a love of gayety, which is natural, considering the many trying things they see. They play heartily, and they have so much pep that they can't be wallflowers. But more than any other women, I think, they are poised, self-reliant and jealous of their independence. They may take a naughty-schoolgirl delight in infringing minor rules of discipline; but the major infractions are very few, and when they occur they are most severely punished. In no other profession is there anything like the careful weeding out of undesirables by the hospitals.

It may seem that I am talking far too much about hospitals, because there are other fields of nursing. I do so only because, though there may be a number of different ways of approach in other professions, in nursing, there is only one way—through the hospital. I think there are about ten universities that offer a combined college degree and nurses' degree course, but really too few girls enroll to make them important.

Upon graduation, many nurses, like the graduates of colleges, cannot bear to tear themselves away from alma mater, and continue in some capacity. Indeed, it used to be considered a disgrace for the head nurses and teachers to be other than the hospital graduates; but now I know they are hiring outsiders. There was even—and not very long ago, either—a panic in the hospitals over the scarcity of any pupils and of any graduate nurses, let alone their own. This is over now, due partly, I guess, to the contributions made by Canada. There aren't enough big hospitals up there to take care of all the pupil nurses; so numbers of them flock to the States for training, and often settle here later.

Eight Dollars a Day

When I got my diploma I was bewildered by the number and variety of jobs open to the trained nurse. One of my friends signed a year's contract with the Red Cross for work in Albania. She was paid seventy a month and her board. Another planned to become an army nurse; another, a Montreal girl, joined the Canadian Mounted Police; another enlisted in a doctor's expedition to the Arctic; some went into private nursing; some became public-health nurses; and one girl took a position with a bank at twenty-five a week. I found I could stay on at the hospital as operating nurse at one hundred dollars a month and board, so I stayed.

The salaries I have mentioned must sound pretty low to women of equivalent training in other professions. When I took private cases for a time last year I never made more than eight dollars a day, and sometimes only six for a twelve-hour day. Of course, one gets board in institutions and meals in private nursing; but even so, there's no money in nursing—plus a discouraging amount of hard work. Love of the work must be its own reward—that and the fact that you can set a trained nurse down in any part of the world—and the parts of the world she strays to are amazing—and she will land on both feet, self-supporting. I do not mean that in private nursing there aren't often, especially in the summer and autumn, periods of unemployment; but then one can try another branch of the work.

There are so many branches that I can touch only upon the ordinary routine in this article. War nursing, Red Cross nursing, public-health nursing—these are stories in themselves. I have divided my time between hospital work, private nursing and a short period of work in a woman's college.

The hospital where I became an operating nurse was the hardest. There is no more wearing work in the world than that of the operating nurse, for her responsibility is almost as great as that of the surgeon. They say that nurses get callous. Maybe so. We must accept so many things about which other people can afford to get sentimental, in a matter-of-fact fashion, or we could never stand it.

I am thinking of that operating room, where we started at eight o'clock and worked on till two or three in the afternoon, sometimes not stopping for lunch. Six or eight operations lasting half an hour to two hours at a time; different instruments, for which the head nurse is responsible, to set out; the sterilizing process to be gone through; piles of laundry; and sterilizing and mending to take charge of after the room is closed; and always the knowledge that the least mishap may mean death to

(Continued on Page 64)

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(Continued from Page 62)

the patient. I used to go off duty at first in a state of physical and nervous collapse. Later I steeled myself and so became "callous."

Once, in a novel about nurses, I came across the phrase "scrub up," and in my innocence I thought it meant washing one's hands or perhaps even going so far as to wash one's face after a hard day's work. I soon learned better. "Scrubbing up" means sterilizing oneself for the operating room. First you scrub your hands for five minutes with a stiff nail brush in a green-soap solution and rinse under running water. Then you make a paste of chloride of lime and washing soda and rub this over your hands for three minutes. Then you dry the hands with a sterilized towel.

Follows the donning of sterilized garments, a muslin gown, a great big cap which comes down over the eyebrows, and sometimes a gauze mask over the nose and mouth, and rubber gloves. These must be put on without touching anything or any part of one's body—even the arms—which has not been sterilized. If one should happen to touch a nonsterile object, one is immediately nonsterile and the whole process has to be gone over again. It is called proper technic. I had a lot of fun once teaching a very uppish interne how to put on the rubber gloves without touching the outside with the bare hand. It's easier than it sounds, but most of the internes whom we had to teach were very clumsy and it didn't hurt to take them down a peg.

The Missing Pad

While the surgeon is operating, the nurse stands by, ready to anticipate his wish for any of the instruments which she has laid out. Doctors don't like to talk during an operation. One famous surgeon used to have a system of signals, a finger up meaning a certain instrument and a finger down meaning something else, and so on. The nurse also counts the number of gauze pads or towels which a doctor uses in some operations, like abdominals, so as to be sure that there are none left in the patient when he is sewed up.

I hope this doesn't frighten anyone, for we feel our responsibility much too keenly to let it happen. The most agonizing moment of my life occurred to me at an operation when I counted the pads that had been removed and was one short! I knew I'd seen the doctor take all the pads out, but I couldn't let him sew up without finding the mislaid one just on the tiny chance that I had been mistaken. Nor did I dare to interrupt him for fear of bringing his wrath upon me. An operating nurse is presumed to be, and rightly, without fault. I searched frantically and futilely. At last I had to tell him. I never saw an angrier man.

"We stop right here," he snapped, and stood and glared while I tried to tell him I was sure he had taken the pad out. "Doesn't matter. We'll look it up."

It was found at last, reposing peacefully, far from the patient, underneath the specimens of gallstones sent up to the laboratory. Of course it was the orderly's fault, not mine, but the operating nurse is responsible also for the orderly.

The doctor may have been a bit relieved, but you never would have guessed it. He only said, "Oh, all right," and went ahead. Doctors don't praise nurses. It isn't good form.

There is a tradition about the bad language patients use when they are coming out of ether, but I never heard any. In fact I got my one and only proposal from a patient in these circumstances. As he slowly opened his eyes, these words issued from his lips:

"Sweetheart, I love you. Yes, you. Will you marry me?"

In half an hour he had regained full consciousness and had forgotten all about it.

Right here I want to say that, though I haven't my favorites among diseases as some of my friends have, I know what I hate most, and that's a bone operation. We are supersterilized for this, because bones get infected so easily. Otherwise I prefer surgical cases to medical, and so do most of us, because they go quicker. A week or two and the patient is ready to be dismissed, without the mutual irritation of a long convalescence. Still, I know girls who would rather handle pneumonia cases, because they say it is not the medical attention but careful nursing which will pull the patient through, and because one can see the improvement from day to day.

I can't emphasize the importance of careful nursing, individual attention to a patient and a little initiative. Most doctors would rather have their nurses just take orders. They have their professional pride too; and anyway, they can't be bothered with suggestions. When I take a case I put it squarely up to the doctor. Does he want me to be an automaton, or would he prefer some help from my experience?

I know a man who will swear that such leeway, given to me by a doctor with whom I had been associated on several cases, saved his life. He had been operated on for gallstones, and what chiefly kept him from recovery was the nausea with which he looked upon food. I used to spend hours inducing him to eat. In desperation, I began to experiment with food for him, and the first thing that tempted him and stayed on his stomach was a glass of beer! The next thing was clams! He lives to this day to tell the tale.

Private nursing is rich in interest and contrasts. I hadn't intended to do it, because it's just as unremunerative and more precarious than hospital nursing; but a doctor who had used me on some operations insisted that I, and I alone, should take care of one of his patients. Sometimes doctors get to rely in this way upon a nurse. So I left the operating room, and when I came off that case I put my name on the register of my hospital and on that of a nurses' bureau and waited for calls.

Not from sentiment at all, we nurses had much rather work for the poor than for the rich. There are two reasons. In the first place, the food is apt to be better and more nourishing in the household of a laborer in average circumstances than in that of a millionaire. It's not only because the laborer's wife cooks it herself and takes an interest in the proceedings, but because the nature of the laborer's work demands plentiful meals.

In the second place, in a wealthy household, a nurse is often just a luxury to coddle someone who is perfectly well able to be up and doing. I can think of a rich old woman who had taken to her bed for no reason that anyone could see and kept a day nurse and a night nurse. All the night nurse ever did was undress her, and all I, the day nurse, ever did was accompany her on long drives in the country. She really needed a companion, but many wealthy old women who live alone prefer to hire a trained nurse to serve in that capacity. They seem to think it adds class to their establishments; and, of course, it's convenient when they complain of usually imaginary ailments.

In this household the night nurse and I were fired at the same time for a very curious reason. The family thought our patient might die and put us in her will; so, though they could not prevent her from hiring two nurses, they managed to see that she changed frequently.

The Kindness of the Poor

Since nothing seemed to be further from our patient's mind than gratitude, we couldn't imagine why the family should object to us. But I found out later that another member, a very old man, had married his nurse, and, of course, left her all his money. I happened to meet her at a nurses' tea once—a hearty, elderly woman who told me that she had really got so attached to her former husband, and so used to taking care of him, that she would have married him even if he had been poor.

I believe her, because I have known it to happen. The well-known mother instinct, I suppose. There is the case of May, a girl who went to training school with me, and who worked in a sanitarium in the Adirondacks when an aunt died and left her well off. She immediately married a tubercular patient, built a cottage in the mountains and devoted herself to curing him.

No doubt nurses have married patients for selfish motives, but I wish I knew how many patients had married nurses with the subconscious idea that it would be so convenient in case they fell sick again!

I've gone far afield from the reasons for preferring to nurse the poor. I suppose the best reason of all is that among the rich the nurse is a sort of upper servant, spoken to in a special voice, and all that. There are exceptions, but few enough.

But, ah, the poor! Here the nurse is really an angel, second only in importance to the doctor. She can do no wrong. The family will take all kinds of trouble for her, often out of proportion to their means.

Once I nursed a child in the dirtiest kind of hovel in New York. It is not necessary usually to sleep on the premises except for night duty, and most nurses gladly seize occasions when they can go back to their own little rooms. But in this case I had no choice. I lived at the other end of the city; and though I wasn't supposed to work more than twelve hours, people don't keep union hours in sickness. Often it was too late for me to go home.

The child's mother came to me and begged, "Nurse, please, you no be afraid to sleep here? See, I buy you a new bed and new bedding, all clean, and I know I give poor things to eat; but if you not like, tell me and I will make special for you."

Somewhat different from the well-to-do family on Park Avenue where I worked immediately afterward. There I was offered a cot with the servant, and the food consisted of lettuce leaves under spoonfuls of fancy salad.

It is in the public and private wards of a big hospital, though, that the contrast between the personalities of the rich and the poor, men and women, in sickness is most striking.

I'm afraid, in sheer self-defense, we did our best to remember only the comedies—like that of Peter, who was Polish and suffered from sinus trouble and had been brought in for an operation.

Exacting Women Students

There was always someone in the wards who knew all languages, and every linguist had worked on Peter in vain. He couldn't be made to understand that nothing dire would happen to him. I carried in the dinner tray one evening, to find Peter in his nightshirt stealthily opening a window. Before I could say Jack Robinson, he was out on the window sill, had slid down a pipe and fallen into a pile of snow below. He picked himself up, cast a wild backward glance at the hospital, and sped down Main Street with his shirt tail flying in the wind.

It was a clinic day, too, and dozens of small boys and girls tore themselves out of their mothers' hands and ran after Peter, followed by the doctors, the police, the fire patrol and such nurses as weren't helpless with laughter. We captured him at last and sent him home.

In the wards I had a good opportunity to answer the question often put to nurses: Do they prefer to take care of men or women? Women, to be sure, bear pain better. On the other hand, women like and manage to be waited upon more than the men.

I didn't really make up my mind about this until I left the hospital to work for a university which had put in a special dormitory for women post-graduate students and wanted a resident nurse.

The attitude of these women students toward nurses was the severest shock to me; and it must be typical, because they came from all over the country and from many classes.

They had scrimped and saved for this course at the university, and they lived on next to nothing and all suffered from undernourishment. Also they were determined to use everything that the city and the college had to offer, and since it offered a nurse free of charge, they used me with a will.

They would wake me up in the middle of the night just to ask for a hot-water bag, and act as if it were a matter of course for me to be on duty at all hours. I shall never forget one girl's astounded face when I told her that I liked a few hours of sleep too.

"But do you sleep?" she stammered. "I thought you were a trained nurse."

It's the truth! The climax came when a student woke me at two in the morning to tell me that she couldn't sleep. I questioned her and found that there was nothing the matter but the fact that she had scrimped on supper, as they all did. I told her to drink a glass of hot milk and eat some biscuits. An hour later I awoke to hear again this rapping at the chamber door. It was my student friend.

"Should I put some butter on the biscuits?" she queried serenely.

After that I left, having decided once for all that I would rather be a nurse to the sick than to the well, and preferably a nurse to sick men.

Florence Nightingale said that every woman was a nurse, inasmuch as she had or would have charge of the health of her husband and children. But some women are more nurses than others, and I suppose I am one of the former. I had rather nurse than eat—and I often have!

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THE BUCCANEERS OF THE BAHAMAS

(Continued from Page 44)

Mrs. Vallander and Roderica swept past Hank and were halfway down before Duane realized that they had gone. His teeth snapped hard as he glinted after them.

"Jimmie!" he roared. "Hank's here."

Jimmie, within, preparing coffee, came with both hands extended. His jaw dropped as he missed mother and daughter and saw the tops of two swirling brilliant parasols in the road.

"Miss Fair, meet Mr. Parkinson," Duane cried. "You can tie up to him, Rosie. He's a man."

"You're just from the Miami boat, Mr. Parkinson?" asked practical Rosamond. "Then you haven't had lunch."

He shook his sandy head. The girl flew inside.

He shook the hands of Lord Uther and Sutherland in silence. Then he turned and said forlornly, "They've took my gun away."

"There's some law," Sutherland explained. "They often do it."

Hank put a hand to his empty hip pocket. "I ain't drawed it in ten years," he muttered in his loneliness, "but I always knowed it was there."

"Come to lunch, Mr. Parkinson," said Rosamond.

Jimmie left with Lord Uther. "Miss Fair told me you were one of the bidders for the Rosamond," he said. "Why didn't you tell me you wanted her? You can have her."

"Haven't you heard? I'm in the trade, look."

"Oh; oh, that explains lots of things. No, I didn't know."

Lord Uther nodded. "Nobody minds breakin' the customs laws of another country," he said. "And especially when that country ain't serious about 'em."

"That's so," Jimmie agreed with a grin. "Why didn't you say you wanted the Rosamond?"

"I heard you were prohibitionist."

"Who told you that?" Jimmie repudiated hotly. "Why, you've seen me drinking."

"I didn't say teetotaler, look," was the hasty denial. "Oh, no, you're too good a chap for that. But I've heard you talkin' a lot about bootleggin'."

"About the men in it, about how and what they do. It's rotten; the men are too; except a few good sports I hear of."

"Includin' me, I hope."

"Of course. I don't mind your having the Rosamond for what the company had to pay. I believe she was stolen, but the title is perfect."

Lord Uther nodded. "Delighted to have her. I've looked her over. She'll take twenty-five hundred cases easily; toppin' for the business, look."

"All right. If the owner is found I shall give him part of the price."

"I'll take your lead; anything you say."

Delighted with a sale that made money for Rosamond and himself, Jimmie hunted offices and after much trouble found a sign painter.

Roserod, Limited, was ready for business the next morning, but nothing could make the secretary look as official as a director-secretary ought to look. He told her the jolly news that he had sold one of their boats; their morning was joyous

He went to Roderica after lunch, elated, eager. Poor old Hank! That might have been worse. They might have stayed and snubbed this wild Alaskan. How could they know his solid goodness, his faithful affection for his—Jimmie's father? He saw Roderica on the deck, waiting—for him. How wonderful—for him. He saw her rise. He knew. She would be in the little cabin and there would be nobody to witness the meeting. How wonderful of her that she should fly to him like that.

Half lying on the deck later in the warm glow of the December sun, tempered by soft breaths of joyous air from the east, he lazily answered Roderica's amused questions about Roserod, Limited, about its secretary, about Hank. He had piled cushions by the side of her long deck chair and when her hand stroked his hair he was sure he heard a crackle. He felt the shock, anyhow, he told her.

"What a wonderful place, what a climate!" he murmured dreamily.

Roderica bent over until the scarlet hibiscus at her breast caressed his neck. "You said it was heaven," she whispered softly. "So nice of your Rosamond," she said, "to think of naming the yacht after me."

Jimmie chuckled lazily. "Evens things up," he answered, "though she doesn't know that. Roddy, you're a darling. Some girls might kick at finding a girl, and a boat named after the girl—but you, you understand everything without being told."

"Ah! Her conscience," she laughed. "Now I see. She thinks she can soften my wrath by a compliment. Jimmie, I want more. I want the yacht."

"Take her—take anything—so long as you take me too."

"But I am not joking. This little thing is too small."

Surprised, he asked her if she knew that it would cost at least forty thousand dollars to commission a yacht of that size for three months. She knew, she told him, and it must be absolutely a business matter. He should sell to her at the price he would ask a stranger. She reminded him that he had a partner who would expect her share.

"Yachting is the most costly sport in the world," he protested.

"But, Jimmie, I can afford it."

He was delighted, he told her, to know that she was so well off, but a yacht was a dozen white elephants, a whole herd of them, especially to one who did not know the game.

"I have you to teach me," she murmured. He promptly presented her with the Roderica.

"She doesn't have to be docked, and her engines turned over this morning all right," he said. "I have a big force at work on her and she'll be ready in ten days." He got annoyed when she insisted on a price, and downright angry when she vowed she would pay him forty thousand dollars.

She would not let him go. "The cook is ashore drunk," she said, "and we're having a cold supper. You shall not even go home to dress."

When her mother came she ran away and dashed off a line. "I have the Roderica," was all she wrote. She sent the message to Lord Uther eight miles away in the Guinevere.

The deck was dark that night and Mrs. Vallander was kind. Jimmie was in a trance.

The next morning, no secretary, but a written resignation instead.

It read:

"*Dear Mr. Duane:* I do not care for the work and I do not like my name on a sign. So, I am not coming back. You would have to get somebody else soon anyhow, for auntie has made up her mind to go to Florida after Christmas. Hoping I have not made too much trouble for you and thanking you very, very much for all your kindness, I am,

"Very truly yours,
"ROSAMOND FAIR."

"What!" the astounded Jimmie ejaculated. "Yesterday she looked up at her name on the sign and laughed. Yesterday she said she loved the work, that she was staying all winter. Now what is it?"

He rushed to her house—barred, bolted, no answer to the bell. He ran round and saw her paddling her canoe across to Hog Island. He caught her an hour later at North Beach as she came dripping from the ocean. Unhappy people, coming from such a dip, feel too well to be unhappy. She inhaled great lungfuls of air as she greeted him.

"Much nicer, isn't it?" she demanded, smiling. "Four walls in this place, in this climate; oh, no, not for me."

"Don't pretend!" His manner was sharp. "I followed you. What does it mean? Why this rotten turndown?"

She plumped down in the shade of a seagrape tree and he flung himself beside her. She hated being paid for what she had done, loathed business, had only come into it because his father had insisted, and she had found it too much. She was appealing; she wanted to be left out, not to be always interfering with his plans. He opposed her words of yesterday against those of today; he was very anxious, very determined. He only wanted to understand, he said; he was entitled to that much at least. She conceded that plea.

"What business have I," she cried, "to tell you what you should do or shouldn't do? So you must just let me go. I—I—cannot sell my share in the Rosamond to Lord Uther."

"Because he'll use her for whisky?" he asked, greatly surprised at convictions carried to this length.

She nodded gravely. "I've resigned everything," she said, "and I will not have anything to do with either vessel. So you do as you like with your own, Jimmie—please."

"I had no idea," he said. "You never told me you had such prejudices."

"They are not the less strong," she answered, "that I do not air them—these prejudices, as you call them."

"Pardon the word," he said. "But you drank wine the other night."

She shook her head. "I pretended to; I am sorry. I couldn't be a wet blanket on your night."

"Mine? Ours, you mean." He looked down her delicately rounded legs. "No plaster saint," he said, smiling. "Too brown for plaster. What is it, Rosamond? Auntie—or who—made a fanatic of you?"

She mechanically poured sand through opened fingers as she stared frowning out at the sea. After a long silence she came to some decision; her face told him that.

"Family reasons," she said in a voice hardly audible. "Close, personal."

That is the one answer of the hater of alcohol to which is no retort. That closes the argument. The most heedless or indifferent of moderate drinkers must be silent when he hears that intimate confession. He dares not condole, he cannot belittle. His belief that if one exceeds, the rest should not be penalized, may remain unchanged. He may advance that view as an abstract opinion; he may say it, contemptuously perhaps, to a drunkard; but the most callous could not utter it to an innocent indirect victim.

"The boat shall not be sold," Jimmie said quietly.

She jumped to her feet. "It shall!" she cried as they walked along. She turned her face to him. "You see—just what I wanted to prevent. I was afraid you'd say that."

He argued vehemently that the sale did not matter; that sooner or later they would get as good a price from some legitimate trader. He knew this was not true, but she did not. He reminded her that she was half owner and had as good a right as he to say what they should do. He convinced her. Her spirits jumped; she was suddenly overflowing with fun. She did not try to hide her intense pleasure in this unexpected turn, nor her appreciation of his quick kind yielding to her prejudices.

"My secretary," Jimmie said, "did not turn up this morning, so I'm too busy to wait while you dress." He heard her whistling a merry tune from The Beggar's Opera as he hurried round the bathhouse. "She loves it," he murmured, "and she would have thrown it up for a principle." He was astonished at the force of character so suddenly displayed by this apparently irresponsible kid.

Coming out, rosy, exhilarated physically by her swim and mentally by happiness, Rosamond greeted Mr. John Sutherland with pleasure as he addressed her with a laugh as "My esteemed co-director."

"There have to be five, you know," he said as he walked by her side. "So it was all decided yesterday—the two Duanes, Penterry, you and I. But I'm a rubber stamp; your rubber stamp, Miss Fair. I shall always vote as you order me to." His soft Washington accent pleased her and was more attractive for the contrast to his restless energy and eager manner. "But I shan't be here a lot. I'm off this day to keep an appointment six miles off Sabine Bank Lighthouse, near Port Arthur, Texas. I'm taking the admiral's motorboat What, haven't you heard? Sladen—you've seen that beautiful bronze statue they call the commodore? -he's a small piker now. Penterry is admiral. He's grabbing vessels as the Shipping Board grabbed them in wartime. He's invented supercargoes. I'm one."

His lips smiled, but his eyes had a hard appraising look as they swept from time to time over the exquisite little figure by his side. He was speaking to a confederate, he thought, and he had the right to think so. What was Roserod, Limited, with Lord Penterry on the board, but a holding company for bootlegging vessels? He had

(Continued on Page 69)

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P-6

Continued from Page 66

secretly stalked this girl all the morning on the beach, had been about to approach her when Jimmie Duane had appeared, had watched with interest what he had no doubt was a prearranged meeting, had waited patiently with the resolve to cut Jimmie Duane out, and now was exerting every energy to interest and attract her.

"Over there at Six Mile Rock," he said laughing, "I shall stand at the railing with a gun in each hand and a bowie knife in my teeth. I shall check out the stuff and check in the money. After that, in the Maude R, off New Orleans."

"Miss Vallander's yacht?"

"Yes. A duck on the water, ain't she? Penterry bought her yesterday, to be delivered when the hotel opens and the Vallanders can go there. After that—well, I hope New York with a load that will stagger that little town; but the Roderica will carry ten thousand cases easily." He was bending to unfasten her canoe, but he straightened at her little cry of surprise. "I'm giving you news," he said; "I was with Penterry last night over at Salt Cay when the message came. Here, you'll get wet. Let me."

But Rosamond at the expense of wet feet and ruined shoes was ten feet away, paddling hard.

"Too rapid for her," he said to himself. "She's a scared rabbit." But his frown changed into an expression of admiration as he watched her. Her back and shoulders and neck were highly approved by this observer. "I must follow up this pretty typist," he resolved. "She shall be my rubber stamp."

Rosamond went straight to the office of Roserod, Limited, to the surprise of its managing director.

"I didn't expect you till after lunch," Jimmie said. "It's lunch time now. But I'm so glad you came. I wanted you to know that last night I made just the kind of sale you would like of the Roderica. Miss Vallander has bought her for forty thousand dollars. Hoopla!"

"Miss Vallander?"

"Yes. Fine, isn't it? The yacht will be treated like a lady."

Jimmie's intention was, of course, to present the yacht to Roderica and pay forty thousand dollars into the company; but he would have to borrow of his father for this, for his expenditures had exhausted his bank account.

"She's fooling you!" Rosamond cried indignantly. "She bought it for Lord Uther."

Jimmie laughed at an idea so absurd.

"Yes, but she has. Oh, this horrible thing comes up everywhere!" she cried, distressed. "Let her have it. You gave in this morning. I give in now. She deceived you. It's not your fault nor mine. She has the right to sell it if she likes, to anybody, hasn't she? And she's sold him the Maude R too."

Jimmie, white through his tan, was staring at her, with his mouth ludicrously open. She stepped to his side and put a hand on his arm; she was puzzled by his profound feeling. "Let her trick you," she said. She straightened, smiling. "She doesn't understand business as you and I do."

"It's not true!" he burst out. "It can't be!"

He grabbed his hat and hastened to the Vallander yacht, where he was expected at lunch. He saw the Englishman on the deck; he pulled himself in hard as he mounted the companionway, to be met by an exclamatory greeting from Roderica.

She stood over a plain pine bucket which rested on the skylight. Her bare arms were deep into the bucket, thrusting about as though vigorously mixing batter.

"Seaweed," she cried. "Come and look."

She was in a mood of mad gayety, Jimmie saw, and the welcome from her eyes was indiscreet when there were secrets to hide. He jumped to her side and found himself looking into a bucket full of bank notes. Her arm touched his in a caress which brought blood to a pale face.

"Yachts, motorboats!" Roderica cried. "I've made a deal, all by myself." She lifted laughing eyes to his. "He brought it from the bank in this. It just suits. Seaweed! They pick it off the rocks here. I've picked too. The first time in my short and uneventful life. By the bucketful—five-hundred-dollar bills by the bucketful!"

Lord Uther took the pipe from his mouth. "I bought the glass-bottomed bucket on the way to the bank and had nothin' else to stow the stuff in," he explained phlegmatically. "Yours is there, too, Duane—for the Rosamond, look."

Jimmie's grave face could not sober the elated Roderica. She proceeded to remove what she thought was the cause of his unresponsive manner.

"Lord Uther," she said laughing, "had the absurd idea that you wouldn't sell boats to poor struggling bootleggers like himself. He saw a way out. He said to buy the Roderica and sell her to him. He said you couldn't object to my selling my own boat to whomever I pleased. So I did. And now he tells me it was all a mistake, that you don't mind in the least and I should be very surprised if you did, and you sold him the Rosamond right off when he asked. I told you I must pay for her, for of course——"

She stopped short, wondering at herself. She had so nearly forgotten herself; so nearly admitted that Jimmie had the right to present her with a yacht. This climate, this wild business, these lawless things she was always hearing of, this reckless disregard of values or of money—these must have gone to her head. She held herself now with a strong hand.

"Lord Uther," she said, "sent his English captain over the Roderica. He says she's worth forty thousand dollars. That's the price he insists on paying."

"Any profit's fairly yours, look."

"Rubbish! I am not a yacht broker. Jimmie gets the lot. But of course my four thousand dollars profit on the Maude R goes right into my pocketbook."

"Flutter with it," Lord Uther said, smiling. "Buy spirits and I'll carry 'em. That's my business, look."

She counted the money from the bucket and handed it over with a smile so dazzling that even the cool and experienced Lord Uther glowed moderately.

Why couldn't Jimmie think of delicious gambles like that, she asked herself. Why should he stand there glum and silent when she was in such tearing spirits? She had never known him before to miss a chance. She eyed the two men; Jimmie was certainly driven back to second place.

"Say," he broke out, almost timidly, "I'm in an awful fix."

They looked at him in silence, sympathetically. Something serious had happened.

"I sold you the Rosamond, Lord Uther."

His lordship nodded.

"I gave—I sold you the Roderica, Roddy."

"You certainly did."

"Well, I can't make good. I can't deliver."

An instant of incredulous silence, then Lord Uther spoke. "Call it off, old chap," he said. "It's not your fault, I know." He slowly filled his pipe. He watched the two as they faced each other. "Somethin' between 'em," he thought.

"Why?" Roderica demanded, her whole dark face a beautiful crimson glow such as brunettes don when waving the flag of defiance.

"I can't deliver," Jimmie repeated, sure that he was losing Roderica.

Roderica broke into a sudden smile. "There's a good reason," she said. "Forget it."

Jimmie looked as one reprieved on the scaffold.

"Brava!" his lordship commented under his breath, but he would not now stay to lunch. He must get that bucket of stuff back to the bank, he said. He left the money for the Maude R and went off with the rest. His farewell to Jimmie was markedly cordial. He always backed his judgment of men and was sure Jimmie was straight.

Roderica unnecessarily went to the rail and waved him farewell. Then she wheeled on Jimmie.

"You've a partner," she said.

"Don't press it, Roddy."

"Will you say it wasn't her doing?"

"This is mighty serious, Roddy. You've the right to it all if you insist, but I'd rather you didn't."

"I do insist, Jimmie; I must."

"In confidence, then."

"Oh, of course."

"Personal reasons, she says; family reasons. She won't sell to carry whisky."

Roderica straightened to her full height. "Her or me," she demanded—"choose."

"She's half owner. I spoke too quick, that's all."

"You pledged yourself."

"I know. My position is hopeless."

"You told her?"

"Yes. She would yield, but wouldn't take any of the money."

"Little fool!"

"Fanatic perhaps, but with reason—a drunken father perhaps."

A loud hail. Sutherland was passing in Lord Uther's deep-laden motorboat. "Wish me luck!" he called.

The girl waved, then kissed her hand. Her liquor on board; the first shipment of it. Duane—oh, what folly to break with the son of the man who was pouring gold into her lap! She wheeled and touched the electric bell.

"Two dry Martinis," she ordered. "Sorry, Jimmie. I had some reason, hadn't I?"

"Every reason," he agreed, adoring her with his eyes.

The cocktails came. "To her, Jimmie." She raised her glass. "After all, she saved your life."

Jimmie was happy.

XIV

EVERYBODY was feverishly busy in this alleged holiday retreat. The bottling plant had arrived and been set up. Empty bottles, grasped by steel hands, received from a never exhausted fountain their reputed quart of 100-proof rye, guaranteed at least six years old, richly oily when rubbed between the palms of the hand and exhaling an aroma that made the nostrils of Duane twitch like those of a pointer that stands stiff when he scents game. Steel arms embraced the bottles and with gentle firmness thrust corks into their gaping necks. A traveling belt carried them past long files of colored women. They began their journey, plain undistinguished containers of what might have been any common liquid; but at its end they emerged, waxed, capsuled, brilliantly labeled with the magic word Paducah.

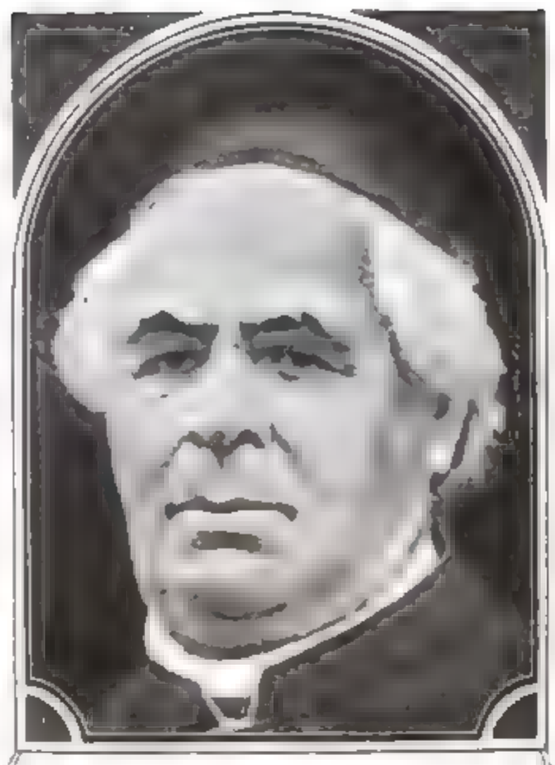
The women sang at their work—hymns, always hymns; their ancestors had never had plantation melodies. Sometimes with melancholy sweetness and racial fervor they sang impious parodies slyly introduced by a yellow overseer; words meant nothing to them so long as the tune was right. They were satisfied to work ten hours a day for forty-eight cents. Hank Parkinson, tireless boss, unlearned the lesson of a lifetime in twenty-four hours. On the first day every loud imperious order, every fierce glance, ended in a crash of glass. He scared the women so badly that the bottles fell from their shaking hands. He learned to coo, to smile, to soften piercing eyes. Sometimes, watching the door lest any white man enter and witness his degeneracy, he started a hymn.

"You can't drive 'em," he told Duane; "you gotta edge 'em along."

A group of women stitched, stitched, all the day, sewing each lot of six bottles into burlap wedges. These were grabbed as soon as ready and carried to a light-draft schooner which was later towed to the Guinevere. This stately yacht of a proud English peer had been hacked into a freight carrier and her fore hatch was ready. She was down by the head two feet before they began to load her aft, so much did they cram into her. The smart captain and pampered crew had all been sent back to England, and they had all kinds on board now, all sharing proportionately in a bonus on each dozen successfully delivered over the rail off New York harbor. Trustworthy men were impossible to find, so Lord Uther checked the stuff in and superintended the stowing. He had retained his cook and his personal steward, so he lived luxuriously as always, kept a small launch in commission all day and had company at dinner when work and weather permitted. His guests were necessarily limited, for he did not care that everybody should see what he was loading. He made no secret of his occupation, but to see with one's own eyes is one thing: to hear vague rumors is another.

The Vallanders were frequent guests. The mother would settle herself on the deck, ignore the business end of the ship, and keep up the fiction at dinner that she was a guest on a pleasure yacht. Not so Roderica; with pencil and notebook she would sit by the forward gangway and tally in the cargo, while her host was busy in the hold or perhaps in the staterooms. These decorated cabins, in which had slept the flower of British aristocracy, were now crammed to the ceiling with the aged and beaded product of the Paducah distillery.

Mother and daughter had exchanged no confidence in word, but they understood



Mon. Sebastian Kneipp on the health in

Sauerkraut

MON. Sebastian Kneipp, the famous German prelate, startled the whole world twenty years ago with his barefoot cure and water cure. Pilgrims from every country on the globe filled his sanitarium. He was the author, too, of a number of books on health and diet. Thousands of people are still following his teachings and advice. In his last work, "The Great Kneipp Book," he pays the following tributes to Sauerkraut:

"That sauerkraut is a very valuable and delicious dish is generally known—but comparatively few are aware that it possesses great curative and therapeutic properties as well. In an old book, I remember reading:

'If there were no sauerkraut, there would be many more ill people in this world.'" * * *

"Unfortunately, too few people know sauerkraut, and yet it is really a pity if one lets a day go by without eating it. It is an extraordinary cleanser or detergent. It cools the blood and rids the intestines of everything that should not be there. Sauerkraut, in fact, does exactly opposite from what most people think it does." * * *

"But it is not only a detergent or cleansing agent; it is also a nourishing food, a wonderful food which agrees with us in an extraordinary way and is not hard to digest."

Father Kneipp is but one of the many famous men who not only endorse but who highly recommend sauerkraut as a health food. Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, first attracted the attention of the scientific world to the lactic ferments in sauerkraut and their beneficial effect on the intestinal tract.

Dr. Arnold Lorand, of Carlsbad, author of "Prolongation of Life," Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, well known food authority, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, former Commissioner of Health, New York, Herman N. Bundesen, Commissioner of Health, Chicago, and scores of other health authorities join in their praise of this appetizing dish.

Many of these scientific facts have been set forth in our booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," which also contains many new recipes. Everyone interested in better health through right eating should have a copy of this book. It is FREE. Send for it today. Use the coupon.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at grocery stores, meat markets, delicatessen stores)

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Removing starter screws with a "Yankee" Quick Return Spiral Ratchet Screw-driver No. 130-A

One-handed you can quickly drive (or draw) screws in tight places

You know where starter screws are located—way back where it's awkward to work with screw-drivers.

That's the kind of a job for which the "Yankee" Quick-Return Spiral Ratchet Screw-driver No. 130-A was intended.

You put the blade in the screw slot, and the tension of the spring in the handle holds it there. You can work one-handed.

You set the Ratchet Shifter, push on handle, and the "Yankee" Ratchet does the work for you.

The live spring in handle brings handle back for the next push.

The long reach prevents barked knuckles.

"YANKEE" Quick-Return Spiral Ratchet Screw-driver No. 130-A

Three Ratchet adjustments. Right-hand Ratchet, Left-hand Ratchet and Rigid. Three sizes of bits come with each tool.

No. 130-A. Standard size
No. 131-A. Heavy pattern
No. 135. Light pattern

"Yankee" Spiral Ratchet Screw-drivers, without the Quick-Return feature, No. 30 A, No. 31 A, No. 35.

"A" indicates improved model with longer driving nut.

Some other "Yankee" Tools:

Ratchet Breast Drills
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"Yankee" on the tool you buy means the utmost in quality, durability and efficiency

Dealers everywhere sell "Yankee" Tools.

Write for copy of "Yankee" Tool Book, of interest to those who love good tools.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U.S.A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

each other as they never had before. Mrs. Vallander was more than content to let Lord Uther and her daughter be together as much as they liked. They were the more free as Jimmie was now the busiest man in Nassau. Two white elephants had to be fed; two vessels which could not be sold to bootleggers in defiance of the prejudices of a girl and which nobody but bootleggers wanted. Roserod, Limited, had chartered out the Rosamond to bring lumber from Jacksonville. This barely paid expenses and would knock the mahogany all to pieces, but there was nothing else to be done. But for the Roderica, that lovely vessel, now all but repaired, no work could be found; Jimmie was forced to run her himself between Miami and Nassau carrying freight and passengers. It is no light task to organize even so simple a transportation system, and he was busy night and day; so was Rosamond, with three clerks under her and the provisions of an intricate American immigration law to master, lest a ticket be sold to an ineligible passenger and the vessel incur a fine.

She took her troubles to the older Duane that Duane who had secretly tried to buy the Rosamond through Lord Uther and was greatly hampered for lack of vessels. He was staunchly loyal. He would have given much to own these two boats, but he told Rosamond not to worry about the appalling results—so he put it—of her mix-up in Jimmie's business. It wouldn't hurt Jimmie to work, he said; and he added—and meant it too—that he was glad to find somebody in this rough world who made sacrifices for a principle. He watched his son with an intense secret admiration and applied confused memories of some old patriarch who had in youth labored fourteen years for two women; but in these days Jimmie could not have the two. Which did the boy want? When he was all dolled-up he was all for Leah; in his working clothes it was Rachel. There was no doubt about the women; they both wanted Jimmie. He had seen Rosamond's eyes follow the boy—well, it was hard luck. The old man would light his big cigar at this point and wonder whether there was a doubt about Roderica; Jimmie certainly had none.

Christmas approached.

"Rosie," he said, "how about it? Jimmie says, as we're the only ones who live on shore, we must give the Christmas dinner for our friends. But Hank—where does he come in? No gun, no friends but me, foreign shores, lonely. It's just a chance he might come lit-up, take off his coat and eat with his knife. I can't turn him down, and I can't ask him with the Vallanders."

"Must they come, daddy?"

"Well, they're Jimmie's friends, you know." Her question proved that she had not been told to whom Jimmie was engaged to be married. Roderica had not kept her promise.

"Why don't you like 'em?" he asked.

"Dislike them? Oh, no. I hardly ever see them. I am so busy, you know."

"Have they been putting on airs with you?"

She laughed and shook her head.

"You liked 'em a lot at first."

"I am so busy," she repeated.

She had never told anybody that she had had a visit from Roderica on the day after the sale of the yacht had been canceled. Miss Vallander had sailed into the office of Roserod, Limited, charged to her supercilious lips with smiles and condescension. Could Miss Fair do some typing for her; it was urgent, and no other typists could be had in the place and the cost did not matter, and Mr. Duane the younger had said that Miss Fair was such a neat and accurate clerk.

To which sudden assault on her dignity Rosamond had made the worst possible answer in the interests of peace. She had been absolutely frank.

"I'm very sorry, Miss Vallander," she had said, "that I stopped the sale of the boat to you."

"You stopped—you? But I understood that Mr. Duane was the managing director and you were the clerk and secretary. Am I wrong, then?"

"You know that I am half owner. I've never felt that I've earned that or ought to be. I begged to be let off, to hand over everything to Mr. Jimmie—I should still be glad to, Miss Vallander. If you can persuade Mr. Duane to that, you can still have your boat."

On that Rosamond had gone into the private office and closed the door behind her. Since then, slightest of bows had been exchanged at casual meetings.

Christmas came. Rosamond and her aunt dined with the old man Duane and Hank, who had been pictured to Mrs. Newcombe as a fascinating desperado of a disappearing type, worthy of her carefulest study as a rare and precious survival of piracy on the Pacific. Warned by Rosamond that she expected thrills, reasonably well dressed by Duane, he made a modest social success of his first attempt. Of his one brilliant bull's-eye toward the end of the dinner he never knew. He chanced to say that he had known Commodore Sladen as a faro dealer at Mexicali, just over the border from Southern California, and that Sladen had jumped the gay little burg with a bullet in his leg from a pistol fired by his wife. Hot-tempered, with Spanish blood in her, she was believed to be searching the world for her husband. Mrs. Newcombe had a sudden attack of asthma. Rosamond all but hugged Hank as she followed her aunt into the automobile which Duane had now set up.

"I'll be along in an hour," he said as Rosamond left.

She blew him a kiss.

"Our Chink in the cookhouse," Hank remarked as he removed his coat and vest—"I wisht he could turn out grub like that." He flung himself down in a chair on the porch and cut up black plug tobacco.

"Rosie did it. You paid her, Hank; overpaid her."

"Me? How?"

"By the way you et her grub, of course." The old man laughed and brought his fist down on Hank's angular shoulder. "Read that, you knotty old pine from the side of Mount McKinley."

Hank read the decoded telegram once, twice, and again. He nodded and lighted his pipe. "You'll git it back here," he said after a long silence.

"Yep The Guinevere loaded?"

Hank nodded.

Silence again; the telegram said that the Pacific Ocean had burst into the Modoc Mine—that wonderfully rich little mine of free milling ore which had brought Duane in a million dollars a year these five years. Summoned to the Bahamas, Hank had warned in reply that this might happen if he left, that he could find no competent careful man to fill his place.

"A sheet of paper twixt the ledge and the ocean," Hank said. "It might 'a' happened if I'd 'a' stayed."

"It would not," Duane answered. "Well, the Modoc's salted all right now."

Hank nodded, grinning. "Ain't nothin' to be done," he agreed.

"I know. I could dam the McKenzie maybe, but not the whole ocean. Let her go. The Guinevere off tomorrow?"

"Yep. Sladen the day after."

"What! His wife found him?"

"'Tain't that. He's took a passage in Jimmie's boat for Miami."

Duane scowled. "That ticket'll be cancelled."

"Jimmie allows as the Rosamond's a passenger boat. He ain't kicking."

"The nerve of the man."

"'Tain't that. When you gotta git there, you up and gits how you can. He's gotta beat the Guinevere to it."

A face unruffled by the irrevocable loss of a million dollars a year became suddenly keen. Duane's mouth was pressed to a cruel line. He sat up straight.

"Come through, Hank," he commanded.

"Not doped out. Sumpin' off New York. A sailor all het up with liquor and his knife into Sladen up to the hilt, comes to Jimmie and spits out the tale."

"To Jimmie?"

"Yep. Jimmie's knowed all along, I guess, as you was rum-running, but he don't let on, so don't you let him suspicion as you're hep to it. He comes to me and he says, 'Penterry's all right, but how about a mix-up off New York with pirates? That ain't his lay.' And I says, 'No it ain't, surely'; so I says further, thinking it over, 'I'll go'; and he says, stretching out his hand, 'Put it there, Hank.'"

Duane nodded. "You would do just that," he said absently. Half a million dollars—more—six hundred thousand, at least; and a vindictive blackguard with all the scum of New York to help him, after it; Duane wondered how he had overlooked this possibility. Up to this time, however, no large-scale piracies had occurred, and no one had thought of them.

"I'm feared," said Hank slowly, "there'll be a stowaway on that there Guinevere. I heard the boy was rousting about fur a captain fur the Roderica."

Duane jumped to his feet, forgot his Mount McKinleys and his Fuji-yamas and his Rainiers and Everests, and damned this dirty business in such a string of fierce expletives that Hank settled back in pleasant comfort under the momentary illusion that he was back home in Alaska. The storm cleared Duane's brain. He saw the solution as the final oath came softly as from pleased lips.

"Jimmie's all right, Hank."

"You bet."

"Well, don't you worry. D'ye think I'd risk Jimmie's life or yours in such a game? D'ye think I'd smut a decent gun with the powder that killed one of those New York bums? Hank, listen. You don't go. You stand by down here. Jimmie don't go, neither. I'll go myself if I have to. I gotta go to Jimmie's dance now. There's the demijohn; there's the cigars."

But Hank allowed it was the hotel for him, and went off to join the revels of the bootleggers. Duane coded two telegrams, drove to the wireless station, then kept his appointment with Rosamond. He found her on her front porch, sound asleep. Gay chatter came from the brilliantly lighted house next door, and jazz music cut the air; but the sleeper never moved. Duane lightly brushed her hair back from her forehead, then put her evening cloak over her ankles as a protection, not against cold, but against mosquitoes.

"A kid with a good conscience, sure," he thought as he bent and peered through the darkness into the upturned face. He turned and looked across the garden and over the hedge at Jimmie's party.

Seen thus, it had the effect of a pageant enacted for his benefit. He thrilled with pleasure as brightly dressed women danced past the open French windows and on the wide porch. He forgot his contempt for these high-stepping dames in his pride that Jimmie could round 'em up like this. A dozen couples, not more, but the pick of the bunch; Jimmie understood 'em. The father flung back his head and emitted a little snort of satisfaction as he saw Jimmie twirling past the window with Roderica. Jimmie could sure hop it with the best of 'em, and he had cert'n'y picked a queen. He turned and glanced at the prettily huddled figure. You knew where you were with her, he thought, as he tiptoed to the garden. In the thick scented shrubbery he lighted a match and looked at his watch. It was after twelve. His telegrams had delayed him. He had promised to bring Rosamond on to his son's party in the house which had been hired for the night, but he was glad of fifteen quiet minutes to perfect his plans for the voyage of the Guinevere. He found a seat by the beach close to the hedge and presently he heard Roderica's voice from the adjoining garden. It had the significant repression of a high emotion and rose hardly above a whisper.

"Promise, Uther," she said. "Not a hint, not even to mother."

"What you say, Roddy."

They seated themselves across the hedge from Duane. He could actually hear Lord Uther's arm encircle her, hear her nestle close, hear her sigh of a deep content. "It might upset everything," she said. "Papa Duane and mother have some kind of understanding to deliver me with the whisky." Her soft laugh came floating over.

"They can't, now you're in bond, look. But Jimmie's hard hit, all the same."

"He likes me a lot, of course, Uther, but he's not blind to the social advantages. These self-made people ——"

"A good sort, all the same."

"Oh, of course," she cordially agreed. "I hope I'm no snob, and I think a lot of him when I can forget the father, I'm not denying that. But the blood came out when he broke his promise to you and to me."

"The girl was half owner, remember."

"Yes," Roderica said with rising indignation, "and quite willing for him to have his way; she told me so herself Uther, can't you see? In a spurt of generosity he sold me the yacht cheap. Then the commercial spirit came in; he hesitated. Then you came on the scene. Jealousy!"

"I never thought of that." He chuckled "Women see a lot."

"Jealousy—not of you alone, but of your family, and what you stand for, and of everything that he lacks."

"I was a bit sorry for the boy ten minutes ago."

(Continued on Page 72)

AS pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses. —*Lambert Pharmacal Company.*

The drawing at the left was made from an authentic X-ray photograph supplied by a leading New York X-ray laboratory which serves many dental surgeons in their study and treatment of diseased teeth—WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE YOUR X-RAY WOULD SHOW?

Back of beauty may lurk dread disease

Do you realize this?

The dreadful thing about tooth abscesses is that so often the person afflicted may be utterly unaware of having them. And meanwhile these poison pockets at the base of the teeth may be gradually undermining the health. They seep their deadly bacteria through the entire system and bring on any one of many serious and ofttimes fatal illnesses.

"Suppose, for instance," says one authority, "that every alveolar abscess (tooth abscess) pointed on the face instead of in the mouth, the hideous disfigurement resulting therefrom would long ago have arrested attention; yet probably in this case the harm to health would be infinitely less, because the products of disease would be to a certain extent outside the body, and not, therefore, absorbed into the system."

Troubles that result

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

The right dentifrice and faithful tooth brushing can, of course, do much to keep the teeth clean and the gums exercised and healthy. But when abscesses have developed, only a dentist and the X-ray can cope with the trouble.

Choose carefully

However, it becomes very important to choose the right dentifrice because clean teeth will not decay and cause trouble. For this reason more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing, antiseptic ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis.

WILL YOU *BE ALIVE FIVE YEARS FROM NOW?*

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Stop Wasting Tea

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OLD WAY

It is no longer necessary to make tea wastefully in the old haphazard manner. No more guess work—no messy tea leaves to clean up.

NEW WAY

The Tao Tea Ball way. Handy gauze balls—the modern, safe way of packing and serving. One Tao Tea Ball makes 4 to 5 cups—according to strength desired—of an always uniform and more *delicious* tea. The finest tea you ever tasted.

3 SIZES

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SUPREME QUALITY

Three generations of experts have labored to produce this *supreme* Flowery Orange Pekoe tea. Blended from tiny bud leaves from the tips of tea plants of the finest gardens in Ceylon, India and Java.

Good Hotels everywhere serve Tao Tea

Ask Your Dealer Today For

TAO TEA BALLS

Tao Tea Co., Inc., 103 Park Ave., New York

(Continued from Page 70)

"And now?"

"These commercial chaps are disappointin', ain't they? Always somethin' ——"

"Come, Uther. We shall be missed. Be very careful."

"I ain't kickin' over any basket of eggs."

"These are golden," came trailing back as the couple went away.

Duane slipped round to the porch, saw that Rosamond still slept, then crossed to his son's party, to be prettily welcomed by all. Roderica was more demonstrative than he had ever seen her. She danced up to him with bright wishes for a happy Christmas. Why was he so late? Where was the charming Miss Fair? Jimmie was giving them a wonder night. It had begun with dinner—a turtle baked in its own shell among the items for the greedy men. Then this lovely dance; now it was supper. Breakfast at six at the office of Roserod, Limited, and then the junkanoes. How was that for a crowded night?

Duane felt as he had on the evening in Washington when the mother had with delicate reserve introduced him to thousands of barrels of whisky. He had called her bluff and put up one of his own; child's play to a man who had done big business on the Pacific Coast. So it was now. He laughed and said he had half a mind to dance. He praised Roderica's dress with fervor. He complimented her on her vitality, on her animated manner, on her fresh clear eyes. "Be careful," he warned; "it's only just the shank of the evening."

He took a Mrs. Tallant, of Chicago, in to supper. She had a position there which she considered as much superior to that of this back-number Vallander woman, and she was furious because Lord Uther had Mrs. Vallander. Her rudeness an hour before would have riven the supersensitive Duane; now he only laughed and answered her back.

A beautifully served sit-down supper; it could not have been done a week before, but some of the winter hotel help had arrived. "Some organizer," the father thought, as his eye rested on his son. He looked across at the phlegmatic Englishman. Tempted to alter his plans again, he wondered what this easy-going, usually law-abiding Briton would do if attacked by pirates on the high seas. Would he shoot 'em down or would he hand 'em half a million in whisky with a dignified protest that he acted under superior force?

He looked at Mrs. Vallander—impressive, dignified, sparkling with gems. These women would take any fool risk, he thought, to show the family jewels. They knew they were going into the crowd that mad morning of the year when the colored population was allowed to take possession of the town, and that population was as ten to one of whites, yet the women were all shining and shimmering with precious stones. If the pirates got the cargo of whisky, he reflected, Mrs. Vallander would owe him money. She had overdrawn considerably. Should he punish these lying swells that way? He had never been one to wound an enemy and suffer himself; and besides his reflections were not serious. He had spoken truly to Hank when he had said that death was not in his plans.

"Fine, Jimmie," he said later. "I'm slipping away. Keep it up."

He found Rosamond still asleep. He touched her on the shoulder. She sat up so sharply that she bumped his chin.

"I—I'm so sorry."

"My fault. It's after two. Too late for you to go over. Are you too sleepy to hear a long story? I need you."

She jumped up and walked briskly up and down the porch. Then she came and sat by his side, pleased that he had need of her

"Did you know that Roderica's the girl?" he asked abruptly.

She denied, overwhelmed. Was he sure? If so, she—Rosamond—had behaved like a pig. The boats ——

"She was—but she ain't. Where's your aunt?"

"Asleep, upstairs, on the other side. Nobody can hear."

"These outdoor climates are full of traps," he said dryly. He told her the story of Uncle Jason's will, and how he had been roped in and how he was now hog-tied and how disgusted he was with the whole business; and how Jimmie was to be thrown over when the last barrel of whisky had been turned into gold.

"Oh!"

Yes, he was sure. He had positive proof, but he wasn't going to turn back. He had invested too much. And there was Jimmie. It would hit Jimmie like the kick of a mule if anything sudden was done. He talked at length, trying to put something over, but he only muddled the story and perplexed the listening girl. At last he abandoned subtlety. "The brakes are off," he said.

"There she is," Rosamond whispered.

Roderica had come out into the porch of the adjoining house with Jimmie by her side. His head was now bending over her. They saw her dart a glance up and down the porch; then she held up her lips. The father swore as the long kiss was exchanged. Rosamond put out a hand behind her, feeling for the arm of her chair. She sank back and closed her eyes. There was silence until that porch was again clear; then Duane repeated his words.

"Rosie," he said, "the brakes are off." She raised herself up until her head was close to the old man's face. She peered in the dim light into his eyes. "Just that, Rosie," he whispered.

The corners of her lips were tight downdrawn, and her face was pale and flat. "You are handing me a squeezed lemon," she said with disgust.

"Sure," was his cheerful answer, "and by the look of your mouth you've swallowed it whole."

She started away from him with an angry exclamation, flung herself into her chair, then burst into uncontrollable laughter. "Daddy, I'd do a lot for you; but—but—there are some things ——"

"Oh, yes, you will," he broke in. "You saved his life once; that gives him a claim. You've gotta do it again. It's not got anything to do with it, what you think of Jimmie. So long as you don't hate him. If you say you hate him I'll let you off. Do you say that?"

After a minute's pause came this whisper, "It's pretty near, daddy."

"Well, that's good. It ain't right there. It's only close." He grinned behind his hand as he went solemnly on. "Marriage is founded on respect and good character. I want you as a daughter-in-law. I want you to go gunning right now. I want you to bring Jimmie down before the other woman turns him down. I want you should do this for me, so as I shan't see Jimmie suffer."

"Oh, for you, daddy?"

"Yep. Jimmie don't count. He'll make a kind steady husband, Rosie—what they used to call a good provider."

He heard her suppressed laugh. "Your little noodle is full of nonsense about love and all that," he went on with an apparent profound seriousness, "but it's the solid stuff in a man that counts in the end."

"Of course," she said dryly, "Jimmie thinks that about women."

"Not on your life!" he promptly denied. "That's just why you've gotta peel off your coat and jump right into the ring. You're fighting a crook. You've got honor and clean ideas and brains on your side—and you've got the looks, too, Rosie."

"Daddy! You think that?"

"Sure. I never thought anything else."

"Poor Jimmie!" she sighed with mock sentimentality. "His head will be bruised, and I must be the soft pillow."

"Shut up. Your business is to capture his head before it is bruised. That's your job. No quarter; gloves off. I want you should get Jimmie so's he'll come to me and say, 'Dad, I'm in a fix. I'm in love with Rosie.'"

They listened in silence while a distant church clock struck three. They heard distant horns, too, and the occasional steps of passers-by.

"I'm going home to shave and get out of these clothes," Duane said, rising. "I'll be back in an hour for you. It'll be your show, Rosie. It's in your office. Remember, the brakes are off. They'll all come bleareyed, in their rumpled glad rags, after eating and drinking and dancing all night, rouge running in spraddles, maybe, if they've had enough champagne. You you've had a sleep, and now you're going to have a bath and put on a dress you ain't ashamed to face the sun in. You'll be a peach, Rosie, dewy, hanging on a bough, they'll be canned. They'll hate you. They'll snub you. They'll do it so hard Jimmie will take notice. He won't stand for that."

Rosamond, convulsed with laughter at the feminine maneuvers of this rough old Westerner, flung her arms impulsively about his neck.

"Save him, Rosie." There was a tremble in his voice.

"Oh, daddy, I'm so sorry. You ask too much. I can't, I can't."

"All right," he muttered mournfully. "I understand, Rosie."

She kissed him with warm affection and scampered away. He grinned, looking after her, then frowned as he glanced across through the flaring French window.

He did not go directly home. At the bootleggers' hotel he was the jolly friend of everybody, drunk as most of them were.

"The rest of the night is on me, Bill," he said to the busy bartender. "Wine for all comers. Send me the bill tomorrow." He found Hank in a poker game, silent, absorbed, sober. Satisfied that his old friend was holding his own amid these new surroundings, he rushed home and changed his clothes.

When he pulled up in front of Rosamond's door he found autos gathering for Jimmie's guests; yet the music was playing. Rushing—always rushing; the women were hardly allowing themselves time to powder their faces. Rosie came flying—yes, a peach, sure, with the dew on. But all he said as they drove in the darkness through the gathering crowds was, "Don't you feel troubled, little girl. I asked too much. I ain't holding it against you."

"I wish," came the murmur, "it was something I could do, daddy. But you see ——"

"Of course; a pipe dream. Let it fade." He sighed; Rosamond pressed his arm.

The offices of Roserod, Limited, up one flight, were brilliantly lighted. Duane hurried to the telephone

"If you don't leave in ten minutes, Jimmie," he said, "you'll never get through. Tell 'em to hide every sparkler and keep quiet as they come along."

He went out on the veranda and looked down at the gathering throng from over the hill, permitted in the dawning Christmas to take possession of Bay Street. All were noisy, with voice, horn, clappers, and a few with hollow log drums which boomed in the din like the voice of fate.

He was genuinely concerned. Any crowd, in any town, would resent lordly interlopers in autos, superciliously amused at the people's revels.

He heard Rosamond's voice. "Yes, lights out on the veranda, please, Mr. Coakson, and as many chairs as it will hold. It's been tested and won't break down. And, Mr. Coakson, can you move the tables out two feet? They'll get the breeze then between the north and south windows. The cook better begin to broil the bacon and the kidneys."

A new cool note of authority in that blithe voice; Duane grinned.

At last the autos came and turned in at the side of the building. Duane chuckled as he saw Rosamond standing by the head of the stairs. He took his place by her side; she looked gratitude from the corner of her eye. The women came up, far less bedraggled than Duane had hoped to see, but none the less surprised and annoyed at a welcome from a fresh young hostess in morning dress. One woman whose eyes were glazed, slipped on her skirt. A man took her firmly by the arm.

Roderica apparently could not see Rosemond. "Our hostess, Roddy; she invites us to her office." Duane's voice was none too gentle. Roderica nodded indifferently and burst out with her story. Niggers had jumped on her running board, had blown their filthy horns in her face, had shouted their rotten songs in her ear.

"Why didn't you knock 'em off, Penterry?" Jimmie asked angrily.

"Not one of 'em," the fair-minded Englishman calmly rejoined, "put his hand on any lady. Not one said an indecent word. Not one of 'em drunk. I jollied 'em along and saved a nasty scrap, look."

Rosamond looked from one to the other of these two men, so oddly placed toward each other. Deluded Jimmie flaring up in indignant support of the girl he thought he was going to marry, against the man who had secretly won her from him; Rosamond glanced at Roderica from incredibly hard eyes.

"Such dissipation for an old lady," Mrs. Vallander said, erect, every hair in its right place. "Jimmie, Miss Fair has stolen a march on us. Look at her." She smiled pleasantly. "The result would justify anything, Miss Fair. You look charming."

Tireless hostess, Rosamond led the hungry ones to the breakfast table, the sightseers to the veranda. The street was jammed now and the pandemonium almost

(Continued on Page 74)

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equaled that of New York on New Year's Eve. Many of the men wore weird masks and costumes, faintly reminiscent of African barbarism. These disguises of these junkanoes never achieved art, beauty or humor; nor was anyone terrifying in the obvious effort to achieve a malign grotesqueness. Fierce heavings and struggles here and there cleared a small space for dancing; the steps were crude, simple, clumsily done, monotonous. None pretended to the fierce significant energy of savagery. None had any hint of the grace or charm of civilization. The Bahaman colored man, indolent, good-tempered, holds firmly to mild superstitions. These are all that he has retained of ancestral gifts except the thrilling rhythm of barbarism. Half a dozen booming drums suddenly marked it in unison. Roderica lifted a startled head, listening intently, beating time, breathing quickly; her pulses leaped.

The sound died away, spurting in the distance as little thunderclaps end a storm. Roderica stared about as though she had been dreaming. She felt suddenly tired out. She joined the crowd thronging the breakfast table. Some were drinking black coffee and champagne alternately between mouthfuls. She followed suit. Vivacity reigned; gayety was renewed. Someone started the phonograph. They had a wild last dance.

Duane took Lord Uther to a corner. "I've heard about it," he said. "You and me don't want any murders in ours. Here's sealed orders for your captain. Give him these when you're outside. They tell him where to lay off the Massachusetts coast. I've wired New York to send the tugs up there. Tell the captain to pass Sandy Hook at least forty miles to the east."

"Righto, old man."

"And, Penterry, don't mind me saying it, but you haven't been trained to fight a bunch of crooks and cutthroats. Don't let any man get the drop on you. Don't deliver a case over the rail without you're sure it's my crowd. Don't hand out a dollar to nobody."

"Righto, old son." Penterry had done himself awf'ly well, don't you know, and so was pleasantly dignified and inclined to silence.

"What do you call it when a man takes a fella's girl from him?"

"Cuttin' in, sir."

"Well, cut in and send Jimmie to me."

"Righto, old cock." So Roderica was snatched away and Jimmie came to his father.

"I've heard all about it, Jimmie. The Guinevere's not going to New York. So all's well. You go right ahead and take your freight and passengers to Miami."

Jimmie nodded, grinning

"And I say, Jimmie, cancel Sladen's ticket."

"Darn Hank. He promised me that he ——"

"He couldn't have kep' it, not honorably to me."

"Don't worry, dad. I've got the goods on Sladen."

"Oh, have you? That's O. K. then, but don't stand by the rail when he's near."

"I'll be careful, dad."

"Jimmie, put it there." They shook hands. "You've given them the night of their lives. Top it off with Rosie; it's half her party, you know."

"This won't be the last dance," said Jimmie over his shoulder. "They're set for another hour."

"Guess again," his father bawled, his hand on the electric switch. He watched his son and Rosamond circle the room twice, then he turned off the lights. The dancers stopped and stared at one another in the pale hard light of the dawn.

"The cock crows and the ghosts go back to their tombs," the old man muttered. Then he looked at Rosamond and he chuckled; she was alive. Roderica, near by, heard, and she followed his eyes.

"Turn on the lights," she commanded. "There are some men in this crowd's got business to do, Roddy."

They scurried away; but Rosamond, bland, smiling, was at the head of the stairway. Most of them thanked her for this delightful evening as they rushed by to shelter at home from this horrible revealing sun.

Mrs. Vallander stopped and shook hands. "You have helped Mr. Jimmie's night to a brilliant end, Miss Fair," she said.

"You are a wonderful hostess -in an office," Roderica complimented.

"Thank you so much for coming," was Rosamond's soft answer.

Roderica's voice floated back to them. "Jimmie, you must dismiss that girl. She presumes ——"

"Come, Rosie, you must get to bed."

"But, daddy, I must see the office put in order and closed."

He went on the veranda and waited while the waiters worked. When at last she came out, fearlessly facing the sun, and told him she was ready, he looked at her from beneath his heavy lids. "I asked too much. I'm glad you wouldn't do it," he said.

She flushed a rosy red.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

DELUDING DEMOCRACIES

(Continued from Page 11)

the special or selfish or reform interest of other fews, can be made to equal the will of the many or the welfare of the nation. Instead of representing the welfare of all or expressing the will of all, this type of democracy is government by the few for the few. It is not democracy. The label may be there, but the contents are completely different from the hopes of humanity when it struggled to replace tyrannies with republics, constitutions and representative parliaments.

I find that in Europe the most thoughtful observers of our political development are by no means convinced that our elections of 1924 have removed us from the possibility that our democracy may go into the channels where others have recently come to grief or are going painfully onward toward weakness, lessening their resistance to organized minorities and continually increasing the load of bureaucracy. I find that in Europe there is an ever-growing faith that all movements of peoples, since the war, have come into a new epoch—the Epoch of Similarity. "Witness," says the wife of an ambassador in Paris, "the world-wide changes in the position of women. Look at the universal breaking down of standards of morals and manners and the decay of an old society to make room for a new. Think how spontaneous and simular in every nation is the new attitude of groping youth! The world has become a little suburb. Even the political evils from which we suffer in Europe will come whining around your own American door!" I find everywhere the realization that this epoch has made a god of democracy, of constitutions which exist practically in every civilized country of the world, but that the peoples of the world, almost within a two-year period, recovering from their worship, have begun to tap the god's feet to see if these feet are not made of clay. In some countries the idol has, at least temporarily, been knocked from its pedestal, in others it totters. England, Spain, France, Italy, Germany, the Succession States—go where you will, stand in the public square and announce that democracies have not lived up to their advertisements, that they do not meet the specifications, and you will be greeted by cheers. The idea is in too many hearts—banker, peasant, student of political systems.

These democratic ships, unless they are to be replaced by dictatorships on the one hand or such contraptions as communism on the other, must be taken into dry dock and inspected and remade. It is a plain fact that the peoples of the world distrust lawmaking, debates, logrolling, professional politicians and the press controlled by them. It is a plain fact that there is a hunger for administrators who at least will not rock the boat. From everything I can learn, Europe feels about its parliaments as my friend the New York patrolman who worships Tammany but voted for Coolidge, and when told that the election of Coolidge might mean four years of stalemate in legislation replied, "All right with me! Let 'em go home. It's mostly big talk about little bills to give a hand-out to somebody."

When I arrived in England it was just before election. The Labor Party had been in control of the government. It was a government representing much less than one-third of the people governed. Except for certain benevolent and beneficent liberal effects upon the international situation as it particularly concerned France and Germany, I cannot find that this minority government gave anything to the progress of Great Britain. It was a well-organized minority and, to call a spade a spade, its program was not far removed from a class-war basis. Why did it have power? Under a two-party system, to which Great Britain in substance returned by almost eliminating the Liberal Party in 1924, it would never have had an existence. Departure from a two-party system had put it in the saddle.

I was discussing the character of the Labor Party's political morals with a British ex-premier. I asked about election laws and the corrupt-practices act, which limits expenditure in elections. He told me that he believed the record of the Labor Party was excellent. "However," said he, "minority parties if they have a self interest rather than a national interest as their foundation, have little need of ordinary campaign funds. They promise more doles to the unemployed, they propose a capital levy—in various ways, as on the continent of Europe, minority parties do not draw their campaign battle resources from the pockets of individuals. Why should they? They propose directly or indirectly to pay for votes out of the public treasury!"

Under a two-party system, where responsibility of opening the treasury to the outstretched hands of organized minorities is more or less fixed on the party in power, the taxpayers, who are the ultimate bearers of the burden of payment, are able to understand that governments are not magic fountains of pap for the few. Someone has to provide the pap. It is the patient and unorganized majority which provides it. In every country that majority at last awakens to the situation, which is always obscured by the confusion attending the logrolling, the endless useless debates, accusations and counter accusations of parliaments made up of many groups—groups which combine, coalesce, engage in political marriages of temporary convenience and yet of fundamental incompatibility.

Why do these groups, as I found in France just now, seek out strange bedfellows? Millerand, the former president of France, answered this question by pointing out the Cartel de Gauches. The Cartel de Gauches is the combination of the parties of the Left—Communists, Socialists, Republican Socialists, Radicals. It was formed in part because the voters of France had become so confused by so many unfulfilled ideas and the scramble of personal ambitions of so many leaders of so many groups that it was considered wise to present to the electorate last May something in the way of one pail of paint. Everyone remembers the pots of left-over paint on the shelves of the old woodshed. Not one of them would cover the dog house; it was hard to choose a color anyhow. Someone had put the brush from the vermilion pot into the dark green so that some adulteration had already taken place. Under these circumstances the hired man poured everything into one pail and said, "Anyhow we have now enough to do something." If one can conceive several little pots of paint which will not mix, one can conceive the Cartel de Gauches. In it, says Millerand, who has tried to oppose it with an organization of the Right—a national republican league—are "parties who are for disorder and revolution and also parties whose very foundation is opposition to disorder and revolution."

So in this Cartel de Gauches, which was the basis of support for the Herriot ministry, there is no clear color, no definite principle of coalition. It is like the nondescript various paints which, poured together, would not mix, but served to cover the dog house—served as a convenience. Under a many-party system such imperfect coalitions express no clear policy and certainly not the will of the people. Under a many-party system there are certain definite results. They are more or less universal. I have found them deeply seated in the parliamentary system of France, in those of Spain, Italy, Germany. I even had the privilege of seeing their workings in the Duma before the revolution.

Set down these results in order before looking at them in detail. They are:

First, three parties mean six; six, twelve; twelve mean coalitions. Parties come and go like little schools of mackerel.

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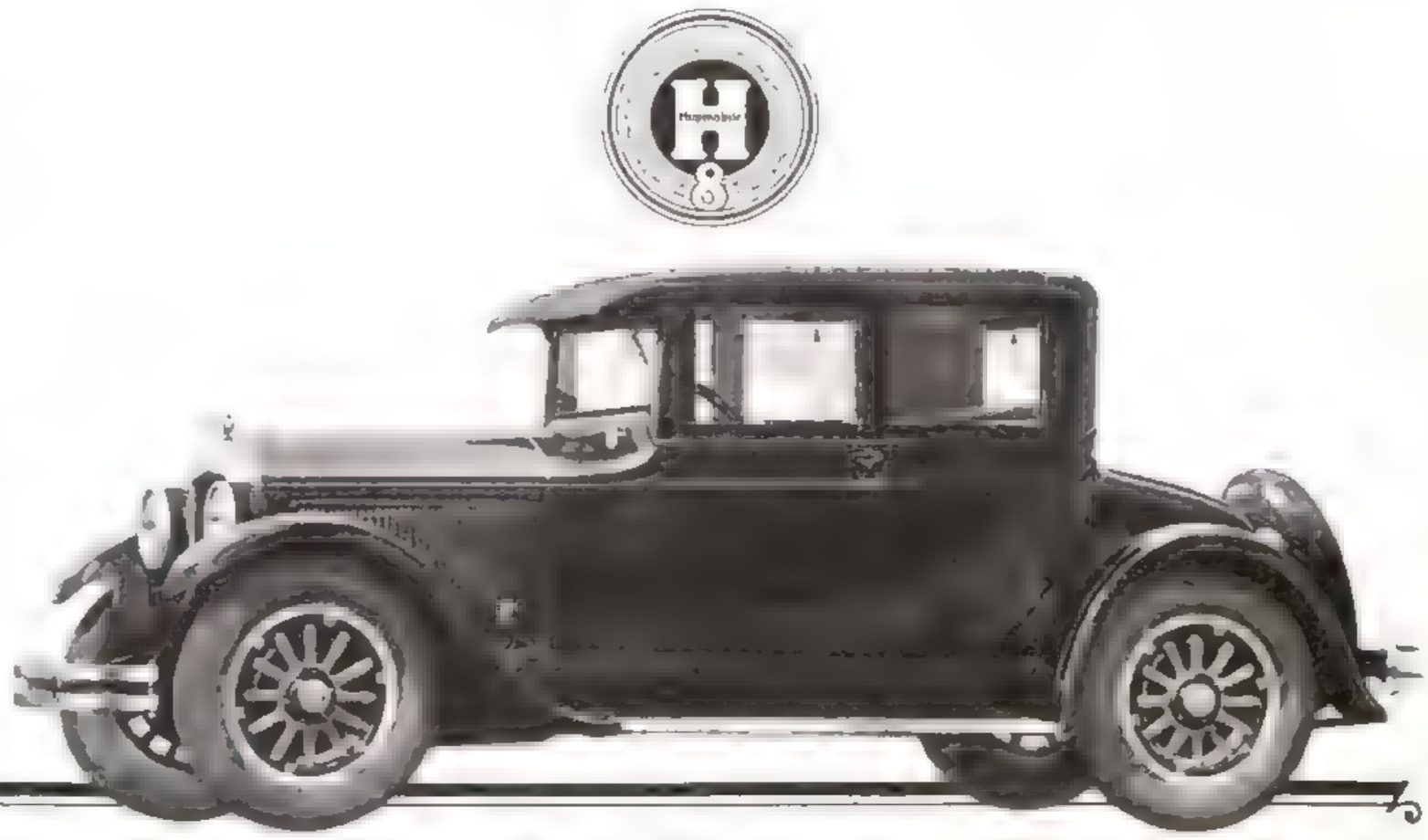

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WHY is it that your dentist always urges you to use dental floss? He knows from wide experience that minute food particles frequently escape the toothbrushes of even the most careful people. These particles hide in the hard-to-reach places. If they are not soon dislodged, they ferment. Fermentation produces acids that attack the teeth, break through the enamel, and cause decay. Unpleasant breath also results. Use dental floss faithfully, but also use Glyco-Thymoline. Nature intended your mouth to be alkaline, and Glyco-Thymoline is an alkaline preparation—the opposite of an acid. It checks fermentation, neutralizes the acids of decay and makes the mouth fresh, pure and wholesome. If you suffer from sore and tender gums, Glyco-Thymoline will stimulate the circulation and thus aid Nature to harden them and make them healthy.

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(Continued from Page 74)

Second, not only voters but even members of the parliaments are unable to say what parties stand for.

Third, sacrificing principles, parties degenerate into personal machines of politicians. These personal machines are used by their leaders to obtain jobs or cabinet portfolios whenever one ministry can be pushed over and a new one is formed by those who can get their noses into the trough.

Fourth, the contests of parliaments are not for principles; they are contests for power. And the weapons in this competition are not excellence of administration, not the completion of great programs. No; one of the weapons is talk, debates, chest-beating, talk, talk, talk—agitation, much ado about nothing. Mussolini has told me that he calls it government by talk. The other weapon is complex logrolling, conspiracy, bargaining, hatching of merely destructive plot to overthrow a government. This is government by intrigue.

The Will of the People

Fifth, the inevitable result is an increasing insecurity of ministries. Today in Europe one cannot pick up the morning paper without finding that this or that government has been pushed over by its parliament. In England, after eleven months, down goes the MacDonald government; in France one finds Herriot, risen in May, tottering in December. There is talk of Briand and Loucheur. The King of Serbia, so one of his old ministers tells me, is having a terrible job to get anyone to form a ministry. The King of Italy and the King of Spain are amused when asked whether they remember all the ministries which have appeared and disappeared during their reigns. The King of Spain is still a young man, but he has seen governments come and go like the winds of Cadiz. Lloyd George once said to me, "One of the pleasures of being a prime minister or a secretary of state for foreign affairs is the vast acquaintance one gathers among ex-prime ministers of foreign countries."

Sixth, ministries grow weaker, attracting less and less able and worthy men. Ministries, instead of doing something for the nation, fall into the ways of parliament. Parliament politicians promise pap to the organized minorities in order to gain power; ministries give pap away in order to keep power. Political criminals are pardoned, law enforcement breaks down, authority is replaced by weakness. The only beneficiaries of this are the organized minorities which can blackmail something out of a government. Finally, when nothing more is left on the government platter, even the avaricious few are dissatisfied.

Seventh, the people turn from this fraud in disgust. The eternal discussions of parliament have wearied them. But now, as in France and England today, the politicians come out of the legislative halls because parliamentary debates are no longer held in respect. They appear on platforms, at ceremonies, even at ceremonies planned as memorials to the heroic dead, and talk and talk and talk.

The fond notion that this process of government represents the will of the people can be bolstered up only by arrant hypocrisy. The idea that this type of government can go on much further under the high-sounding labels of democracy—constitutionalism, republic, liberty, equality—is an idea which may attract sentimental persons, but the people of Europe, in the absence of a reform and a better record of parliamentary government, are certain to revolt against its mummeries and frauds as they did in Italy and Spain—just as certain to discard too feeble democracy and drooling liberalism as they were to discard parasitic or oppressive monarchies. Democracy in the constitutional parliamentary sense has no special priority in representing the will of the people. At times kings have represented the will of the people and some kings have done it much better than some of the machines of democracy existing at this moment in Europe. Dictators may represent the will of the people. Mussolini and Primo de Rivera represent the will of the people much more than the looted, decrepit, feeble, helpless governments which preceded them. the will of the people must, of necessity, require above anything else a government which will govern, a machine which will run. When any vehicle of government stalls on the road the people will always have the sense to leave it.

Not even the high-sounding terms, Equality and Liberty, can keep the people deceived about a stalled machine. The peoples of the world are beginning to realize that inequality is a fact of nature which no constitution can decree away, and that some lack of liberty is a part and parcel of well-ordered and progressive civilizations which no orator can remedy by phrases. The peoples of the world spent some energies in ridding themselves of government too strong; they will be quite ready to rid themselves of governments too weak. The iron hand may conceivably give good government; the hands made of jelly never will.

I have a vivid memory of a little doctor named Shingareff. It was before the Russian revolution, when the Bolshevists entered a hospital where he was ill and killed him in his bed. When I knew him he was a member of the Russian Duma. Coming from humble circumstances in a small town, he had so distinguished himself in the Russian parliament in Petrograd that he was hailed as the financial genius who would steer Russia through the war. It was said that the Czar at public receptions would consult Shingareff and for a reward would have his poor but well-intentioned head ache with the flood of insight and foresight which the short, stocky Russian doctor could pour forth. One night at dusk when Christmas was approaching in Russia's dark days of 1915, Shingareff said to me through the gathering gloom of a sitting room, "We have failed in constitutional government not so much because we are not a free constitutional organization as because we are a nation where every faction which is formed has an impatient minority ready to split one faction into two. When there is an insurgency or a reform in the church it immediately becomes two, then four, insurgencies and reforms. We are unable to stick to our major purposes as you do in the United States. We are unable to wait. Consequently in the Duma there is no sound of the voice of the Russian people. There is only the babel of tongues of tiny minorities lost in their petty quarrels, splitting hairs and then combining to assist the personal ambitions of some leader. Thus the Duma appears like a big fool. It does not say what the people of Russia want. It engages in idle talk. This will wreck democracy in Russia. Democracy is wrecked by a system which only voices one minority and then another. You will see; democracies—first Russia, then others—will fail, and it will not make any difference whether there be war or peace. Indeed the danger will be greater in peace, when the unity for war purposes has gone."

The Bloc System

It is with something of a shudder that I remember the little doctor's words today as I go about Europe trying to see the future of governments.

In France I took a diagram showing the make-up of the Chamber of Deputies. I compared it with the diagram of 1919–24. Each has eight parties, but the alignment under personal leadership is quite different. Today from Left to Right are communists, socialists, republican socialists, radicals and radical socialists, the democratic Left, republicans of the Left, the entente of democrat-republicans, and the extreme Right.

If you should ask the average French voter to describe the principles or even the political strategies of each of these groups, he would laugh.

One of the great journalists of Paris said to me, "How can the voter know? We are naturally an individualistic people. We are a people of ideas. But our parliamentary ideas are so complicated that they are lost in the minds of the people. Therefore we no longer vote for ideas, but rather for personalities. The drama of our parliamentary action has less to do with accomplishment of measures than with the advance or defeat of this man or that. Consequently the South of France, which produces natural politicians, dominates too much the North of France, which has more interest in ideas, commerce and issues of national welfare. It is the fact of personality instead of principle which gives women and their salons so much influence—too much influence. Women can deal better with men than with measures. With you in the United States politics is seldom so vital a matter to those who engage in politics. But in France we put an additional premium on personal ambition, because if a man is defeated or must be retired, then the government forces some company or corporation to accept that man as a president. You see it looks well to the French when the stationery says, 'President, Mr. A., formerly minister of so-and-so and member of such-and-such.' The higher a man goes the better his place when he is retired from political striving. There is every temptation for a personality to form a new group around him and to use it to force his way into a government."

"Are there none who put the interests of France and the French people first?"

A look of weariness came over his face. "Perhaps one or two," he said.

The day before Armistice Day I talked in Paris with French politicians and with a certain former representative to the Vatican who has a natural nose for political situations. It was known to them all that a parade of war veterans and war invalids and of societies which represent their interests was to take place.

Thoughts of Change

So far as this was a patriotic demonstration, Herriot knew very well that it was decidedly nationalistic and might break out into a demonstration somewhat against his government. So far as this was a pageant of unfortunates, Herriot knew that it would result in presentation of memorials for extended relief and pensions. On the night of November tenth Herriot would have given a sigh of relief if he had received word that the parade would be called off. After all, parades and demonstrations of special interests are a pretty good sign of weak government and a political system designed to yield to organized minorities. But Herriot the following day received the paraders at the end of their line of march and kissed them.

"We did not wear out our shoes for kisses only," said one leader in the evening.

I reflected that I had seen parades and demonstrations of organized minorities. I have seen them on the Nevskii Prospekt, I have seen them on the way to Hyde Park, I have seen them going down the Corso Umberto, in Rome. A democracy which sees the demonstrations of organized minorities whose clamor for special favor cannot be met because the platter has been passed so much that nothing belonging originally to the taxpayers remains, is a democracy which has less to fear from the strength of organized minorities than it has to fear from its own flabbiness.

"Many parties, personal struggles of little men," said an Oriental diplomat to me. "A growing bureaucracy where there are three, five or seven men to every desk chair, little parties buying votes of minorities by promises to give the few the property of the many, the concept that the state is not an agency for the people's contributions to be expended for the welfare of all, a babel of tongues, a vague hope that economics and social laws will not walk forever roughshod over the regulations and programs of politicians, disillusionment of the people, disgust and finally revolt—is this democracy, is this the deluding democracy worshiped by the blind?"

Revolt?

I am not sure that revolt against democracy is necessary. Democracy has stood the grilling tests given it under the two-party system in the United States and in Great Britain. Under that system it gives slow answers, but it is able to deal with big questions, it is able to give final answers, and somehow in the end it expresses the will of the people and pushes things along.

If this day has begun to face Europe with doubt as to its democracies it is worth our while to see what form the challenge of the people of Europe will take. The after-war period, I believe, has brought a new landmark in history—the frank challenge of parliamentary constitutionalism and its inaccurate title, democracy.

I have sought the opinions of the wisest men I could find in many countries. It is their combined opinion that there are three thoughts of change in the minds of the peoples of Europe:

The first is socialism or communism.

The second is the temporary answer of Italy and Spain, reflected also in a growing hunger in France and Germany for strong personal leadership—the turn toward dictatorship.

The third is the reform of democracy itself. It is my purpose to investigate the depth and strength of the current of these tendencies, which are all reactions from deluding democracies.

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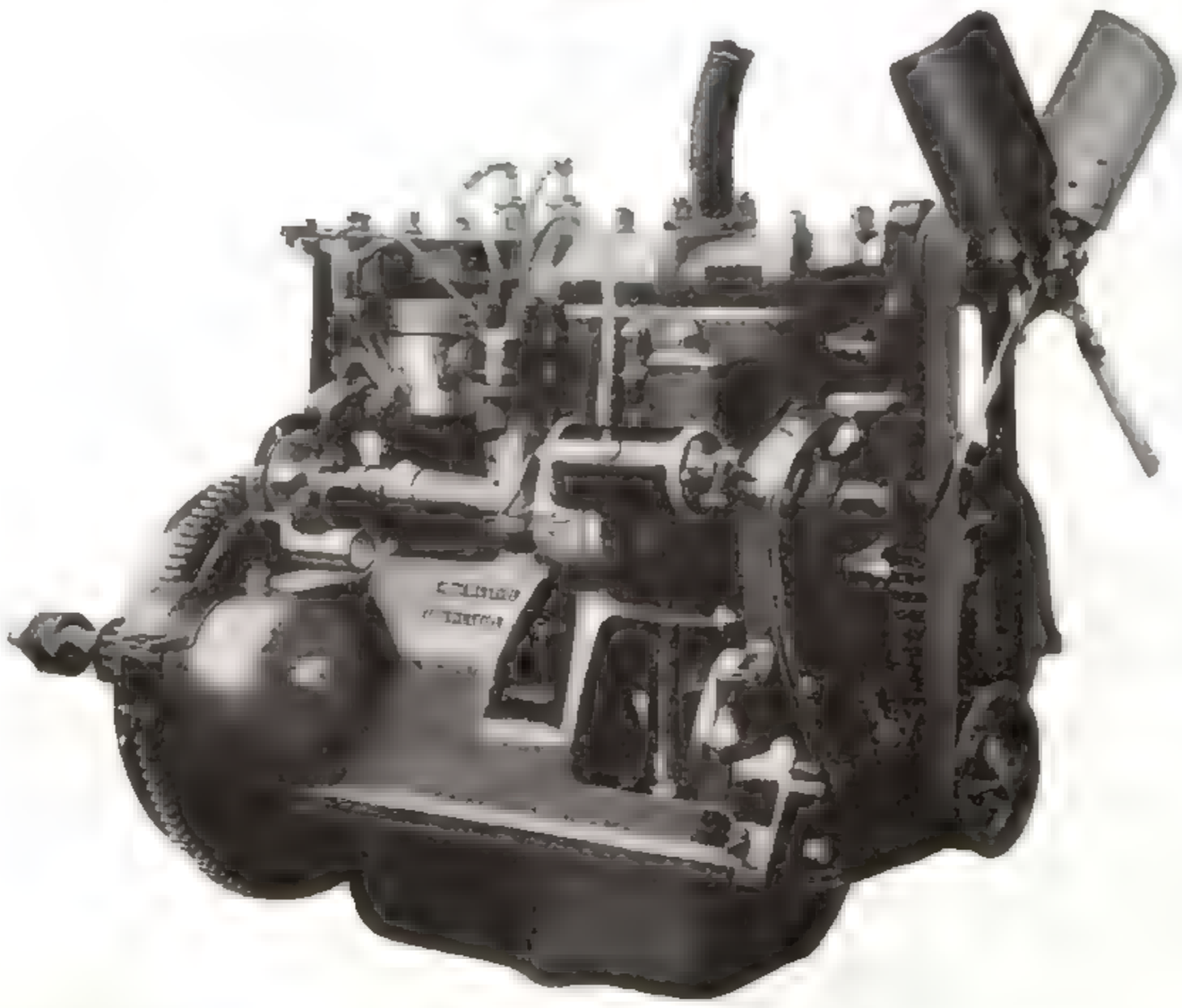

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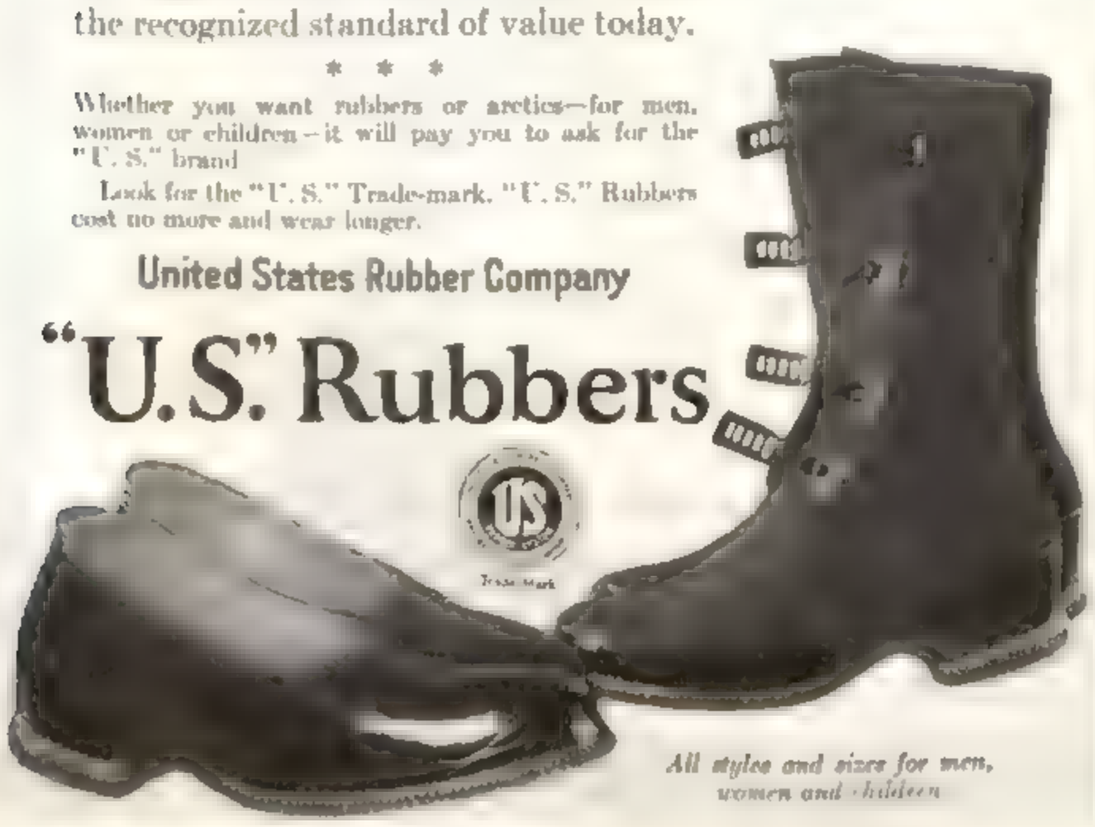

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A HUSBAND FOR GEORGE-ANNE

(Continued from Page 17)

"But there's no reason why I should pretend they never existed," she said mildly. "I didn't *poison* them, as your tone seems to imply. They *died*, the poor dears!" And her expression became the essence of correctness for a lady who had lived through the pangs of four marital bereavements. Her brother took a gulp of hot coffee, but before this could revive him, Dorinda went on, with unimpaired good humor, "And while we're on the subject of husbands, Horatio"—yes, Professor McClellan's name was Horatio—"I want to tell you that I intend to take George-Anne home with me for a month's visit."

"Take George-Anne home with you!" echoed the professor. "Never!"

"Don't be silly, dear," said Dorinda. "What possible reason can you have for refusing?"

"I—I don't consider you a fit person to have the care of George-Anne for a month." And at this Mrs. Van Duyke put down her coffee cup and broke into laughter.

"Why, Horatio, you great goose, you!" she said between peals. "I'm no more unfit to have the care of George-Anne for a month than you've been to have the care of her for twenty-two years!" And she smiled sweetly at her scandalized brother. "Furthermore," she said, "if she is given a month with me, I'll guarantee to get her something that you've never been able to get her—and that's a husband."

The professor made his nearsighted eyes as terrible as possible.

"You talk," he said scathingly, "as though getting a husband was the only thing in the world George-Anne cared for."

"Well, it is," said George-Anne, who had never told a lie since the moment she was born. And at this her father transferred his horror-stricken gaze from his sister to his child. He felt suddenly like a fat and complacent sultan who wakes up to find the harem gone on strike. Dismay pervaded him.

He searched about frantically in his recollection to see if Marcus Aurelius had written anything, ever, that would bear quotation at such a terrifying moment. And while he was searching, Mrs. Van Duyke went on, as casually as though her brother's whole world had not suddenly tumbled to pieces, "As you know, Horatio, I have now been here a week; and during that time I have studied George-Anne carefully. Oh, yes, I have, my dear, even if—if I sometimes appeared to be busy with something else!" Here she turned to George-Anne. "Have another little bit of pudding, dear. I know you want it." She cut a slice through the small of the lion's back and passed it to George-Anne, who fell on it with the appetite of youth, but continued to listen with both ears wide open.

"In order to convince you, Horatio, that your methods of training your daughter have been all wrong, I want to ask you some questions. I hope when I get through you'll be convinced that what she needs is not so much a classical father as an extremely light-headed aunt."

She smiled enchantingly, then returned to the business in hand.

"Now, Horatio, if you can bear to speak the English language—unadorned by allusions to the ancient Romans or other dead ones—I'd like to have you answer the following: Does George-Anne play tennis?"

"Excellently!" responded Horatio. "I had a very good man who instructed her in the intricacies of the sport for three years. He said that if, in the ——"

"Exactly," said Mrs. Van Duyke. "Now, her swimming, if I may inquire. Can she swim at all?"

"Can she swim!" repeated Professor McClellan. "Why, she is the best swimmer, man or woman, in the town of Wyosset!"

"I thought so," was Aunt Dorinda's comment.

"She—she can also dive eighty feet!" added Horatio, as an afterthought. Mrs. Van Duyke shook her head.

"And her golf?" she questioned. Professor McClellan made a sound denoting embarrassment.

"Well, I must confess, Dorinda, her golf is not as good as I'd like to see it, since I strive to have George-Anne attain a degree of perfection in all the accomplishments, both those of the mind and those of the body. In other words, I feel ——"

"Undoubtedly," said Mrs. Van Duyke. "But what I'm trying to get at is—what does she go round in?"

"About ninety-two," replied Professor McClellan.

"Disgusting!" exclaimed Aunt Dorinda. "However, there is her riding."

"Beautiful!" said the professor. "George-Anne's riding is beautiful!" Mrs. Van Duyke sighed dismally.

"We now approach the more mental activities," she said. "I presume that George-Anne is acquainted with the byways of the Greek tongue."

Her brother displayed enthusiasm.

"She is," he informed his sister. "She is, indeed. In fact when I was in Greece three years ago with the Howard Expedition, George-Anne rendered most valuable assistance in the translating of some passages that were most unexpectedly difficult. However, I have always maintained ——"

"Of course you have," said Mrs. Van Duyke soothingly. "Which brings us to the question of mathematics."

Professor McClellan lowered his eyes.

"Well now, Dorinda," he said apologetically, "in the field of the mathematical sciences, I'll have to confess that George-Anne displays a certain reprehensible slowness; in fact her average for the last year was a bare eighty-seven per cent!"

Aunt Dorinda impaled her brother on a terrible glance.

"Horatio," she hissed, "don't you yet know what's the matter with your daughter?"

Horatio blinked.

"Eh?" he inquired stupidly. Aunt Dorinda waved her hand, and at the gesture, George-Anne stood up and moved a step away from the table.

"Look!" commanded Dorinda. "Take a good look at her! For I doubt whether you've ever bothered to take one up to this moment."

Thus ordered, Horatio adjusted his spectacles and peered at the young woman who had dwelt beneath his roof for twenty-two years.

"Well, what have you got to say about her?" demanded Aunt Dorinda. Horatio rubbed his hands together uncertainly.

"She is not—not unpleasing to the eye," he said at length.

Mrs. Van Duyke gave a tiny shriek and threw up her hands.

"This," she said to George-Anne—"this is what comes of having an amiable imbecile for a father!"

She got up, went over to George-Anne and turned her about like a manikin in a smart gown shop.

"Look at that head," she said. "And those eyes, that skin! Not to mention teeth like —— Smile, George-Anne darling; let papa see your teeth." George-Anne smiled; the professor peered more closely as if he had not, till now, really known that George-Anne possessed teeth. Aunt Dorinda turned around and faced him.

"You've got a lovely daughter," she said. "But you've just about ruined her, you and your crazy notions."

"Dorinda!" protested the professor.

"You have!" repeated Dorinda, and this time she stamped her foot. "Don't you see what has happened? You've made the girl so perfect that every man in Wyosset is afraid of her. She can do things a thousand times better than they can, and no man likes to be shown up as a dub by the girl he is thinking of making his wife."

Horatio took off his glasses, wiped and replaced them.

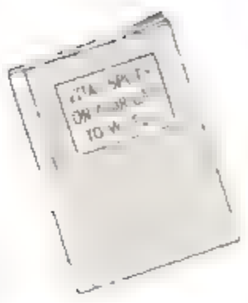
"I presume," he said, "that you have reference by all this talk to George-Anne's chances of marrying. Well, she is not without her admirers. Indeed, Professor Clapham has mentioned to me on two or three occasions that he would like to call. I confess his request had slipped my mind till now. He is a most worthy man, and it might be that such a match would not be undesirable."

His sister looked at him in horror.

"What?" she exclaimed. "That old mummy that I met at the curate's? The one that ate up all the toasted English muffins?"

"I know nothing about the matter of the English muffins," said Professor McClellan. "As for Professor Clapham's age, he is certainly not a moment over forty-seven."

(Continued on Page 80)



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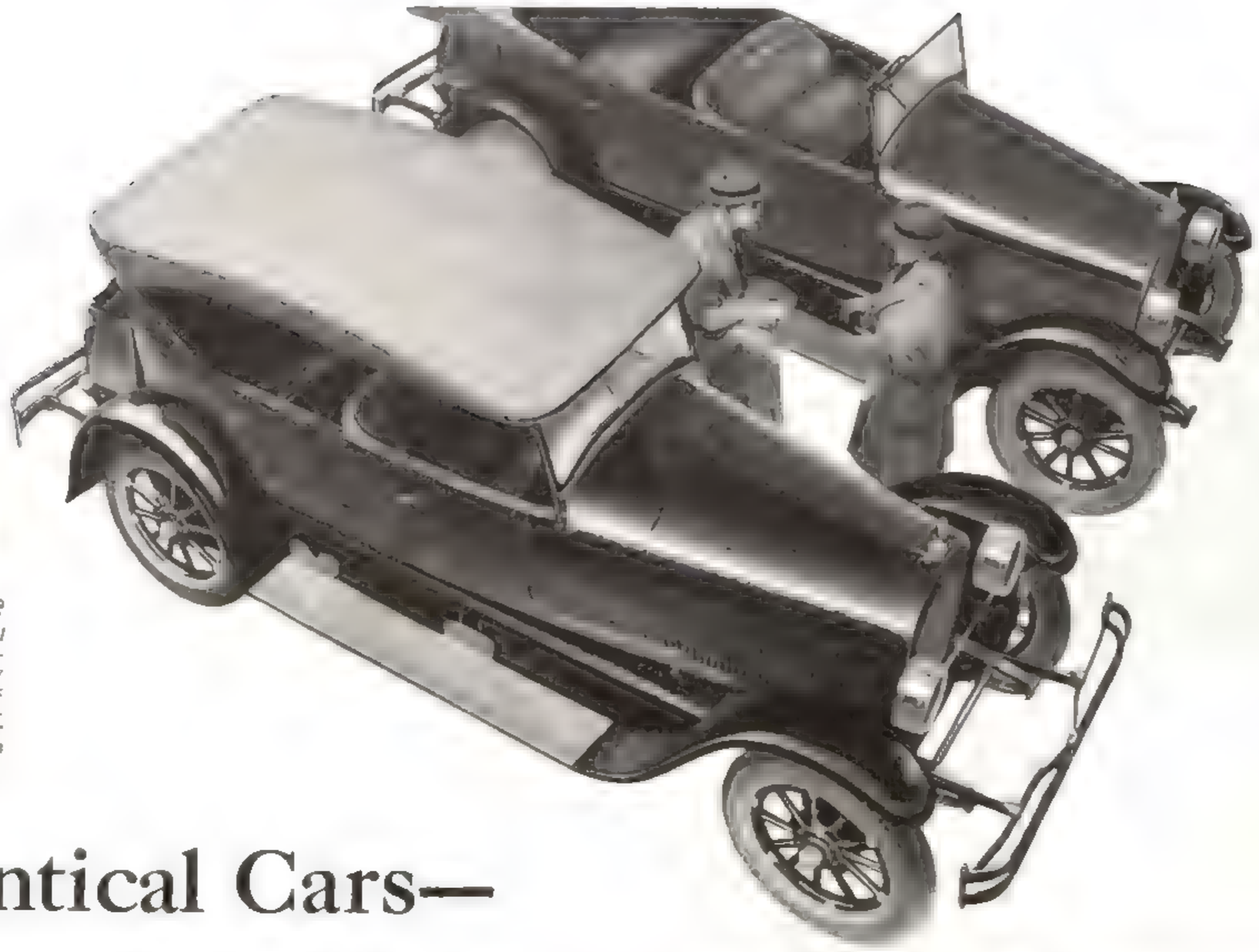

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Continued from Page 78

"He looks old enough to have spent his childhood in the Garden of Eden," said Dorinda with asperity. "The big idiot! Casting his dilapidated eyes at George-Anne!" She paused a moment, while the professor sat down weakly in his chair. Then she went on, "Now you know and I know, Horatio, that most men are vain and stupid creatures, and that the majority of them, in their whole lives put together, don't say five things worth listening to. But would a woman get anywhere if she told a man her candid opinion of him and his sex? No! Her logical end would be the old maids' home, and she'd deserve it. What I propose to do therefore is to take George-Anne and separate her from the classical background you have so carefully constructed for her. After which I shall initiate her into the methods by which I have carried off four prizes in a game in which the competition is practically unlimited—and the dice all loaded."

Horatio blinked again.

"You are not proposing to get George-Anne four husbands, I hope," he said.

"No; I am merely trying to nullify your valiant efforts to keep her from getting one," was the response.

Horatio took off his glasses again and replaced them. And on the following Saturday George-Anne and her Aunt Dorinda left for the latter's little place in the Adirondacks—it had been left to Dorinda by Emery, the fourth husband and the most affluent of the collection.

There were twenty-one young men down to see Aunt Dorinda off, and the booty amounted to thirteen bunches of flowers and seven large boxes of highly valuable chocolates. Professor McClellan was almost visibly embarrassed by this display of youthful regard for Dorinda, but Dorinda herself stood shamelessly throwing kisses as the train moved out of the station.

On Monday George-Anne and her frivolous relative were in New York. The professor knew this, because they sent him a post card on which was written, "Having a lovely time." This, he knew, meant they were spending money, since Dorinda, from the age of eighteen, had used the phrases interchangeably.

On Thursday they had reached the "little place in the Adirondacks" and four servants had been engaged. Also George-Anne's wardrobe boasted everything a young lady could need for such a project as the one contemplated. The great experiment could therefore begin. And, indeed, it was going to the very next night, with a dance given by Mrs. Dorinda Van Duyke to all the residents of the colony.

At a quarter to seven she set George-Anne down in a chair in her bedroom and delivered herself of some final instructions.

"Remember what I've said, darling."

"Yes, Aunt Dorinda," answered George-Anne obediently.

"For the purpose which we have in mind, you must forget absolutely that such a thing as the higher education exists. No matter how painful, you must behave as if you knew no more than the law allows. On no condition must you let any of the young men you meet know that you have been, so to speak, educated up to and above the eyebrows."

"Yes, Aunt Dorinda," said George-Anne. Then she asked hesitatingly, "But what am I to talk about?"

"What most people talk about at these affairs, of course," said Aunt Dorinda—"nothing!"

"I'm going to find that very hard," responded George-Anne. "Father has always taught me never to speak unless I have something to say."

"I thought we had agreed that your father was a complete fizzle in the field of child welfare," exclaimed Aunt Dorinda severely. "Besides, have you forgotten Professor Clapham?"

At mention of this fascinating individual's name, George-Anne instantly became putty.

"I'll try to be just as dumb as I can," she promised earnestly.

Her aunt leaned forward and kissed her. "I am now about to tell you the most important thing of all," she said. "Your efforts are not to be scattered about at large; they are to be concentrated, so to speak, in the general direction of Mr. Jerry Corristine."

"Who is he?" asked George-Anne.

"I haven't seen him for three or four years," said Aunt Dorinda. "But when I last laid eyes on him, in Paris, he was about twenty-four, nice-looking, about to come into a very large fortune—which always makes things pleasanter, of course—and had no visible ties or encumbrances. It occurs to me, therefore, that you could do no better than to become Mrs. Jerry Corristine."

"He may have married in the meantime, or lost his money, or his looks, or something," said George-Anne.

Aunt Dorinda broke into peals of laughter.

"Heavens, no!" she contradicted gayly. "I telephoned the young scamp this afternoon, and he's dying to meet you, my child."

"He won't like me," said George-Anne with conviction.

"He'll love you—if you only do as I say," returned her aunt with more conviction. "You have only to remember to admire him and everything he says or does; also to conceal from him the fact that you can tell the difference between the fourth dimension and the fourth estate. If you bear in mind these things you'll yet have a town car with your initials on it and an apartment on Park Avenue."

"Yes, Aunt Dorinda," returned George-Anne; but she went downstairs with her heart in her cloth-of-silver slippers.

You see, she did not know, as did Aunt Dorinda, that she was by far the loveliest thing in the room. But Jerry Corristine, who was draped against the fireplace, knew it as soon as he laid eyes on her, and he came across the floor just as fast as his legs would bring him.

"From this moment you can't lose me," he said to her, and this is as good an opening remark for an affair of this kind as any that have been made before or since.

George-Anne said nothing, conversation being an uncharted sea. But she did venture to smile, and the smile stood firmly on its own feet, asking assistance of no man. In the course of time—two minutes later—they danced, which is to say, Jerry Corristine practically carried her around in his arms. George-Anne had never enjoyed herself so much in her life.

"How strong you are!" she said to him admiringly, when he had put her down.

"Listen, lady!" said Jerry Corristine. "That's the one thing I'm not! When I was a kid I was the most terribly awful damn youngster. If I didn't have measles it was because it was my week to have the chicken pox; and as soon as I'd get over the scarlet fever, I'd set to work on a good, thorough, sea-going case of mumps. I have had my tonsils treated, X-rayed, sprayed with insecticide and removed. In fact, my tonsils have done everything in the world but talk over the radio. In addition, I have been the proud possessor of adenoids, and my countenance, up to the age of nine, resembled that of an open-face watch. Medical science has, it is true, improved my appearance materially, but I refuse to let you spoof me about my Samson-like physique."

George-Anne sat back and looked at him, laughing. After a while Jerry Corristine sat down beside her.

"Keep nothing from me," he commanded. "But tell me how you came to be so beautiful."

"I'm not," said George-Anne. But Mr. Corristine shook a finger at her.

"You are lovely, lovely, lovely," he said. "Let's dance." And he picked her up in his arms again. After the dance they ate a sherbet and a macaroon apiece, then Jerry proposed that they go out and look at the moon. So they went out, and after a few moments they located the moon, Mr. Corristine recognizing it instantly, in the most clever way.

"But you're not looking at it!" said George-Anne severely. Mr. Corristine gazed into her eyes.

"No; stars were always my specialty," he murmured.

He leaned forward on his elbow and studied her. George-Anne could remember nothing in the instructions that covered such a moment; she wondered if this were preliminary to being kissed. But Jerry Corristine made no move to touch her; he merely sprawled on his elbow in that disconcerting manner and looked at her with his soul in his eyes.

"You—you—you'd think you were a watchdog," said George-Anne at last.

"I wish I were," replied Mr. Corristine sentimentally; "*your* watchdog. And every morning you'd come out to bring me a bone, and laying your little white hand on my head, you'd say, 'Darling Bozo, how I love you!'"

(*Continued on Page 82*)

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(Continued from Page 80)

"Yes, I would!" contradicted George-Anne. "I'd more likely take a stick to you for coming into the house with your great big muddy feet!"

"No, you'd be kind to dumb animals," said darling Bozo. "I can see it in your eyes."

"Really?" inquired George-Anne, airily. "Well, I hope you can see in my eyes that I consider you a thoroughly demoralizing person."

"I don't care what you think about me," was the incorrigible's answer, "just so long as you promise to think about me."

All of which George-Anne dutifully reported to Aunt Dorinda about five hours later, when her guests had gone. Aunt Dorinda sat with a pleased smile on her face, like a cat that's just finished luncheon with the assistance of the canary.

"The boy is mad about you, George-Anne," she said. "Have you made any engagements with him for tomorrow?"

"Well, in the morning," said George-Anne, "we're going over to Belden to play golf, and then I think we're having lunch at the club. I remember, too, that Mr. Corristine mentioned something about going out in his motorboat in the afternoon. In addition, he made me promise that I'd keep him Thursday and Friday and Saturday and Sunday. Also four or five days next week. His exact words—his exact words were that we should 'see a little something of each other.'"

Aunt Dorinda leaned back and laughed like a two-year-old.

"Let me see," she mused. "As Mrs. Gerald Corristine, you'll occupy Box 10 in the Golden Horseshoe at the Metropolitan; and there's the house on East Sixty-ninth Street ——"

But here George-Anne told her she should be ashamed of herself, positively ashamed!

Just before George-Anne left next morning, Aunt Dorinda refreshed her memory on one or two important points.

"Bear in mind," she said, "that Jerry Corristine has been brought up never to have a worth-while idea in his head. His father was the vainest thing on the face of the earth, and I bet a cooky Jerry is more or less like him. Let him teach you to play golf, if he offers, and for heaven's sake try to play badly! Men love to be superior!"

Thus admonished, George-Anne got into her sport things, and in due time a horrible squawking from out front told her that young Mr. Corristine had arrived in his roadster. She descended sedately, and the roadster, taking off like a jack rabbit, was soon tearing up the side of one mountain and down the next.

By noon George-Anne had discovered that Mr. Corristine was, to her way of thinking, a very bad golfer. But she kept the discovery severely to herself, and actually let him give her pointers about stance and other vital details.

"Look!" said Mr. Corristine. "You stand like this."

And he thereupon gave one of the best exhibitions of poor position that George-Anne had ever seen. But she controlled herself nobly, and even suffered him to correct the placement of her hands upon her driver. Eventually they came to the eighth hole, which was a beautiful thing, down a velvet slope and across a ravine onto a fairway like suede. Jerry Corristine teed off and sent the ball spinning a hundred yards. George-Anne could have groaned. But she didn't. She stood up and played the worst golf she had ever played in her life.

"Don't you care," said Jerry consolingly, "I played rottener than that when I began."

George-Anne laughed; she wondered what he would have said had he seen her whack the little sphere for a clean two hundred and twenty yards, and roll it in to the hole with another two.

But she remembered she was playing for high stakes, so she merely said, wistfully, "I—I wish I could play like you."

Jerry laughed.

"I'm a dub of a golfer," he said. "But I'm not such a rotten swimmer. Can you swim?"

Could she swim!

"A little," George-Anne confessed. "You know, a—a few strokes." So it was settled they were to go swimming that afternoon.

"Down in the quarry," said Jerry Corristine. "And I'll teach you." George-Anne looked at him. He would teach her!

But aloud she said, "Will you, really? I'd like it better than anything in the world!"

In the course of an hour they arrived at the quarry, George-Anne in a green bathing suit and Jerry Corristine in a black one. The quarry proved to be a square body of dark water surrounded by green grass on three sides, but its fourth wall a cliff that rose straight into the air for at least fifty feet. George-Anne climbed out of the car and stood looking at the cliff.

"Imagine diving from the top!" she said, and there was the most tragic longing in her voice. Jerry Corristine squinted up at the height.

"Control yourself, Miss McClellan," he exclaimed. "You'd be smashed flat as a bug when you landed!"

George-Anne gazed at him, with her lip between her teeth. She was thinking of how it would feel to stand at the top, at the instant just before you left the earth and came down through space like a bird, to strike those black depths with nothing more than a ripple! It would be wonderful—but impossible. She remembered that she was supposed to be but a beginner, a little kindergartner learning the breast stroke under the tutelage of that famous human fish, Mr. Corristine.

"Could *you* dive from the cliff?" she asked, when she saw Jerry's eyes fixed on its top. Jerry laughed.

"I dived thirty feet once—in 1918," he told her. "And I've never been the same since, my dear."

So they came to the main business of the day, which was George-Anne's swimming lesson.

At the far end of the quarry pond was a float, with some young people scrambling on and off it, like seals. To her great surprise, George-Anne found she had met most of them the night before at her dance.

"Your astonishment at their changed appearance," remarked Mr. Corristine, "merely bears out my belief that a bathing suit is the most leveling of costumes."

With the latter half of the sentence, he slid off the float into the water, pulling George-Anne with him.

"Undoubtedly I'm supposed to scream at this point," she said to herself, so she opened her mouth and emitted several panicky squeaks.

"My goodness, honey!" exclaimed Jerry Corristine. "This is the shallow end; and besides, I wouldn't let you drown." He pulled George-Anne back onto the float, then he swam away a few strokes and back again. "It's all a question of not being afraid," he said. "It's so easy—when you don't think about it!"

"He's not such a bad swimmer," thought George-Anne, watching him critically. "But he'd be winded easily, and it's true what he said about his not being strong." Aloud, however, she merely remarked, "I'd like to be able to swim like that. You'll teach me, won't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," smiled Jerry Corristine. "You can count on me to the last ditch."

So they had the swimming lesson right immediately, and at the end of a half hour George-Anne could swim ten strokes! After which Mr. Corristine said she must not stay in the water any longer, because he was afraid she'd get tired. And this, to George-Anne, was the most absolutely comic remark she had heard since the Tuesday after the flood. Still, because it was said by a certain young man, in a certain way, and with a certain something in his eyes, she thought it a nice remark too.

On their way back to the car they passed a little lad in a red bathing suit. He could not have been more than eight, and he was paddling on a raft four or five feet from shore. Jerry Corristine stopped and pointed.

"See that little kid?" he asked. "Well, he comes into thirty million dollars some day—provided he doesn't drown himself in this quarry one of these afternoons." George-Anne gazed, having a very human desire to know what an heir to thirty million dollars would look like. And at the same moment Jerry Corristine made a funnel of his hands and bawled out in a terrible voice, "Hey, you! Chester! You bring in that raft this minute or I'll swim out and remove both your ears right offen your head!"

The little lad looked up and grinned. But he began to paddle the raft toward shore at once. In a moment he had brought it to land and had come over to where George-Anne and Jerry were standing.

"Here comes Sniggles!" he said, *sotto voce*, and out of one side of his mouth. "Pretend that I've been standing here all along, will you, Jerry!" Sniggles approached—she was a maiden lady of about forty-five—and Chester smiled at her angelically.

"I'm so glad to find, Master Chester, that you are not out on the raft," said Sniggles. "Had I seen you engaged in that forbidden pastime, it would have been my duty to report the matter to your father, as I have been instructed."

"Yes, Miss Emily," said Chester with docility.

He put his hand into that of his governess and smiled at George-Anne like a cherub as he was led away. But he winked at Jerry Corristine!

At the end of ten days there wasn't a soul within a radius of thirty miles that didn't know Miss George-Anne McClellan might have the hope of the Corristine clan any time she dropped the hat. Aunt Dorinda, whom I've neglected somewhat in the last few dozen paragraphs, went about with her thoughts a perfect pudding of extracts from the Wedding March and visions of bridal bouquets. Not that Jerry had proposed, in so many words. But there are certain unmistakable signs that no veteran like Aunt Dorinda could ever miss. And Jerry Corristine was displaying practically all of these signs. Indeed, Aunt Dorinda, after a period of meditation that put two wrinkles in her pretty forehead, gave it as her opinion that Jerry might be expected to propose within the next ten days.

"Oh, I hope so!" exclaimed George-Anne fervently. "You see, in the beginning I—I just thought he was nice. But now I—I couldn't give him up," she finished.

"Of course you couldn't," said Aunt Dorinda. "Not a boy that'll come into the money Jerry Corristine'll come into!"

And then she gave George-Anne a letter that had come from her father a little earlier in the evening. George-Anne sat up in bed in her nightie to read it. Her father was a notoriously bad writer, and the letter looked not unlike the result of a pleasant afternoon spent by a kitten and a bottle of ink. George-Anne studied it awhile.

"Well," she announced, "father's going to Egypt for a whole year!"

"How absurd!" said Aunt Dorinda. "I suppose he's going to dig up some more of those poor very, very dead Egyptians."

"Yes," replied George-Anne. "He's been chosen to head the Sulgrave Expedition, and it's a most tremendous honor, Aunt Dorinda."

"I wonder," mused Aunt Dorinda, not paying any attention to George-Anne, "if he would bring me a little scent bottle, George-Anne. Lady Cathcart had such an interesting one from—not King Tut's tomb, but two tombs before that."

"He wants," said George-Anne, not paying any attention to Aunt Dorinda—"he wants me to go with him."

"What?" exclaimed Dorinda; and now she didn't care a plugged cent about the bottle; all she wanted was to get her two hands on her brother Horatio.

"This is what he writes," said her niece, and she offered the letter. But Mrs. Van Duyke firmly declined it.

"Hieroglyphics always give me a headache," she explained. So George-Anne read it to her.

"I am interested to note," said the letter, "that your campaign is progressing favorably, and I trust that this young man, should you be disposed toward him, does not change his mind at the last moment. Your Aunt Dorinda seems to have expended such a vast amount of mental effort on the plans for the pursuit that, should it prove a debacle, she would, I'm afraid, down her chagrin in a fifth marriage; and since I entertain a feeling of warm friendship for the rest of my sex, I should not care to see this come to pass."

"I'd like to spank his face," said Aunt Dorinda, laughing. "Still, what can one expect of a man named Horatio?" Then she said to George-Anne, "Darling, if you ever go to Egypt again it will be on a honeymoon—to Shepheard's, in Cairo, not to dig old dodos out of the sand. Write back and tell your father I said so."

George-Anne folded the letter up; for a moment her expression was so wistful that Aunt Dorinda saw danger ahead.

"George-Anne," she warned, "for heaven's sake don't mention either your father or his occupation to Jerry Corristine! I happen to know that Jerry has gone to the Riviera on a perfect spree every year since he's been nineteen, and if he thought for an instant he was taking on a wife and father-in-law that knew what the pyramids were all about, he'd be frightened right out of his little hide."

Well, came morning, Mr. Corristine and the noisy roadster. The second of these objects climbed out of the third and stood with its hand on its heart, chanting:

"Peaches and cream! Peaches and cream!
George-Anne McClellan's a perfect dream!"

"Silly!" said George-Anne, but she gave him her hand, which he kissed. So you say that the day had at least begun well.

At ten o'clock, however, the roadster developed a sort of cold in its chest; and a moment later, having ascended a particularly arduous hill, it gave a gentle wheeze and refused to go farther. Jerry got out and investigated several important organs beneath the radiator hood. Then he turned up the driver's seat and exposed a lot of grimy tools, which he hurled out into the road with a beautiful abandon.

"Pardon me for a couple of hours," he said to George-Anne. "And if you hear any faultless French, such as the word hell, consider the provocation." He then disappeared completely from view beneath the wheels. After fifteen minutes George-Anne leaned over.

"Aren't you ever coming out?" she called. A dirty face bearing a faint resemblance to that of her late escort appeared from below.

"I'm operating," said the face. "There is a faint possibility that the patient may recover."

Saying which, the face disappeared. George-Anne sat and waited. She could hear faint mutterings from beneath her; indeed, she even got a morsel or two of the faultless French alluded to above. And it was right at this moment that she saw there was a magazine in the bottom of the tool compartment. She lifted it out and turned it over. And instantly she could see her father, for the magazine was the National Geographic, which came regularly to George-Anne's home in Wyosset.

On the tenth page she found an article by Professor Needham, of Harvard, and at the name she smiled, for he was her father's great friend and had known George-Anne since she was a baby. She began to read the article voraciously. It was not very light reading, but it was what she had been raised on, and she enjoyed it. It occurred to George-Anne, reading it, that this was the first time in three weeks that she had really used her brain—used it, that is, for the more serious things of life. But a moment later she retracted this thought, for she reflected that getting a husband was a far more serious business than untangling a mess of ancient Coptic. So she went on reading, and she was still engaged in this when Jerry Corristine climbed out from under their conveyance and stood up beside her. She raised her head, smiling, and then she saw that Jerry was staring at the magazine in her hands.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Do you—do you read that?"

At his tone, panic engulfed George-Anne. She felt that in another instant he would see right through her—would realize that she was a person of the most disgraceful erudition, and not a beautiful dumb-bell at all. Therefore she laughed lightly and threw the magazine back into the tool compartment.

"I'm sure that hieroglyphics would give me a headache," she said. "Still, I suppose there really are people in the world who enjoy that sort of thing." She turned her eyes on Jerry and asked, "Do *you* read it?"

"No," said Jerry, and he climbed in, beside her.

He swung about for a moment and sort of devoured her with his two eyes. When they got home, later that night, he took both of George-Anne's hands in his.

"Oh, George-Anne!" he said, and there was something in his voice that had never been there before.

George-Anne stood just where he left her; she thought of her father and the wonderful year in Egypt. She thought of Jerry Corristine.

"I love you both," she whispered. "But of the two, I'd rather give up the—year in Egypt." And she went to bed determined that if Jerry wanted a wife who would accompany him on sprees to the Riviera and never have a useful thought, she would be that kind of wife.

But by the next morning a dreadful thing had happened. Mr. Corristine, for the first time in three weeks, failed to put in an appearance by ten. By the time dinner arrived, even Aunt Dorinda's placidity had been cracked in several places.

(Continued on Page 87)

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but a heat-lashed, friction-worn film of that oil must safeguard your motor from damage

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A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 82

"Ordinarily, I'd say it was that mother of his," she remarked. "She's always finding something wrong with the girls he meets. But in this case she's taken the most awful fancy to you, George-Anne, so it can't be Mrs. Corristine at all. I confess I'm completely at sea."

The next day passed—another—another. By the fourth morning poor George-Anne was at sea too. But it was a little sea of her own tears. However, she was a very proud princess, was Miss McClellan. Therefore at breakfast she said, "I'm a perfect idiot, Aunt Dorinda! Just because you and I agree that I should marry Mr. Corristine is no reason why he should agree, is it? He has a right to change his mind, especially—especially if he finds out that he doesn't—doesn't really care, you know." Aunt Dorinda murmured something. George-Anne continued: "People do live through having their hearts broken, don't they? Still, it's very unpleasant—particularly the first time."

"I wonder," mused Aunt Dorinda, after she had kissed George-Anne—"I wonder where the flaw in the advice was."

She sat there like a disgruntled scientist discovering a defect in a formula.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied George-Anne. "But I think—I think, if you don't mind, Aunt Dorinda, I'll—I'll go to Egypt with father." So it was settled that George-Anne should go to Egypt.

The next day arrived in a flood of the most beautiful sunshine. In the middle of the afternoon George-Anne walked over the hills to the quarry, where she had had such a lovely first day. This time, however, she was on the top of the cliff, and could look down on the float where people were rollicking as happily as though poor George-Anne's heart wasn't breaking, fifty feet above.

Even the little lad in the red bathing suit was there on his raft, the forbidden raft against which Sniggles had declaimed.

George-Anne turned away. But immediately she stopped. For Jerry Corristine stood looking at her. After a moment he made a gesture.

"Please sit down," he said. "I—I want to talk to you." George-Anne didn't move. "Please!" repeated Jerry, and at that the girl sat down on the grass. Jerry stood looking down at her, then he went off a few steps and sat down opposite her.

"I'm—I'm waiting," said George-Anne, when a minute had gone by without his speaking. Jerry looked at her, then away.

"I don't know how to begin," he said. "You're going to—to hate me, George-Anne, when I tell you."

George-Anne thought he was going to tell her he didn't love her.

But she only said, "Tell me anyway."

Jerry stared out over the cliff, across to the distant mountains. From where he sat you couldn't see the bathers below, but their shouts came floating up on the air.

"George-Anne," began Jerry suddenly, "did you ever think you could go through with a thing, and then find you—you couldn't?"

George-Anne thought he meant about marrying her, and then finding out he didn't love her.

"Yes," she said, "I've felt that way about things."

She was afraid she was going to feel that way about Egypt.

"Well, then," said Jerry, "you'll—you'll understand and—and make allowances perhaps. For my having been such a cad, I mean."

"A cad!" repeated George-Anne.

"Yes, a cad," said Jerry; "a miserable——" He stopped, and he and George-Anne sat there with horror in their eyes. "What was that?" asked Jerry. The girl sprang to her feet.

"It was someone screaming," she said.

And with that it came again, a child's voice, terror-stricken. George-Anne took a step toward the edge of the cliff.

"It's the little red-bathing-suit boy," she said. "He has fallen off his raft." She stood as though paralyzed, watching the child struggle almost directly below them.

"If someone dived!" whispered Jerry suddenly.

George-Anne looked at him, amazed. Of course, if someone dived! For someone who was not afraid, and a good swimmer, it would be only ten seconds before you could come up beside that struggling little lad. She sprang forward, for she saw that Jerry Corristine was stripping off his shoes.

"Not you!" she cried. "You'll be killed!"

"Perhaps," returned Jerry Corristine. "But even that would be better than standing still and doing nothing. And he'll never last till they get to him from the other end!"

"I won't let you!" said George-Anne angrily. For she remembered that he was not strong, that one needs more than mere courage to dive fifty feet and bring in a drowning child. "I'll go myself!" she said, and now she was kicking off her slippers and tearing at the opening of her dress.

"Don't be a fool, George-Anne!" said Jerry. "What can you do?"

"I can dive eighty feet!" replied George-Anne; and with the words she stood poised for an instant on the very edge of the cliff, then fell gently forward on her face, going head downward through the air in a beautiful clean arc. Even in the midst of his panic Jerry Corristine knew that this was diving such as he had seen only a few times before. He leaned over, fascinated. George-Anne struck the water with no more sound than that of a small stone thrown into a pool. In a second she had reappeared and had caught the little red-bathing-suit lad as he was going down for the last time. Jerry Corristine sat down quite hard on the grass and put his head on his knees; he felt, for some absurd reason, like a man that has had his legs knocked from under him.

That evening Aunt Dorinda came upstairs to George-Anne's room and told her that Jerry was waiting to see her.

"I'm—I'm afraid to face him," wailed George-Anne. "I feel like a counterfeit penny." But a moment later Mr. Corristine came through the door.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, when he saw that George-Anne did not move from her chair, and that there was a bandage about her arm.

"I wrenched my shoulder. I was out of practice," replied George-Anne. Jerry sat down. There was an uncomfortable moment. "I suppose," said George-Anne finally, "that you've come to tell me how—how much you despise me."

"For what?" asked Jerry.

"For pretending that I wanted to learn things from you; you know—the golf and swimming and everything."

"I don't care why you did it," said Jerry. And then George-Anne thought he meant that nothing could mitigate her offense.

"Well, you're going to hear anyway," she returned. "I did it because—because men had always been afraid of me. I could beat them at so many things. So Aunt Dorinda told me to be helpless, to defer to men's opinions, and I thought I'd try it. I—I didn't know it would turn out like this."

Jerry Corristine looked at her.

"Why did you refuse to let me dive?" he demanded.

"I was afraid—afraid you'd be hurt," she told him.

"Oh," said Jerry Corristine.

"Besides," went on George-Anne, "the time had come for me to be honest. I couldn't go on lying at a moment like that. You might have been killed if I had." There was a silence, then Jerry spoke.

"But I lied to you," he said. The girl stared at him.

"About what?" she asked.

"The magazine. You remember the magazine you found in the car? I told you I didn't read such stuff, and that wasn't true. I do read it every chance I get. I love it, George-Anne. I love to read about things like that, because those are the things I have always wanted to do and haven't been able to."

George-Anne shook her head.

"I don't understand a word of what you're trying to get at," she said. Jerry looked down at his hands.

"Well, you see, George-Anne, all my life I've had to do what my father and mother wanted. And they wanted me to play, to be what the world calls a gentleman, and spend a great deal of money—nothing more. Whereas the things I would have liked to do were quite different."

"What were they?" asked the girl.

The boy across from her hesitated.

"If I tell you, you mustn't laugh," he said. "But the thing that I wanted to do most in the world was to go with this Sulgrave Expedition."

"The Sulgrave Expedition!" exclaimed George-Anne, utterly astonished.

"Yes," said Jerry. "You wouldn't know about it, of course; but it's that crowd that's going into Egypt for a year. Imagine, George-Anne, a whole year in Egypt, finding out what the world was like when it was young!" He stared into the middle of the room raptly.

"Well," said George-Anne, "don't let me interrupt you!" So Jerry continued:

"Then—then all my plans were knocked out of gear because I met you, George-Anne." George-Anne stared.

"Me!" she cried.

"Yes, you," said Jerry. "So I—I tried to run away from you, dear. That's what I meant when I said I had been such a cad."

"Oh!" said George-Anne. "And why did you run away?"

"Because," said Jerry fiercely, "I had made up my mind to go with the Sulgrave crowd, and I was determined not to let you interfere. But I had to come back, George-Anne, because I found that I'd rather give up the year in Egypt than give up you."

"I see," said Miss McClellan. "In other words, the kind of girl you should have fallen in love with was the kind that you could have asked to go to Egypt with you. And I wasn't that kind, was I?"

"No," said Jerry wretchedly, "you weren't. How could I ask a girl brought up sheltered and in the midst of luxury, whose idea of a nice summer is one spent on the Riviera, with forty new frocks, to go spend her honeymoon in a place where the thermometer hits one hundred and sixteen and all the flies have a million children?"

"I'm afraid," said George-Anne, laughing, "that you're thinking of my Aunt Dorinda. That's her idea of a nice summer—the forty frocks, I mean. As for me, I've never been to the Riviera in my life! But I do know all about the flies, because I've stayed in Egypt whole months at a time with my father, Professor McClellan." And at Jerry's expression, she went on, kindly but firmly, "Don't open your mouth that way, my dear. You look like a little carp." And then she leaned forward and kissed him tenderly.

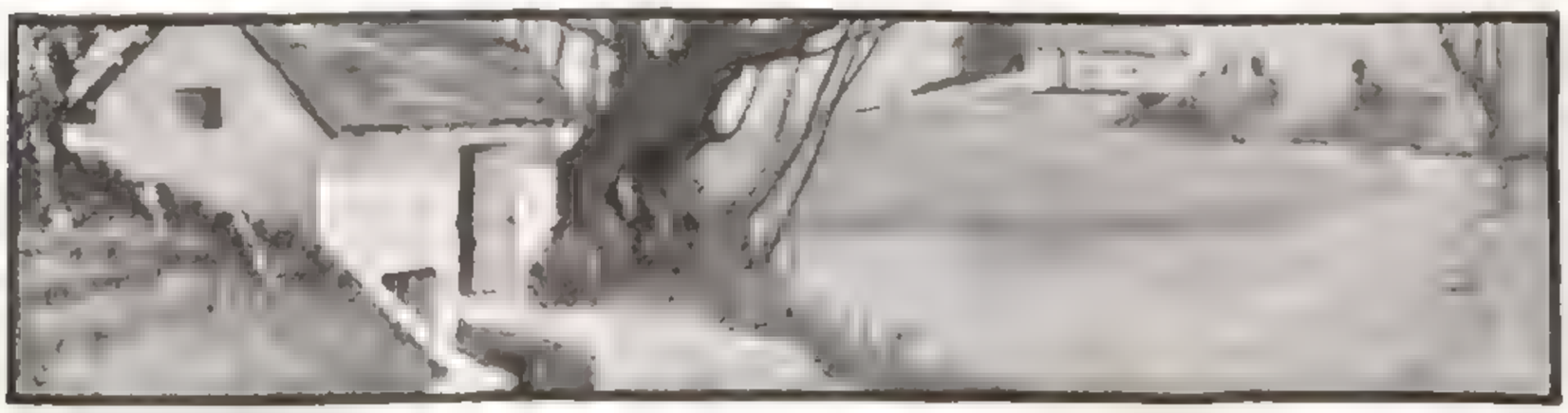
Aunt Dorinda, a perfect symphony in gray, with orchids, saw them off when they sailed from New York.

"I feel—I feel so helpless, with you all going away," she said to her brother.

"Come with us then," suggested Horatio. But Dorinda shook her head.

"Thank you, dear, but I can't. I'm—I'm having dinner with the bishop."

So Horatio knew that they might as well begin to think right now what they'd give Dorinda for her fifth wedding present.



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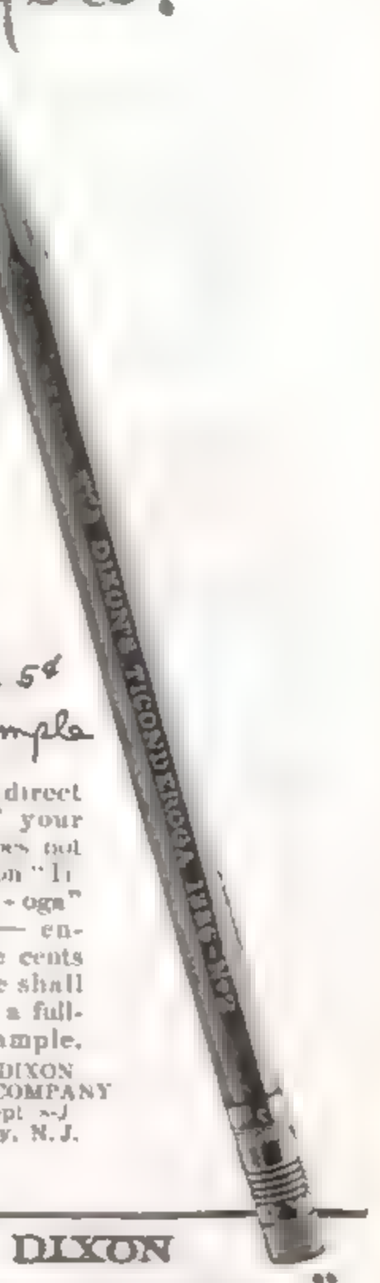

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ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

SKIPPER OF THE TITANIA

(Continued from Page 23)

One day, before Captain Tait's shore boat came for him, the ship's Sydney agent put off from Circular Quay and appeared on board.

"Got a cargo for you, Cap'n Tait," he announced.

The toilers in the hold, just preparing for a day's labor by sharpening scrapers at the forecastle grindstone, went to their work light-heartedly, for the news meant that the chipping and scraping would very soon stop. Cargo was expected. Captain Tait received the announcement less delightedly.

"Wool?" he queried sharply. He misdoubted that agent's face

"Well, cap'n, wool cargoes are scarce——"

"Horses?" Horses were not so bad. That meant Calcutta and a jute cargo for home. Plenty of good ships plied that trade.

"This is a homeward ——"

"I know!" cut in the skipper savagely. "Coal to the West Coast and nitrates for home! Mister, I own a share in this ship. She'll carry no coal, nor no nitrates as long ——"

"But the ship's losing a lot of money, captain. I thought ——"

"You shouldn't think. Your hat won't fit pretty soon! Coal! Nitrates!"

"I'd better cable the principal owners, captain," said the agent. "Their instructions to me have led me to understand it was dividends they were after, not losses. I'll cable them right away."

Captain Tait did not go ashore that day. He personally superintended the work in the hold, and the mate wielded a red-lead brush and attained an indignant face as red as the brush. And when the week came to an end again, out came the agent with business in his eye and an attitude which set up the skipper's back and made him snort.

"Afraid you'll have to accept that coal cargo for Valparaiso, or else tackle the Horn in ballast, cap'n," the agent opened up.

"I'm part owner in ——" blurted the skipper

"Yes, yes," the agent interrupted with hand raised. There was a cablegram in that hand. "I believe you own twelve and four-fifths sixty-fourth shares—or a one-fifth share in the vessel. You still own that, so far as I know. But the other four-fifths have been sold, and the parties buying say accept the coal cargo. There are some passengers, too, who are sailing for home in the ship."

"Damn 'em! I won't carry coal! I won't have a mess o' passengers! Let 'em go in a steamer. There's a P. & O. there at the Quay, and an Orient steamer astern of her. I've got no cook and the cabins have been knocked out to make room for tea. Tell 'em ——"

"They know, cap'n," the agent said patiently. "Because they know, they still insist. They're rough chaps. Made fortunes in the opal fields and look it. They won't look at a steamer. Afraid they'd have to dress up if they traveled first cabin. Won't travel any other way. They'll pay their passage here, same as if they went in the crack P. & O. boat, and all they want is to be left alone, berthed in one of your deck houses. They'll even bring their own cook if you insist. Afraid you can't get out of taking them, whatever you do about cargo. You may be satisfied to go around the Horn in ballast; but the new owners have all been seamen at some time, and perhaps they'll want to know something about taking home an empty ship when cargoes are begging. Better come ashore with me and meet the passengers anyhow. They know the owners."

Captain Tait did go ashore. He did meet the passengers who knew the owners. He went on board with tight lips and a glittering eye.

"Get ready, mister," he told the mate. "Tug comes at daylight. We tow up to Newcastle."

"Crew engaged, sir?" asked the mate, naturally enough.

"What crew d'ye want to handle a towline, mister? Am I here to be ruined? Pay for a tug, sixty miles up coast, and pay a crew to enjoy a picnic as well? Ship sailors in Newcastle"

"Shall I get the shingle on deck and dump it, sir?" The mate felt sure that would persuade the Old Man of the need for men

"Do it at sea, behind the tug. I can steer yet. There's men enough, mister. Where's the steward?"

It is but a short haul from Sydney to Newcastle, and coal cargoes are quickly loaded. On a blusterous day when rain slashed the sea into spume and washed coal dust from the ship in a black torrent that caused the overworked mates to grin wearily and gratefully, a tug put out to the Titania, at anchor, bringing a crowd of pretty rough-looking individuals with sea bags, paper bags, paper trunks, carry-alls of leather and of canvas, with here and there a pair of sea boots slung to a bag, and some few suits of oilskins, new and old.

"As soon as they shift into working gear, mister, man the windlass and loose sail," the skipper said, watching the approaching crowd with disgust. The rain streamed from his sou'wester brim and poured down his long black oiled coat. His red face and glittering eyes looked out like an angry terrier from a drowned kennel.

"That can't be all our crowd, sir?"

The mate looked around at the empty anchorage. Except for a steamer lying at the dock, the Hunter River was bare of shipping.

"All ours," the skipper snapped, and then grunted.

"But there's twenty-two hands aboard that tug, sir!"

"D'ye think I can't count?" roared Captain Tait. Some of the men aboard the tug heard him and grinned, waving hands toward him. "Twelve seamen, a boson, a carpenter, a sailmaker and a cook, mister. And six ragamuffin passengers, mister"

"Which is which, sir?" queried the mate

He wanted to grin. He envied the less responsible third mate, who did grin.

"You'll see," retorted the skipper. "Six men will carry their baggage into the forward house without help. They saw the ship lying at anchor. I pointed out the forward house to them and they know all about it. Don't want help, don't want service, don't want interference, don't want a thing but to be fed and left to amuse themselves in their own fashion."

The men piled in over the rail as the tug sheered alongside, and in truth there was little to distinguish them apart Perhaps the six men who tramped jovially into the forward house, hailing the fuming skipper good-temperedly as they turned briefly aft in entering, were a little less dilapidated in attire than the crowd who shuffled into the forecastle with their nondescript belongings. And the six passengers possessed good, sturdy carry-alls of leather or canvas, travel-worn and stained, but real containers that could protect real clothes. The men themselves were bronzed and scarred with scorching winds and blinding sun, strong-bodied, strong-featured, bold of eye and self-reliant in aspect. They tossed in their bags, chattering gleefully about the accommodation, slapping one another on the back as if possessing the secret of a tremendous jest. Men from the tug carried some cases on board and put them in the forward house, seeming well pleased with the reward they received.

"Six good men on a rope anyhow!" muttered the mate as he went forward to rouse out the hands.

A dreary gang hove on the windlass, while the rain pelted them pitilessly. The best of oilskins show up poorly under teeming rain, unless brand-new; and most of the suits displayed on the forecastle head were crimps' samples, worn, too, by men who showed small familiarity with either their weather protection or their work. The tug snorted ahead as if impatient to get the ship out there into the gray seaward mist and scuttle back to shelter Streams of rain dribbled down from every loosened sail. The last vestiges of coal dust vanished in the sluices running in the waterways; the rain was too tremendous to permit the begriming coal to leave even a streak down the shapely hull.

"What's wrong for'ard, mister?" bawled the skipper. "Can you not break out that small anchor? Can you not start a chantey among ye?"

"Come, bullies, pipe up a tune!" roared the mate, so glad to be starting for home that neither rain nor lumpish crew could quell him.

But there was no response. The men heaved lifelessly, no man meaning to heave an ounce more than his neighbor on the handles and the anchor had taken a firm hold. That morning a series of heavy squalls had whipped in from the sea, and the deeply laden ship hung back on her chain and buried the hook deep in the sandy clay and mud of the outer anchorage. Outside the forward house, just abaft the foremast, the six passengers lounged and smoked, enjoying some rich piece of humor which was not entirely unconnected with Captain Tait, if their covert glances indicated anything. They may have been simply discussing him. But as he stood there on the poop, streaming water at every angle, he was so thoroughly the clipper commander that perhaps they saw humor in his attitude, when considering that the Titania was carrying coal to a nitrate port instead of bearing the choicest of the season's teas to the world's greatest market.

"Is the anchor foul, mister?" roared the skipper angrily. "Come aft and let me raise it for you!"

"Damnation! Is there no tune among you?" yelled the mate, seizing hold of a handle and forcing the men to heave faster by sheer power of his own good arm. The skipper's last suggestion touched him on the raw.

"Let's go and put some guts into that job!" cried one of the passengers, a short, immensely broad fellow with a broken nose whom his companions called Rogers. "Come on, Goff. You, too, Peters. How about you, Hunt? Where did Keats and Foggerty duck to?"

In two minutes the dreary gang at the windlass were crowded by six husky, boisterous miners, three to a side, who smoked big cigars and blew the smoke straight down the wind in blue clouds. As for the mate, he was at a loss how to deal with these volunteers. They were passengers, and he surely needed their help, if they were as husky as they looked. Apparently they were, for the cable started creeping in with a grinding clack. He ignored the cigars. But his sullen sailors did not.

"Pump away, chums! Why don't somebody sing one o' them sea songs?" roared Rogers jovially. His companions bent their lusty backs and speeded up the work.

"Huh! You an' yer bloomin' smokes, comin' an' workin' up blokes as don't want yer help!" growled a scowling able seaman, lacking any oilskins, who streamed rain water beside Rogers. "Wait! I'll put a head on you soon's we git outside!"

"That's nice of you," grinned Rogers. "I'll see that you get the chance. Now, chums, make 'er gallop! Why don't you make somebody sing, mister?"

But there was no song. It was the muscle and good will of the six passengers that dragged the anchor from the mud in spite of the handicap of the unwilling crew.

"Cable's up-and-down, sir!" the mate shouted aft.

"Break it out, mister! Signal the tug to go ahead!" bawled the skipper through the hissing rain.

The harbor was steaming under the downpour. The water hummed as it poured through the scuppers. It drummed on the deck unceasingly.

The tug pulled the ship forward, and men trooped down to the main deck to set the fore-and aft sails, while a few stayed with the mate to secure the anchor. The passengers, their cigars beaten by the rain into soggy brown stumps of weed, hauled on ropes and bawled encouragement joyously. Every one of the six earned the promise of a reprisal from one or other of the crimps' bad bargains misnamed sailors whom they helped. None of the six stopped hauling; all accepted the threats with a grin and a promise to collect.

"What's wrong with that topsail yard, mister?" the skipper demanded. The Titania was breasting the incoming surge and a breeze swelled her jibs and staysails. "Can you not masthead that yard with both watches?"

"Catch holt, bullies!" yelped Rogers, and the yard soon jumped aloft merrily.

And when the tug had circled around, tooting farewell, and the ship leaned to a blusterous southerly wind under straining topsails, topgallant sails and courses, with steering sails between masts, the mate glanced at his volunteer helpers as if uncertain whether to thank them or not. They looked like the roughest sailors of his rough gang; but they were passengers

"Thanks, boys," he said at last

(Continued on Page 91)

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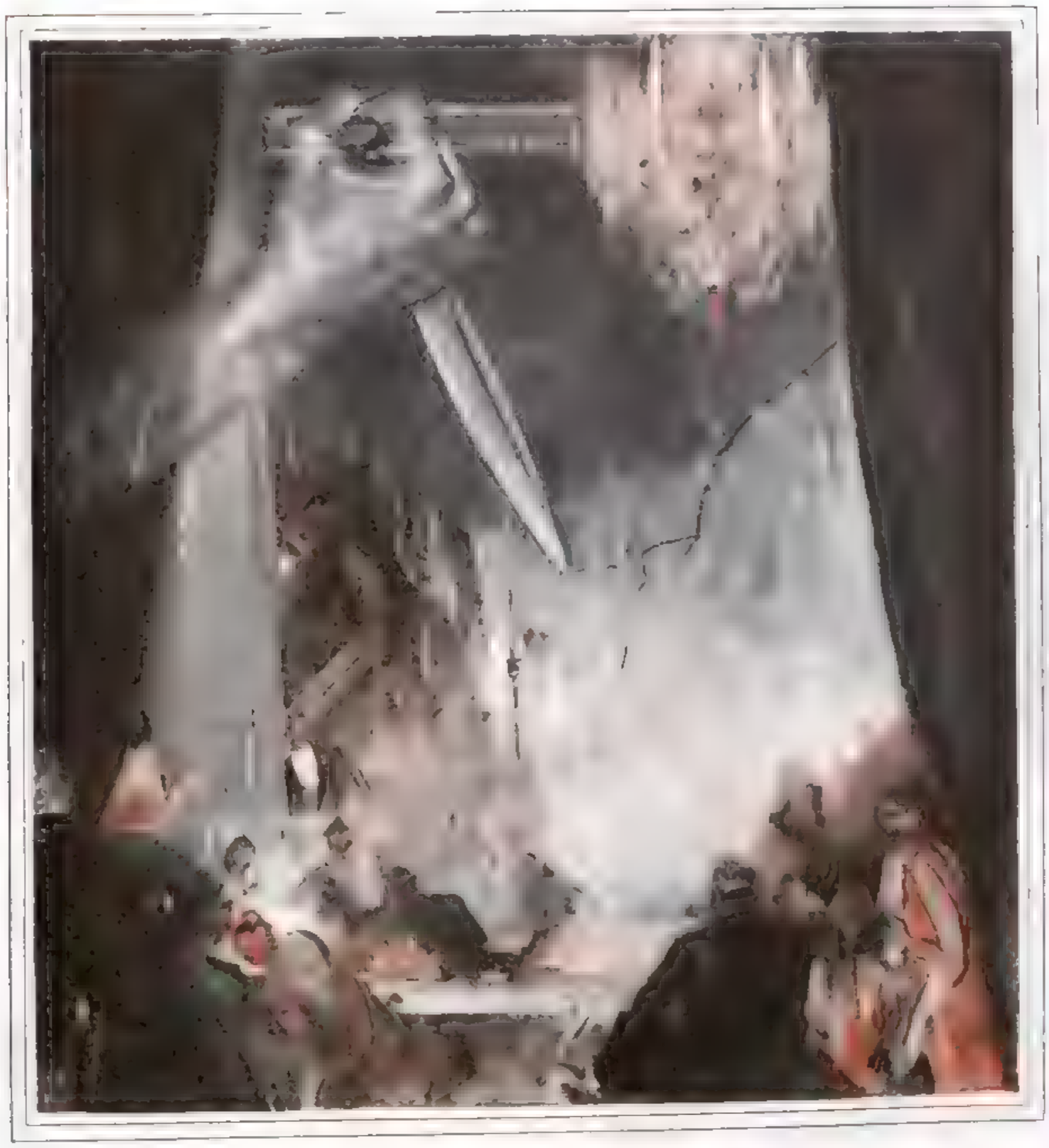

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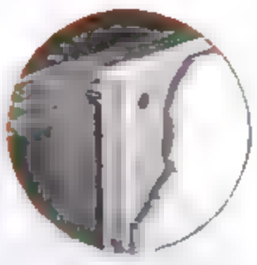

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(Continued from Page 88)

He almost addressed them as gentlemen. Foggerty winked at him, much to his uneasiness. That savored of familiarity. The mate could not help resenting familiarity from men who looked like that.

"Forget it, mister," said Rogers. "Glad to help. Call on us any time. We'll be dead o' laziness if you don't let us work. Here, have a smoke. We don't know a helluva lot about boats, do we, chums?" He turned to his mates, who were staring aloft at the towering spars that were all humming with stress, gaping like chawbacons. "But," Rogers went on, with a sympathetic grin, "we can pull ropes as well as them things you call sailors. Here, take a couple of smokes; take a fistful, and give some to that nice old feller strutting so stagy up there behind that fence."

The mate did not offer the nice old feller a cigar. Captain Tait might not feel inclined to accept smokes from his unwelcome passengers. But he did tell the Old Man how the miners had helped get his ship to sea in seamanlike manner; and when he gave a cigar apiece to the other mates, he told them of "the old feller behind the fence" and the miners won at once the good will of three-fourths of the afterguard. The proportion was rather greater, actually, because the steward was deeply grateful to them for preferring to live in the forward house and have the ship's cook take care of them. The cook might have growled had he had time; but the passengers seemed to hold the secret of enlisting well-wishers where they wanted to. The Doctor whistled a tune in his galley while he prepared the first sea meal. That was, of course, by way of being a miracle.

The rain ceased and the sun came out, but the wind held stiff and southerly. Captain Tait lost much of his ill humor at cargo and passengers when he felt his beloved old clipper surging through the seas and saw her foaming wake stretching out a mile astern. He knew she was deep with coal and could never achieve anything like her best speed with such a burden; but the old Titania could never be slow as long as she could float and the wind blew. He almost smiled, leaning to the list and leap of the ship. The hands had finished coiling away harbor litter and were making up the coils of running gear. Pretty soon his ship would be her own smart self again, outwardly at least. He felt less surly toward his passengers, too, since hearing what the mate had to say about them. There was no disguising the fact that the crew was of poor stuff. A few extra willing hands would be mighty handy. And besides, the steward had told him that the passengers had brought most of their own stores. They brought their own blankets; and taken all together, they were likely to prove very profitable passengers.

The men finished hanging up the gear and stood in groups waiting for orders. The skipper glanced aloft. He would be flying royals in such a breeze with a tea cargo, and if he had carried coal before he would have flown them then. But he seemed afraid of his spars when the ship felt so deadweighted underfoot. She sailed fast, but did not give and take to the seas as a lighter laden vessel would. He liked to make a fast passage; but it was not so vital a matter with coal as with tea, for instance, or wool, which had to catch a market or lose value.

He was almost content. But something going on forward caught his eye and royals were out of his mind. There was a milling mob scene being staged right under the arched foot of the foresail, and fists were flying. The sullen faces of the crew and the sturdy shoulders of the passengers were all involved in an indistinguishable mêlée.

"Go for'ard and stop that, mister!" the Old Man choked, shaking a fist in the general direction of the second mate and the forecastle. "Stop it, and bring the brawling ruffians aft to me! Condemned scum!"

The second mate trotted forward obediently, but not happily. He had small scruple about manhandling the sort of men the crew consisted of; but he had gathered quite a considerable number of ideas about those passengers while making sail, and those passengers seemed to form the core of the uproar. As he reached the edge of the crowd and shouldered his way through, he saw Rogers in the act of expertly hammering a brutal-browed fellow who was prevented from falling by the fore fife rail at his back.

"Come on, belay that!" the second mate shouted, seizing Rogers and trying to haul him off. The crowd around growled menacingly. "Come along aft to the Old Man with me!" the officer commanded, tugging at Rogers. "The pair of you!"

Rogers stepped back, laughing at the beaten scarecrow, who staggered forward to his knees. He surprised the second mate.

"Right you are, old feller," quoth Rogers cheerfully. "Father's right, wanting fusses stopped. Come on, boys" to his companions—"you come along too. And you!" he snapped, grabbing an arm of the man he had fought and hauling him aft in the front of the procession. The second mate followed and the crew gathered into a trailing tail, muttering as they went, halting in a huddle at the mainmast.

Rogers, not waiting for the skipper to speak, shoved his man to the ladder and got in the first word.

"You want to talk to this bloke, captain. I was doin' my bit on that handle that drags up the anchor and he promised me a thick ear. I give him his chance, but he couldn't make good. You ought to stop your blokes making promises they can't deliver on. All my chums here got a head promised 'em by somebody too; but your young man here come along before anybody else got a chance to try their hand. You ought to keep better order, captain. Passengers ain't rough 'uns. It ain't right to make 'em fight for peace. 'Course, if you can't keep peace, and want some help, me and my chums have all been deppity law guardys one time or another. Come on, boys, let's see what old cookie's got for us."

Rogers led his grinning mates back down the ladder and along to the forward house. They left behind them a stupefied skipper, standing open-mouthed and wide-eyed; a second mate who was undecided whether he dared grin or not; a shuffling, scowling sailor who only wanted the chance to run down the ladder and get out of the Old Man's presence; and as the miners passed the mainmast, the crew gaped at them vacantly.

"Mis-ter! Turn this fellow to work!" the skipper uttered in jerky syllables to the second mate. "Of all the impudence I ever ran foul of, this beats —— Get off the poop, you!" he bawled at the scowling seaman. "And wash yourself! D'ye hear?"

In the middle watch that same night the breeze hauled more aft and the royals were set. Captain Tait just shoved out his head, gave the order and bobbed back to bed. But he heard the long-silent sound of men's voices, chanteying up a yard, and vented a sigh of pleasure.

"Ho, up aloft this yard must go!"

squealed a solo voice.

"So handy, boys, so handy, ho!"

roared the hauling gang.

"For dear old father told us so!"

the soloist again, with a piping grace note, and back rolled the chorus:

"So handy, my boys, so handy!"

"To set a sail haul out each sheet.
So handy, boys, so handy, ho!
Drag down the halyards, stamp your feet.
So handy, my boys, so handy!

"Ho, sing and haul, and haul and sing!
So handy, boys, so handy, ho!
Ho, one good haul, that yard must spring!
So handy, my boys, so handy!"

In the morning, taking a bucket bath on the poop before breakfast, the Old Man watched for a while the desultory labors of the watch on deck washing down the waist. The second mate had the deck; the boson headed the scrub-deck gang. One side of the main deck was being scrubbed vigorously by the hilarious passengers, smoking fine cigars, pelting one another with water, doing the work of two men apiece. Opposite them, the entire starboard watch handled their brooms as if afraid of hurting the deck. An apprentice held the wheel, though the well-balanced clipper almost steered herself in the fresh beam wind.

"You've picked a rubbly mess o' men for my watch, mister!" grunted the skipper. The second mate reddened. He knew there was no choice in that crowd. "The mate picked some men. You let him get all the sailors, I guess. I heard 'em chanteying the royals aloft in the middle watch. Can't you put some life into this lot?"

"I can't make sailors work when a lot o' passengers insist on doing the work for amusement, sir!" retorted the second mate tartly.

Captain Tait glared; but he knew there was truth in that remark. He took the bucket of fresh water handed him by the steward to wash off the salt and spluttered through the stream of it as it poured over his head:

"Tell the passengers to quit then. Let the boson take their brooms away. Then see if you can inject some ginger into that litter of Port Mahon baboons."

The second mate gave the boson the message and the miners favored him with a queer scrutiny as they delivered up their brooms. Perched on the top of the forward house, they proceeded to hold a solemn conclave, which undoubtedly concerned the second mate. They talked with heads together, but every one of them shot at least one keen glance at the red-faced man on the poop. But the second mate was not a man to be long disquieted by a lot of landsmen, even though they be rich miners and passengers. He knew they would have scrubbed the decks quicker and better than the watch could do it; but he also knew, shrewdly, that when it came to real hard sailorizing, the men he must depend upon were the signed-on seamen of the ship; and they were the men he had to lick into shape. If the mate had got his men to singing at their work, good for the mate. The starboard watch would sing yet.

The skipper appeared on deck after breakfast to take an observation for longitude, and Rogers marched up, bearing a folded sheet of paper.

"For you, cap'n."

The Old Man grunted, set down his sextant carefully and read the note. Then he turned dark red and glared over the top of the paper at Rogers, who grinned cheerfully back.

"Don't want to upset anything, cap'n, nor to make trouble; only to have a happy voyage if we can. We worked hard for our money and paid well for our passage," said Rogers.

Captain Tait read the letter over again, slowly:

"'Permit these gentlemen to amuse themselves in their own way so long as it does not hamper the ship's business or progress. This is the desire of the owners,'" he muttered. Folding the letter and cramming it into his pocket, he growled as he picked up his sextant, "If you want to scrub decks, I'll see that you get plenty of it! I suppose that's your sore point."

"Not particular, cap'n, not particular," Rogers returned, still grinning happily, but with something of a glint in his steady eyes. "We ain't married to brooms. We just thought we'd let you know how we stand with the owners, that's all. There's more letters to come, if so be ——"

"Get to blazes with your letters and your impudence!" the Old Man roared. "I'm one of the owners myself! I'll ——"

"All right, cap'n, all right," Rogers nodded, holding up a hand to stay the torrent and running down the poop ladder. He grinned broadly as he rejoined his companions.

"Got him started!" he announced gleefully; then the six joined hands and capered around the restricted confines of their quarters, while aft, neglecting his observation, the skipper stormed down to the second mate's berth, woke him up and berated him scathingly for interfering in the passengers' amusements.

"If they want to scrub, let 'em scrub, mister!"

While the Titania held her fine quartering breeze and plowed her roaring furrow eastward with cracking canvas and thundering bow wave, Captain Tait watched with increasing irritation the subtle manner in which his passengers contrived their amusements so as to avoid giving him reason for interfering. They had singsongs in their house to which all hands were invited. When they were ordered to douse all lights at eight bells every night, they obeyed, but continued to sing. They got the third mate to teach them chanteys in the dog watches. When the skipper ordered the junior officer to keep away from the forward house, his presence there not being conducive to discipline among the crew, the irrepressible miners gathered in a party at the break of the poop, against a cabin porthole, and practiced their sea songs there. And they volunteered to help in every job of work afoot. They clambered aloft when sailors went and almost answered the skipper's fervent prayer that they fall and break their necks. The second mate had suffered

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reprimand on their account and let them see how he felt about it. They took a deep delight thereafter in goading that worthy young officer into seething fury which somehow or other they always contrived to cool before it bubbled over.

In some things the passengers were regarded favorably by all hands, at some times. Many a tin of milk ameliorated the coffee of the two boys, and it came from the forward house. There was always a good cigar from the same source for the mates. When a foretaste of what the Pacific Ocean could do on occasion kept the unhandy crew waging a bitter battle up aloft for two full watches, the soaked and broken wretches went to the forecastle in a strangely uncomplaining frame of mind after a brief pause at the forward house door, through which was wafted a rich aroma of fine old rum which even the screaming gale could not entirely ruin.

But altogether the forward house failed to add to Captain Tait's peace of mind, and there soon came a time when even the mates frowned upon the inmates with less tolerance for their innocent misdeeds than they had been showing. There was a day of brilliant sunshine and tearing squalls, of full sail with a creaming wake and shortened canvas, with crashing lee wave and flying windward water. There was no menacing fall of barometer; but the ship, carried rather to the northward, was drawing near to the outlying islets and reefs of the Low Archipelago, and the Old Man knew, from experience gained long ago, that rain squalls and fog could be expected in that region; and terrific hurricanes were by no means unknown. Therefore, though he was too old and too good a sailorman to get alarmed, he was just good enough to remain on deck and see his ship through those squalls himself.

And the sailors cursed him. They cursed his tea-racing ideas, which drove them to making and taking in sail and making it again, when any sailorman knew that a coal wagon was better shortened down at first blow and kept that way until fine weather was assured.

As for Rogers and his party, they enjoyed every change of aspect. In the fine spells they staged revolver-shooting matches, smashing bottles as they danced astern on the crisp sunshiny seas. In the rain squalls they stripped naked and reveled in fresh-water bathing while helping with a pull on buntlines or downhauls or clew lines. They were too happy altogether. The Old Man almost stopped the shooting; but he had already been the recipient of a second letter from the owners, with a hint at more to follow, and he felt that his dignity had suffered sufficiently. The mate and the second mate, both at the head of watches of men who growled openly and cursed them for driving them to work unnecessarily, felt compelled to do something to relieve their suppressed emotions. So the mate told the six miners either to put clothes on or keep out of the way of men at work. The second mate ordered them to stop shooting; and to their smiling hint that the captain might not insist, retorted that firearms aboard ship were against the law and the owners had nothing to say in the matter.

The miners glanced aft as if meditating a visit to the Old Man. But there was something about the sturdy figure of that Old Man up there, watching his ship, nursing her, gentling her, driving her when driving was the best for her, which caused Rogers to lead his mates in obedience to the orders of the two mates. But by no means were those buoyant, amiable roughnecks overawed, though they gave obedience. They invited the only mate who had not meddled with their amusements, the young third, who was not so young actually as by comparison, to supper with them in the second dog watch and the Old Man could not find an excuse to forbid it. And from four bells to eight hilarity reigned in the forward house, ranging from shouted greetings to roaring chanteys. The old clipper foamed along under all plain sail except royals and flying jib, and sure, sore-handed men loafed the dogwatch away on the fore hatch, listening without any friendly feeling to the boisterous harmony pouring from the house.

Taking forty winks in his stateroom, after twenty-four hours on deck, the Old Man listened to the thrumming of rushing seas outside the vessel's skin. It was a drowsy murmur; and running through it like a slumberous theme was the hum of wind in the cordage, the cheeping of spars and frames, the muffled jar of the rudder-post in the trunk casing. Some sounds entered through open portholes in the poop break; some filled the cabin interior from within; some were so completely part of the ship in her strong onward rush that none might say whence they came in particular. Captain Tait's tired brain was soothed. His beloved old ship crooned to him. Nobody else ever caught that crooning note as vividly as he. All the years he had been in the Titania, mate and master, he had felt the ship and himself to be one to a far greater degree than most men ever experience with their ships. In the days when the clipper romped down to the colonies with fine cargoes, on to China for the pick of the teas, and home in the first flight, all within nine months, and sometimes in eight, he had grown to be part of the ship; a vital limb, in truth. And now, dozing amid the harmonic chorus of the old ship itself, those old days colored and spiced his dreams.

Ho, up aloft with tautened leech!
Handy, my boys, so handy, ho.
"Hand over hand, boys, stretch your reach!
So handy, my boys, so handy."

That was an old favorite sail-setting chantey of the skipper's. It came to him vaguely at first, and he only partly roused from his doze. It persisted. He had heard it one night after leaving Newcastle, surprised that such a hangdog crew should sing it; but it was nothing impossible, simply improbable. Now, creeping through his sleeping senses, it harmonized with all those intimate little voices of the ship and made his heart feel warm.

When sail is set, the mate will say,
So handy, boys, so handy, ho!
"Vast hauling, lads, come up! Belay!
So handy, my boys, so handy."

The skipper sat up. Now he knew where that old chantey came from. It roared aft along the wind-blown deck from the forward house; and as blusterous as any there, the third mate's lusty young pipes led the song. He was about to order the noise to cease, when eight bells struck overhead and he went on deck to look around, before deciding to leave the ship to the mates for the night. The third mate ascended the ladder as the Old Man emerged from the companionway.

"I'm glad you taught 'em a decent chantey, mister," Tait remarked.

The third mate grinned. He had rather expected a reproof.

"They're easy to teach, sir," he said. "Take to it like old shellbacks. Wish we had a crew like 'em."

The night was clear and the breeze steady. Stars covered the heavens like metal sheathing. The Old Man ordered the royals set and took himself off to bed, as near happy as he had been since leaving Fu-chau; and toward dawn a light was sighted ahead. The officer of the watch kept an eye upon it, and very soon could see that, whatever it was, the Titania was overtaking it. There were plenty of smart ships plying from Australia to the nitrate ports of South America. It would be fine if the old Titania could get into a brush with one and beat her. It might get her back into the tea run. The steering was watched closely. Then, with the first of daylight, the light ahead was dimmed and in its place was seen a fine big steamer, smoking away and churning up the sea; but coming back inevitably nearer to the foaming clipper.

The Old Man was called. His eyes glistened as he saw the power of steam slowly give best to his cherished old clipper. He glanced aloft as if he would have a cloud of stu'ns'ls sent up. But those filmy wings were gone. The Titania carried all the sail she could spread. It was enough. The big steamer was in plain view by the end of the morning watch, and the clipper foamed along faster, with a hardening breeze on the beam and a haze over the horizon which spelled no slackening.

The passengers clustered on the top of their house, as full of enthusiasm for the race as the Old Man himself. They ate up there. The Doctor had no meals to set that day. And at evening, by which time the steamer was running abreast of the clipper, well to leeward, with a drifting haze clouding the skies and a wet squally tang in the wind, the amiable half dozen watched the skipper pacing the poop so narrowly that they appeared pained. They saw him glance aloft at the straining royals and the almost bursting upper staysails. They followed his darkening glance toward the steamer; back to the clipper's overpressed top hamper. It was easy to see where their sporting sympathies lay. They lit fresh cigars relievedly when Captain Tait went to his dinner and left the sails all set, and as soon as it was dark they clambered down themselves.

The second mate got anxious in his watch. The steamer was a bit astern; but the Titania buried herself in the growing seas until the broken water thundered over her main deck in tons, roaring from side to side and fore and aft, waist-deep, until men dared not move without a line.

Still the clipper lugged all the sail she could set. That had been the order. Then a red moon bounced up over the eastern haze, and clear in its path, under the packing clouds of hardening weather through which the moon seemed to sail, loomed the outlines of a low-lying island. It lay to leeward of the ship's course, and almost ahead; between it and the Titania lay a fringe of foam which was not the broken foam of free deep-water seas. It was the foam of a reef. The steamer's lights held place steadily now, on the quarter; and every time the moon shone out clearly the smoke could be seen pouring from her smokestack. She was plainly not content to trail the windjammer. But that reef sent the second mate hotfoot to the Old Man.

"Take in the royals and flying jib; gaff-topsail too," grunted the Old Man, coming up in his pajamas and scowling at the steamer. Dawn was near. It was almost time to call the watch. They were called a bit before time and all hands went to the work. About each mast men waited for halyards to be let go, feeling for the gear at pinrail or fife rail. The passengers came out on deck, wakened by the tramp of men. They glanced gleefully at the steamer; not so gleefully at the preparations for shortening sail. The preparations seemed to hang.

"What's the matter, mister?" bawled the Old Man. "Can ye not take in a royal between you?"

The Titania leaned heavily, burying her lee side until the creaming foam topped the rail.

"The gear's all snarled up like a sword mat!" yelled the second mate at the main.

Swiftly the six miners turned from the steamer, glanced at the waiting men, and then at one another with no particular amusement. Rogers clawed his way along to the mainmast. The ship staggered heavily.

"Mister, looks like our sailor knots is bothering you," shouted Rogers. "We never meant to ——"

"Knots! Hell's bells, did you sheep stealers do this? Wait till the captain hears about it! Passengers or no ——"

"You want to get them sails down, don't you? Here, boys!"

Rogers made his way to the forward house and his mates stumbled in after him. The east was graying fast. The steamer was creeping up. The low-lying island stretched away into a line of evil islets, and nearer at hand now foamed a submerged reef.

"For the love of Jehovah, won't you take in those royals?" bellowed Captain Tait, clinging to the weather rail and wondering why the gear didn't carry away, so deeply was the ship wallowing.

The answer came in a fusillade of pistol shots, fired from either side of the forward house; and down thundered the royal yards, the halyard blocks shattered by bullets. The splinters flew away to leeward, but one complete sheave fell and struck Rogers on the shoulder. He picked it up before it rolled down the deck, cursing it humorously. The mate and second mate started to advance upon the shooting miners, with blood in their eyes, when Rogers tossed the sheave into the air and split it with a snapshot from his gun.

"Any more sails to take in, Mr. Mate?" he laughed as they halted short, eying the guns, doubtful of the wisdom of meddling with the gunmen.

The royals were flogging. The Old Man was bawling for them to be made fast. Growling seamen backed as far from the miners as they could get. Rogers and his mates appeared to have learned the ropes very quickly, for once they had shot away the vital ropes, releasing the yards, they went to work and cut the only other ropes that had to run upwards, the sheets, and started to haul lustily down upon the buntlines. The main deck was a swashing welter of sea, waist-deep, in which angry mates

(Continued on Page 84)

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(Continued from Page 92)

and sullen seamen struggled to the downhauls, to the rigging, and gaff-topsail and flying jib halyards which had not been made into a mat by miners learning sailors' knots.

"Look at the steamer, mister! What d'ye make of her?" screamed the skipper suddenly.

He stood, with gray hair flying, staring down to leeward. The steamer had crept up abeam of the ship. She was fairly midway between the Titania and the reef, and had stopped. Steam roared from her pipe; and in the advancing light of dawn a two-flag signal could be seen flying from her triatic stay.

"That's N. C., mister!" the skipper shouted. "Never mind those sails. Stand by to square the yards! Clear away the port lifeboat!"

"N. C." means "In Distress! Need Immediate assistance," and there are few seamen who will disregard it. But the three mates of the Titania, fine seamen though they were, looked down to leeward across the leaping seas with misgivings. Beyond the steamer, still to leeward, lay low barren land and hidden murderous reefs; the Titania was deep with coal and not so nimble as she ought to be. The six passengers stood by their house, gazing curiously at the captain, their faces alight with question. The helm was put up, the yards squared and the ship stormed down to hail the steamer. And daylight brightened. It was a gray, stormy day. The seas could be seen broken and vicious along the line of the land. A few men were clustered on the steamer's short bridge deck. She was a cargo vessel, with no passenger accommodation, and with her way stopped she rolled like a cask in a tide rip. The Titania rolled, too, flying down wind; rolled until her bell clattered, until her clearance ports clanged.

"Holy sailor! He can't mean to run inshore of her!" stammered the mate, alarm in his bronzed face.

"Stand by starboard braces!" roared the Old Man when the ship was within a quarter mile of the steamer.

The steamer's number was flying now, and a hoist of flags which told that her main shaft was broken.

Captain Tait swung his ship back on the wind with sharp braced yards and the old clipper foamed alongside the steamer at speaking distance, while mates and men stood aghast. Only the six miners seemed to enjoy it. They knew no better, the second mate growled.

"Stand by, I'll take you off!" bellowed the Old Man through the megaphone as he came abreast the steamer's bridge, where stood another gray Old Man, counterpart of the Titania's master.

"D-dammit, I don't want to be taken off! Can't you tow me clear o' the land? I can make repairs!" roared back the steamer's Old Man. Then his voice was swept away on the wind. But six miners fixed one combined stare upon Captain Tait. Three mates wondered how far the Old Man would carry foolishness. A full ship's company, besides, considered mutiny, whatever the next order was.

"Haul up the courses! Take in outer jib! Mr Mate, stand by with a boat's crew to carry a line to that vessel!"

There were two old men. One, ashamed that a sailing ship should beat his steamer, yet wishing that steam had never come to drive the white-winged beauties from the seas; the other, proud that his lovely old clipper could still make a steamer go, although reduced to carrying the coal that fed the steamers, glad that the steamer's master, one of the old school, stubbornly wanted to stand by his disabled ship in that position of grave peril, to make his repairs and make his port, if only he might get a pluck beyond the immediate danger.

"The Old Man's gone loony!" growled the mate, leaving the hauling up of the courses to the others and looking about him for material for a boat crew.

He asked for men. None responded. All seemed deaf. He went to the boat skids, commenced to take off the cover and suggested the captain call for volunteers. The ship steadied when her great courses were hauled up; then she was brought to the wind until her sails were quivering. Captain Tait raised his megaphone.

"Volunteers to carry out a line, my lads!" he roared.

The boson and Chips were breaking out the end of a hawser from the fore hatch. The crew all seemed eager to help. There were no boat enthusiasts, and the seas were terrific. There may have been excuse. But the steamer fell into the trough of the seas and rolled, rolled, rolled ever nearer to the frothing fangs of the reefs.

"Dammit! I'll go myself!" shouted the Old Man, purple-faced with anger. "Come here, mister!" He called the three mates. "Will you see that steamer lost? Get a move on! She's close enough! Lend a hand here!"

"Beg your pardon, Captain Tait, but this ship can't tow that steamer," protested the mate. "I doubt if a boat can carry a line to her. Ought to abandon ——"

The miners had gathered beneath the skids.

"Mister, I can't order you to go," the Old Man retorted harshly, busy with the boat gripes. "Maybe I can't get a line to her, but by God I'll try! If any sailorman wants to stick by his ship rather than quit her in a tight place, I'll not leave him while my own ship floats!"

"I'll go," grumbled the mate, a little ashamed. He was shouldered aside—and the second mate, who was also a little bit ashamed, was butted aside—by six roaring, whooping miners stripped to their underwear, who went to the boat gear as if they had been whaling all their lives, singing high above the howling of the wind:

"The boatman cries 'tis time to part,
No longer can we stay;
'Twas then Maimuna told my heart
How much a glance could say;
'Twas there Maimuna told my heart
How much a glance could say."

"Glory! That's my old boat song!" roared Captain Tait, glaring into the faces of the hauling miners. "Mister," he told the mate curtly, "I'll not need you. These lads seem to be willing, whatever they may be worth. Tack ship as soon as I get clear, and stand off and on to maintain this distance from the steamer. For'ard there! What's delaying those lines?"

The miners sang with laughter in their song and made an amazingly expert job of getting the boat swung out. They avoided the skipper's eye, applying themselves to fending the boat off the side while it was lowering, and to their oars when they were swept roaring away on the crest of a mighty sea. They sang the song to the rhythm of the oars and the boat leaped under them, for they had muscles hardened by conquering mountains, and palpably they were not the strangers to the sea they claimed to be.

"Good men! Oh, good men!" chattered the Old Man, leaning forward at every stroke of the oars. "Crack your backs, bullies! Split those oars! Stretch out that line, my buckos!"

"Watch your job and let us do the work, Shanghai Tait!" roared Rogers, at stroke oar, and his mates roared their song afresh, while the skipper frowned in puzzled fashion.

But they approached the steamer, on whose deck twenty-seven faces stared unbelievingly at the wildly careering boat bearing that long, snaking line astern, rowed by six roaring devils in undershirts, steered by a red-faced old gray-haired sea dog who looked as if he didn't know quite where he was, yet handled his boat like a deep-water boatman.

"Throw us a heaving line, can't you?" yelled the skipper. "D'ye want us to carry it aboard for you?"

That sailorly hail put life into the steamer's men. The surf was audible now, in the lulls of the wind. They worked feverishly, while the two old skippers avoided each other's glances, as sailors will do on such occasions. One was afraid of expressing human thanks for fear of seeming soft, the other was afraid that thanks would come; to his embarrassment.

"All right, cap'n!" bawled the steamer's first mate, as the boat's line was taken up and the hawser began to come in to the steamer's winch.

"All right!" echoed Tait. "Then give way, lads! No time to waste. Get back to the ship. Sing out, you rascals! I know you now!"

The miners sang and tugged, for the pull was to windward now. They sang while the sweat streamed down their faces, though they were all but naked to the biting sprays and the boat was filling with water. The Titania was filling away, keeping a strain on the sagging line, with a line of scared faces along her rail and three grim, silent mates on the poop, trying to make up for their seeming cowardice, which was scarcely that so much as the dour discretion that comes to otherwise brave men when dependents look to their living earnings, by keen handling of the ship. Time was short, if the boat was to be taken up and that line tautened before steamer or clipper ran foul of that line of foaming reef.

"Give us a line, mister!" the Old Man shouted.

The third mate swung a coil; then a sea sent the boat against the ship's side, breaking off oars and knocking the men from their seats. The boat filled with water; but the bowman caught the line and hitched it. The mate took up an ax from the companionway, always there in case of fire.

"Shall I cut the towline, sir?" he bellowed anxiously.

The ship lost way in avoiding drowning the boat's crew and the steamer drifted fast to leeward.

"Dammit, no!" roared the Old Man, blowing water like a whale and grabbing for the davit tackles dangling perilously near his head. "No! Fill away on the ship! Start that steamer moving!"

"Good old Shanghai Tait! Start 'er moving!" chanted the half-drowned miners, grinning up from the reeling boat.

"Catch a-hold, boys, and let the boat go!" the skipper told them as he caught a tackle and saw lines within the reach of every man.

Those miners needed little assistance. They rolled in over the rail and jumped to their feet, peering intently toward the steamer.

"Come down and have a little rum to stave off the chill, lads," the skipper cried.

They ignored his invitation for the moment, as they ignored their cold, saturated state. They were looking at the vessel that might yet mean the loss of the Titania and herself too. Those reefs were boiling, perilously near. There was an end to them; and if the steamer's stern once swung past that end, she could be towed without much trouble, if that wind held, clear of the farther line of islets which were nothing but reefs above water. And the towline straightened, twanged clear of the crests once or twice, and stretched and groaned about the ship's bitts. But the steamer moved ahead. The ship could tow her.

"Mister, if you set the fores'l and mains'l she'll save that steamer," said the Old Man, and repeated his suggestion of something warming to his scantily clad boat crew.

They accepted this time, and in two minutes five of them sat dripping water on the saloon table, while Captain Tait seemed uncertain whether to roar at their manners or not. But he sat in his own big chair at the table head, and the steward set out rum and glasses. Just as the Old Man missed one of their number, Rogers came down from the deck, grinning broadly and bearing a long envelope. He laid it before the skipper, then perched himself on the table with the others. Tait set down the rum decanter and laid his hand on the envelope.

"Boys," he said, a trifle wearily, "I know you have a pull with the new owners, and I have a suspicion now that you are the same men as I shanghaied years ago. I've done my best for you. Can't you quit this letter-carrying business, have a drink to warm you up and just believe me thankful for your plucky assistance—that I shall see you are rewarded, for when the towing bill is ——"

"Don't let a towing bill delay the rum, captain," smiled Rogers.

But rum was not foremost in his mind. That was just to stop the Old Man's verbiage. A gleeful glance almost seemed to ripple around the table, and Rogers sipped his liquor very temperately and delivered what was on his mind.

"Captain," he said, "this is not the letter we expected to give you, though we hoped it might be. You do recall shanghaiing us. When you stole us from our trucks on the pier and took us to sea, you did something. Remember how you had us in the skipper's boat in port? And how we got even by jumping ship in Sydney when you had bragged to the other mates about your smart boat crew? Well, we all made it up between us that if ever we made a stake we'd be hunky with you. And when we made a stake in the opal fields, big enough to buy a ship and shanghai it full of mates and skippers too, we started inquiries and found you were still in the Titania and about due in the colonies. So we bought out the other owners by cable, in the name of the opal company, and got the agent to book passages for us home. We meant to worry the innards out o' you, captain, no error. We had a lot of letters written and meant to play 'em on you until you got nasty, then we had another one voting you out of command altogether."

Rogers paused, sipping his rum, smiling down from his perch on the table edge, while from the six of them the salt water dripped in tiny pools on the cabin floor. The interior of the saloon was creaking under the stress of the tow overhead. There was a laboring, sturdy feel to the ship which spoke of a tremendous burden gallantly born as she dragged the steamer toward safety and the open sea. One of the other miners took up the tale:

"But you was such a nice old feller, cap'n, we 'adn't the 'eart to 'urt you. You 'ad a rubbly old crew to work the ship. But you let us do as we liked, pretty much. You kept up your face even when you had to load coal in your old ship. And you never got rusty with our little amusements, so ——"

"So when we watched what you were going to do about this steamer"—Rogers took it up again—"and saw you would do it, backing or no backing, we chucked overboard all our notions of getting even with you and found a better way. I just burnt the letter voting you out, captain, and this is one we had ready, but never hoped to use. It just gives you a free hand in the ship, so you won't carry coal or nitrates unless you want to. You run the ship to suit yourself and pay yourself at the rate of the best years you've had, then if there's anything over after taking care of the upkeep, declare a dividend and we'll divide it up at a good dinner at the end of every voyage. And don't get the idea we're bloomin' philanthropists, captain. We got money enough out o' the ground to afford to buy a ship to spoil your living. We wouldn't have made that money, either, if you hadn't shanghaied us. The money we put into the Titania is still ours, and if we don't make interest on it, it won't stop our baccy or grog. Here, take this last letter. It's apt to make you sleep better. Come on, lads, let's put some rags on and watch how the steamer goes. Helpless things, steamers, ain't they, cappy?"

The six went blusterously on deck, facing the chilly sprays with the same hardihood that they had shown in the boat. And as they tramped forward to their quarters they roared out the old chantey which convinced Captain Tait that they were, in truth, old acquaintances:

"Oh, swing the brave old boat along!
So handy, boys, so handy ho!
Pull all in time, swing with the song!
So handy, my boys, so handy!

"Pull with a will and make her through;
So handy, boys, so handy ho!
Sharp on the catch, ah, that's a crew!
So handy, my boys, so handy!"

"The Old Man must ha' been liberal with his rum! Suppose they'll get all there is coming if there's any towing reward," grumbled the second mate.

"They're welcome to it, for my part," grinned the third mate, who, having known them rather better than his seniors, was not so sure that they would want any reward. As for the mate ——

"'Twas good to see 'em!" growled he.

FULL Havana Filler

Actual size of Robt Burns PANATELA

For real enjoyment, nothing can beat real Havana

There is a cool, soothing enjoyment in good Havana tobacco; a tempting aroma, a wholesome fragrance—and nothing else can take its place.

That is why every Robt Burns cigar is guaranteed to have a full Havana Filler. Not just a little Havana mixed with less costly, less satisfying tobacco, but FULL Havana Filler.

And that is why more smokers are turning to Robt Burns daily. Beyond doubt, it is the most outstanding Quality at the price in the market today.

Robt Burns

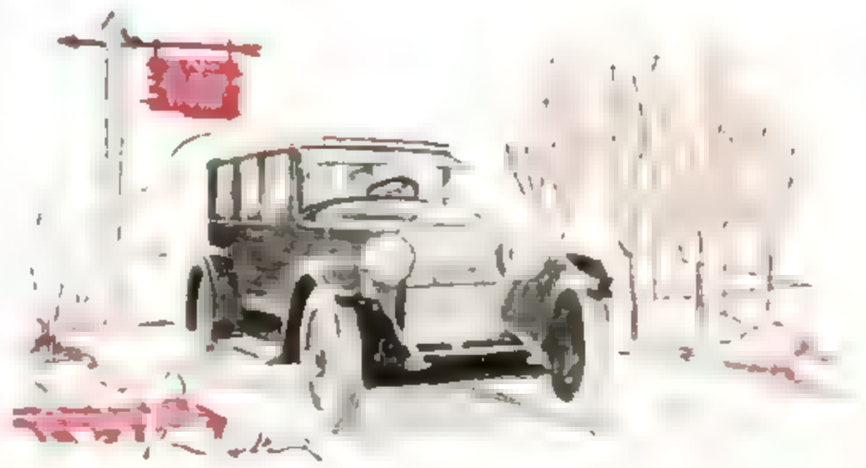
The PANATELA 10¢ — The PERFECTO 2 for 25¢ — The foil wrapped INVINCIBLE 15¢

After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar

General Cigar Co., Inc.

How to get *even better p*

your PACKARD



THE PACKARD SIX AND EIGHT CYLINDER CARS are equipped with highly developed engines of the L head type. With the exception of the 1922 Six Cylinder model which is 3 3/8" bore x 4 1/2" stroke, the subsequent models are of 3 3/8" bore x 5" stroke.

Water cooling, with pump circulation, is used and a thermostat controls the jacket water temperature and maintains it during operation at a point of maximum efficiency.

A force feed oiling system is employed on the 1924 and previous years' models, while a full force feed system is used on the models for 1925. A gear pump submerged in the oil delivers it under pressure to the crankshaft, camshaft, and crankpins. The timing chain is lubricated by oil supplied through the hollow camshaft. All other engine parts are lubricated by a fine oil mist thrown from the crankpin bearings. An oil pressure relief valve incorporated in the oil pump casing regulates the amount of oil distributed to the cylinders.

Closely fitted cast iron pistons equipped with special piston rings prevent a surplus of the lubricant reaching the combustion chambers. This makes for low oil consumption and a minimum of carbon formation. With high powered engines of this type and where operating temperatures are maintained at the highest point of efficiency by thermostats, the use of an oil rich in lubricating properties is essential for the conservation of power, fuel, and lubricant.

To secure a maximum of lubrication and the best operating results from these engines, Gargoyle Mobiloil "A", a rich lubricating oil of medium body, should be employed in summer.

For the winter lubrication of the *Six cylinder models* the same oil, Gargoyle Mobiloil "A", is recommended.

For the winter lubrication of the *Eight cylinder models* Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used, due to the larger combined area of cylinder and piston frictional surfaces and the greater ease in winter starting afforded by this oil of greater fluidity.

* * *

Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" should be used in the transmission and differential of all models.

your REO

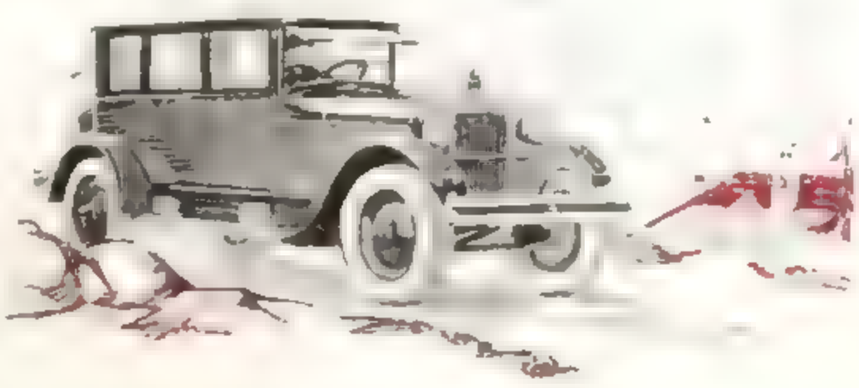
YOUR REO PASSENGER CAR employs a moderately high speed, six cylinder, vertical, water-cooled engine of the F-head type. In this engine the intake valve is located in the center of the head casting while the exhaust valve is located to one side of the cylinder and in the cylinder block. This arrangement makes possible large valves and results in a free flow of the inlet and exhaust gases.

The system of lubrication in your Reo engine consists of a reservoir in the lower portion of the crankcase. A plunger pump submerged in the oil delivers it under pressure to the two center crank shaft bearings as well as to the overhead valve rocker arm shaft and in addition to the splash troughs, one under each cylinder. The oil mist created by dippers on the lower ends of the connecting rods dipping into the oil in these splash troughs effects a thorough distribution of the lubricant to all internal engine parts.

The lower halves of the connecting rod bearing caps, just forward of the splashers, are drilled so that at each revolution of the crank shaft a fresh supply of the oil is forced into the connecting rod big end bearings.

Since the lubrication of all internal rotating and reciprocating parts of the engine depends upon the oil spray or mist created by the action of the dippers on the lower ends of the connecting rods, an oil should be used which will readily atomize under this dipper action.

Aluminum pistons are employed. These pistons make for lighter weight of reciprocating parts, thereby reducing vibrations and bearing stresses and increasing flexibility and power. These pistons are equipped with three rings above the piston pin and have below the bottom ring six oil return holes which tend to drain the excess oil from the cylinder bores and return it through to the inner side of the piston from whence it drains back into the crankcase. These and other factors of design must be considered in determining the correct oil.



In order to assure the power, flexibility, ease of operation and freedom from carbon that the design and construction of the engine are intended to produce, we recommend that Reo owners use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in summer. To insure ease of starting and the ready distribution of the lubricant under winter temperatures, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic, an oil of greater fluidity, is recommended.

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Domestic Branches: New York (Main Office) Albany Boston Buffalo Chicago Dallas Des Moines Detroit Indianapolis

VACUUM OI

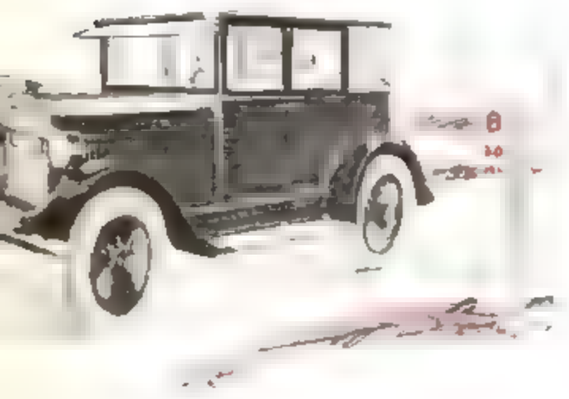
erformance *from your* FORD

'ERLAND

D FOUR ENGINE is of the vertical, L-head -cooled by natural circulation, no pump oyed (thermo-syphon system). Unlike ns, the clutch and transmission gears are ngine oil except for some cars produced he gears were separately lubricated.

erial is cast-iron and each piston is fitted d six 1/8" oil return holes under the third compression of 60 lbs. is carried.

d to all the working parts by a splash cir- he fly-wheel acts as a pump to carry oil ket on the right side of the engine. After ws through tubes in the crankcase to the er slight pressure and also to the splash e, it is distributed to all other engine parts



ed by the connecting rod dippers.

nsmission gears and bearings, also the joint, receive their oil supply from the eservoir.

n and transmission gears are lubricated by lesirable, in order to provide the maximum he gear teeth which often operate under as heavy a lubricating oil as can be em- sing excessive "dragging" of the clutch.

eturn holes in the piston under the third ployed in the Overland design, tends to s oil reaching the combustion chambers reduces the tendency toward carbon for- rbon accumulate, the moderate compres- tendency of the fuel to knock.

, it is necessary, where distribution of the se an oil which will flow freely and create at low temperatures. Otherwise, some of may not be lubricated. To minimize the thickening of the oil on the contact sur- to use a more fluid oil in winter weather.

pecial features of Overland Four design, engine, the use in summer of Gargoyle in winter of Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic. n of those 1921 models not lubricated by Gargoyle Mobiloil "C". The same grade he differential of all models.

FORD

IN DESIGN, construction, operation, and lubrication, the Ford is unique. The engine oil must adequately and efficiently lubricate both transmission and multiple disc clutch. In Ford engine lubrication the following points must be considered:

1. Ford connecting rod bearings are so constructed as to form oil grooves between the cap and rod. When an oil is used which will atomize readily, thorough distribution over the entire bearing area will take place, thus assuring adequate lubrication.

2. The Ford Planetary transmission operates in a bath of engine oil. The close fitting sleeves and bushings demand a free flowing oil of the correct body in order to assure thorough distribution to these parts.

3. The Ford multiple disc clutch operates continually in a bath of engine oil. A free-flowing oil of the correct body and character assures positive, quick engagement with no slipping and an instantaneous release of the clutch without dragging.

4. Carbon deposits are detrimental to satisfactory engine performance since they interfere with the action of the valves and spark plugs as well as inducing "knocking" or "pinging". To reduce these difficulties to a minimum in the Ford engine, an exceptionally clean burning oil is desirable.

5. Correctly adjusted transmission bands coupled with the use of a free-flowing oil of the correct body and character, will practically eliminate any possibility of the transmission band linings becoming glazed and chattering, providing the oil is kept at the proper level and replaced every 750 miles in summer, and every 500 miles in winter. To attempt to remedy such conditions by the use of oils containing foreign material which may separate or decompose under heat, is obviously wrong and likely to cause gumming of the valve stems, carbon deposit and other troubles.

* * *

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is free from foreign material or animal fats. It is of the correct body, character and fluidity and is especially manufactured to meet scientifically the requirements of Ford cars in both summer and winter.

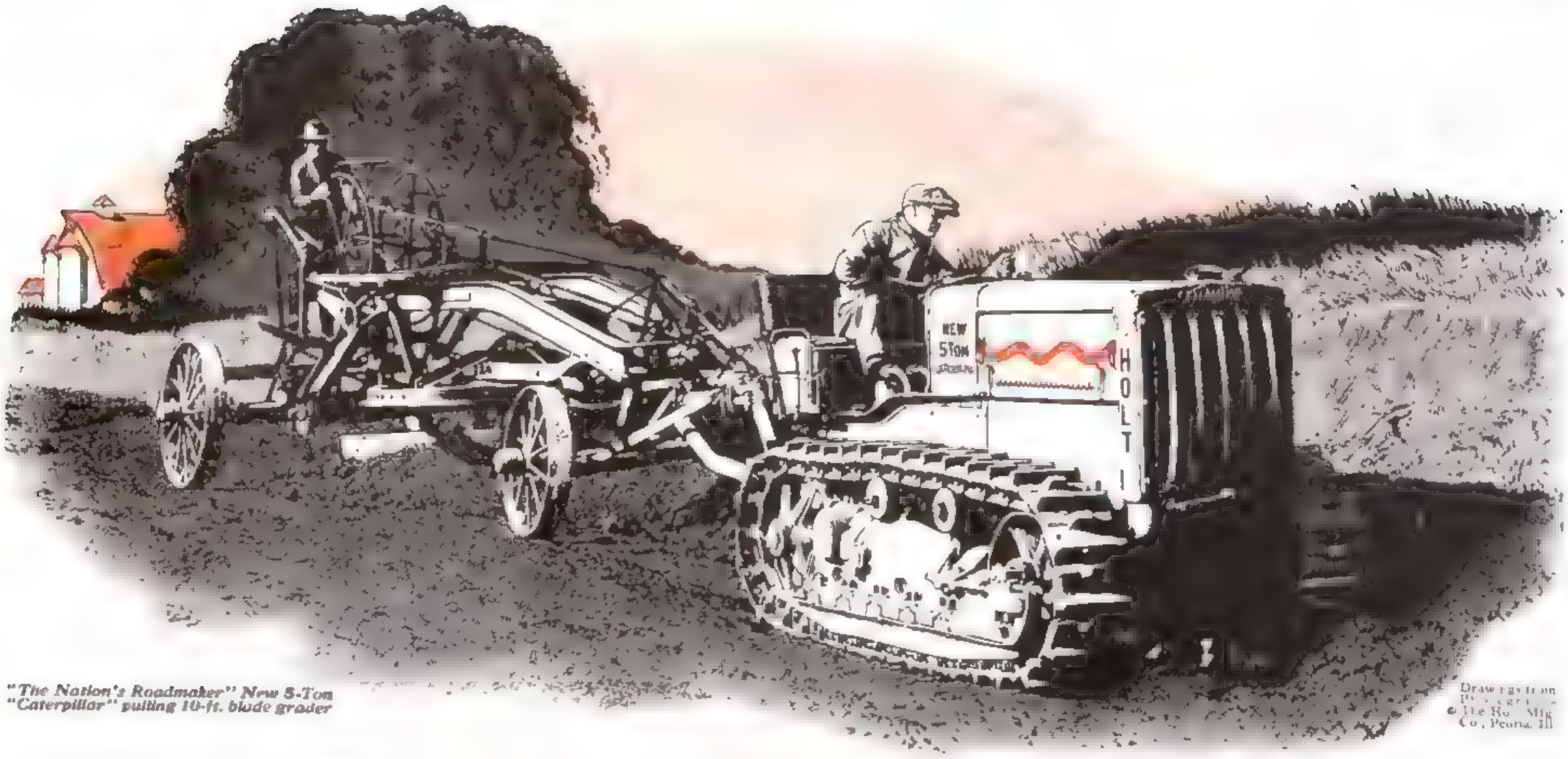
General INSTRUCTIONS

YOUR ENGINE will operate at its best if the level of the oil in the crankcase reservoir is maintained in accordance with manufacturers' instructions. Replenish oil frequently as required. Never fill above full mark on indicator. With a 5-gallon can or 15- or 30-gallon drum of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil on hand you will always be ready to give your car this valuable attention.

Crankcase oil should be entirely drained at least every 1000 miles in summer and every 500 in winter unless manufacturer's instructions are to the contrary. When draining the oil, the oil strainer screen (if your car has one) should also be removed and cleaned. Draw off the old oil when the engine is warm, as the oil then flows more freely and tends to wash out any foreign matter. (Never flush the crankcase with kerosene.) Then refill with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

ask for a 5 gallon can

L COMPANY



"The Nation's Roadmaker" New 5-Ton "Caterpillar" pulling 10-ft. blade grader

Drawing from Photograph © The Holt Mfg. Co., Peoria, Ill.

A Product of Experience

Road and municipal officials, contractors and engineers, industrial executives and business farmers, through the most exacting tests, have found every essential of superior power, simplicity and economy in Holt's new product.

The New 5-Ton "Caterpillar" has more than met the expectations of tractor-users everywhere; it has equally met the demands of Holt engineers for outstanding quality and conspicuous performance.

It is such a tractor as only the years of Holt Manufacturing success *could* produce.

In the New 5-Ton, the successor to the 5-Ton which for 7 years was unrivalled for medium power uses; in the fast-working 2-Ton for the lighter jobs; and in the powerful 10-Ton, everywhere supreme for heavy duty, the strong "Caterpillar" line has been further strengthened by new features and advanced engineering.

The "Caterpillar" is "The Nation's Road Maker." It fits the road budget of every community. As a builder of good roads, it is a real public servant, a protector of everybody's taxes.

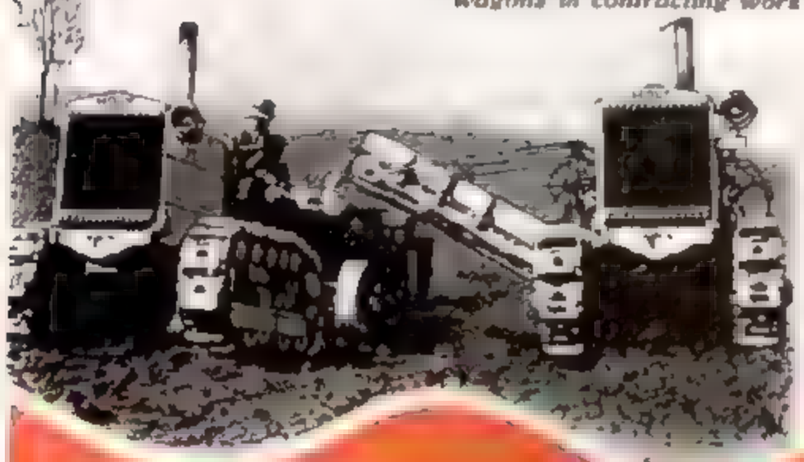
We have an interesting booklet to send you. Write us today.

THE HOLT MANUFACTURING CO., *Inc.*

Peoria, Illinois Stockton, California

Export Division: 250 W. 54th St., New York

10-Ton "Caterpillar" pulling elevating grader, and dump wagons in contracting work



For orchard, vineyard and farm use; on engineering projects and public works; in the oil, mining and lumber industries—wherever there is need for the utmost in tractive power and endurance, the "Caterpillar" has no real competitor. There is but one "Caterpillar." Holt builds it.

The 2-Ton "Caterpillar" has plenty of power and speed for hauling two ¾ yard wheel scrapers

CATERPILLAR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE YATZ-GATZ

(Continued from Page 13

reflect that little did they know that they were breathing the same air as a very dangerous man. A racial sense of the dramatic made him a little sorry that he could not rise in his corner by the window, attract their attention by rapping on his glass and announce in awful tones, "Messieurs, you gaze upon one who is about to become a murderer!"

What a wagging of tongues there would be over a hundred plates of onion soup in a hundred apartments that night!

"My dear," the stout Citizen Dufors would recount, "it was an affair most extraordinary. Dupont and I were taking our *apéritif* in the café when a dark mysterious man—a fellow most sinister to the eye—arose and declared, 'Messieurs, you gaze upon one who is about to become a murderer!' And with that this desperado strode out of the café, a sight most formidable, I assure you. Yes, it will be a celebrated case. Be sure, Berthe, to bolt well the steel shutters tonight."

But no, it would not do, Henri Berri decided, for he was a practical man. He must rob these honest citizens of their thrill, or at least postpone it till the morrow, when, beyond doubt, as they took their morning coffee, they would read, with round eyes and cries of "Oh, the monster! Oh, the assassin!" of what he had done.

He would not cheat them of their drama, these worthy men. At his trial there would be drama enough. He would draw himself up to his full height—five feet six inches—and looking the periwigged judges full in the eyes, he would declare in a voice as thunderous as he, a tenor, could attain:

"I am avenged! Behold, Messieurs the Judges, there is yet one Frenchman who knows how to hate!"

The judges, being Frenchmen, would understand. Where the heart is involved, one does not consult the head. On that point of Gallic jurisprudence he felt entirely sure. That insufferable Pampel had done him an unpardonable wrong—Georges Pampel had stolen Yvonne Brigotte from Henri Berri. And now, that very night, Georges Pampel must pay—Pampel, the successful, the masterful, with his wealth of beard and his pineapples.

What chance had Henri Berri had against him ten years ago? What chance had an importer of teak—in a very modest way—against the dashing, the puissant merchant of pineapples? None at all, as Henri Berri had learned that night ten years before from the lips of Yvonne herself.

She had laughed. She had tried to be kind. She was so young; one could not blame her.

"But, my little Henri"—he could hear her saying it in that birdlike voice of hers "you are a nice boy. But marriage—it is very serious, and one does not marry possibilities. Georges Pampel now, he is a man of assured position. A ! Paris comes to him for its pineapples. And he has ways most enchanting, too, and a great black beard and a voice that rumbles. Ah, I could only love a bearded man whose voice rumbles! So think no more of me, Henri. It is impossible."

Henri had been left speechless by the shock of this news. She had seemed to care, to encourage him. Then she had told him of her engagement to this Georges Pampel, whose existence he had not even suspected; she had placed between him and heaven this bulky vender of pineapples, with his enchanting ways and his voice that rumbled.

Henri Berri had cried, "I have no pineapples, I have no beard. I do not rumble. But, Yvonne, I adore you."

And she had answered, "Georges, he adores me too. And what a man he is! Au revoir, my little Henri"

"Ah, but wait!" Henri had cried. "There will come a time –"

And he had taken his new hat and gone out into the desolate dark, choked by jealousy, to pace the bridge and debate—the Seine, or Cambodia?

Cambodia had won. Henri had an uncle there in the teak business. To him Henri went. For a man with a broken heart, Henri Berri did very well in the teak business. Selling teak helped him forget, so he sold teak furiously; and, he had to admit in all candor, he had done well and had had a not unexciting career in the Orient. Out there he thought often of Yvonne—of her birdlike voice and her small rounded face and her long yellow hair. But rather more often he thought of the rival who had taken her from him—the bearded, the rumbling Pampel.

For Georges Pampel he had conceived an implacable hate, which he daily nourished. Hating Pampel became his hobby; he devoted all his spare time to it. It was a singularly satisfying hate; and, Henri Berri promised himself, it would lead somewhere. In his daydreams he devised unusual and extremely painful fates for the Pineapple King. Henri Berri would take an elephant back to Paris and have him tread Pampel slowly into a pulp; Henri Berri would chain Pampel to a tree in the Bois de Boulogne and pelt him to death with his own pineapples. He passed many a pleasant Cambodian evening planning spectacular and highly unpleasant demises for Pampel. But when analyzed in the cold light of reason, they all proved too elaborate to be easily carried out.

Then one night to the teak bungalow where Henri Berri lived in princely style came Ki-Lung, most potent of all Cambodia's witch doctors, the oldest and dirtiest man in the Far East. Softened by Henri Berri's champagne, Ki-Lung spoke of the charms and spells and black magic in which he was versed.

"And what, oh, wise Ki-Lung," questioned Henri Berri, "do you do in the case of a broken heart? I mean," Henri Berri went on to explain, "if a man of Cambodia loves a girl, and another man steals her away."

Something that might have been a smile, or possibly a leer, creased the leather face of the witch doctor.

"Ah!" he said. "Ah!" And he smoked silently for a very long time. Presently he opened pin-point eyes, like the eyes of a toad, and said, "In that case there is but one cure."

"And what, oh, Ki-Lung, is that?"

"Ah!" said Ki-Lung. "Ah!" He smoked for minutes before he said, "The Yatz-Gatz."

"The Yatz-Gatz?"

"Yes, the Yatz-Gatz."

"And what is it? Is it a potion?"

Ki-Lung leered.

"In a way." He puffed at his pipe. "Look!" he said. "I show you."

From somewhere in the intricate folds of his elaborate silk and not in the least clean robes, Ki-Lung produced a glittering object. He held it out to Henri Berri.

"That," said Ki-Lung, "is a Yatz-Gatz."

Henri Berri examined it. It was a knife with a short curved blade of finest steel and a handle of carved gold, a snake's head with a ruby eye—a beautiful specimen of native craftsmanship.

"And how," questioned Henri Berri, looking at the razor edge of the Yatz-Gatz, "can this cure a broken heart?"

The old witch doctor leered.

"One quick stroke across the abdomen—pfft—and one quick stroke down—pfft—and the cure is effected."

"But whose abdomen?" inquired Henri Berri

"Ah!" said Ki-Lung. "Ah!" And he let blue smoke leak from his thin brown nostrils. "The abdomen," said Ki-Lung softly, "of the man who stole the girl."

When Ki-Lung left the bungalow of Henri Berri that night the folds of his robes gave forth the genial sound of coins clinking against one another. Into a chamois case Henri Berri put the Yatz-Gatz. He clapped peremptory hands. A dun servant scuttled in.

"Foo," directed Henri Berri, "pack my things. I leave for Paris tomorrow."

And there he was, in a café on the Champs-Élysées, with Paris flowing by in a colored flood. He ordered a glass of particularly nasty bitters by way of keeping an edge on his hate, and as he drank it with a wry face he patted his pockets. In one he felt the hard outline of the Yatz-Gatz; in the other, the crackle of a note. He took out the note and read it again.

Yes, affairs were marching forward; he had contrived well. The note was in the unformed schoolgirl scrawl of Yvonne; she had not learned to write, or to spell for that matter.

"*Dear Henri:* Of course, I remmember you. Georges and I will be charmed to see you. Come Friday to dinner at our *appartement* in the Rue de Lisbonne.

"YVONNE."

Today was Friday. This was the evening of the night. Already the Champs-Elysées was beginning to be a long Christmas tree of lights. In his quiet corner Henri Berri drew out the Yatz-Gatz.

(Continued on Page 102)

"One Quick Stroke Across the Abdomen—Pfft—and One Quick Stroke Down—Pfft—and the Cure is Effected"

DODGE BROTHERS COACH

Dodge Brothers Coach measures up in every detail to the high standards of its builders.

Low, graceful and sturdy, it looks and performs the part of a true aristocrat.

The interior is roomy, comfortable and inviting.

The lacquer finish is exceedingly attractive in Dodge Brothers blue with body stripe of cartouche yellow.

The chassis is the same on which Dodge Brothers have concentrated all their experience and resources for a decade. Comfortable riding qualities and dependable performance are therefore obvious attributes.

The price is $1095 f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS
COACH

Have you a "pet" drain in your home?

Is there a pet drain in your home—pouting and sulking—trying your patience—causing no end of trouble in bathroom, kitchen and laundry?

Cleans out lavatory drains

Drāno will clean it out in a hurry—make it active—free-flowing. Just pour in Drāno—add water according to directions on the can. See it boil and bubble as it scours and scrubs—dissolving grease, hair, lint, animal and vegetable matter—purifying and sterilizing at the same time. Flush out with water, and—swoosh—the drain flows free with a swirling, whirlpool motion.

Keeps laundry tub traps open

Housewives everywhere are using Drāno regularly to keep drains clean and free-flowing in kitchen, bathroom and laundry. Drāno thaws frozen drains too—thaws them in a jiffy with its heating, boiling action.

Drāno positively will not harm porcelain, enamel or plumbing.

Keeps bathtub drains free-flowing

Hotels, restaurants, apartment and office buildings, barber shops and beauty shops use Drāno regularly to prevent drain stoppages—save plumbing bills.

If not at your grocery, drug or hardware store, send 25c for a full-sized can. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

25¢

(Continued from Page 99)

"Now, seller of pineapples, rumble!" he said through his teeth. He made motions with the knife—pfft!—across; pfft! down. He smiled grimly and returned the Yatz-Gatz to his pocket. Was anyone noticing how sinister he looked? He rather hoped so.

In the taxi, on the way to the Rue de Lisbonne, he felt little waves of hate running up and down his spine. On one point, however, he made up his mind—he would not use the Yatz-Gatz in the presence of Yvonne; that was a thing no Frenchman would think of doing. He would lure Pampel out on the pretext of telling him some particularly choice story of Cambodian life, and then in some quiet spot—pfft! pfft!

In the taxi he practiced the stroke—across—down. The grizzled brigand who drove the cab, while skidding between a bus and a truck, spied from the corner of an eye the actions of his fare.

"Name of a fish!" grunted the driver. "He shaves! Is it then a barber shop I am driving?"

He shrugged his shoulders and paid no further heed to Henri Berri. Strange things had happened in his taxicab.

It was not particularly impressive—the entrance to the apartment of the Pineapple King. One walked up three flights. The maid who opened the door for Henri Berri wore felt slippers, snuffled, and carried with her a suggestion of Brussels sprouts. The drawing-room was florid and was red in the face from being choked by too much plush Louis XVI furniture, which was not, Henri noticed, overly new. He dropped into a chair and immediately started up with a terse, hurt "Holy blue!" He had sat on a small evil-looking Pomeranian and it had nipped him. He hated dogs, particularly Pomeranians.

"Henri!" It was Yvonne's voice—that same high, birdlike voice. "It is good to see you, Henri."

She held out both her hands and he would have pressed them, but he feared he might hurt her—her fingers were so covered with rings.

"Why, Yvonne!" he stammered. He wasn't quite sure it was Yvonne. She saw his confusion.

"Have I, then, changed, Henri?"

"No, no," he murmured. "You are as young, as charming as ever."

"Really?"

He did not answer. He was wondering why she had bobbed and frizzed her hair. Some biggish women in their middle thirties shouldn't; Yvonne was one of these. And she had one more chin than she had had ten years before.

"Now do sit down and tell me everything. Georges is late. He always is. That miserable business keeps him, so we can have a nice chat."

Was her voice the same? Memory told him it was; and yet that little breathless soprano way that had been so captivating in a young girl did not seem, somehow, to fit a rather plump and matronly woman.

"The children," he heard her saying, "are just going to bed. Would you like to see them, Henri?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Then you have children?"

"But certainly—five," she answered. "Adolphe, Ferdinand, Jules, Hortense and Baby Marcel. You'll adore them."

"Of course," said Henri Berri, knowing he uttered a lie.

The nursery was stuffy. The nurse was cross. Baby Marcel was teething. The other little Pampels were as unprepossessing a collection of urchins as Henri had ever looked upon. They glowered hostilely at him.

"They are little angels," murmured Henri Berri, backing out.

"Sometimes," said Yvonne, smacking Ferdinand.

Henri winced. Yvonne with a temper!

"And now," she was twittering again, "you must see my particular pride, Toto and Kiki."

"I think," said Henri Berri, "I've already met one of them."

Yvonne gathered the two surly little beasts into her arms, caressed them, cooed to them, called them pet names. Henri found himself glancing at an unusually awful gilt clock on the marble mantel.

"Georges is later than usual," said Yvonne, and he detected asperity creeping into her voice. "I hope you'll like him."

There was meaning in Henri Berri's smile. A heavy plodding sounded on the stairs.

"There he is now," Yvonne exclaimed. "Here, hold Toto and Kiki."

She thrust the beasts into his arms and went out in a swirl of pink dress and heavy perfume. The dogs snarled at Henri.

The doors were thin. He could hear Yvonne greet her husband.

"So? Late again. Great sponge, why must you always be so slow? Did you stop at the bakery and get the cake I told you to? Did you stop for Adolphe's rubbers and Hortense's underwear? Make haste now, great, untidy custard. Wash yourself. Hurry!"

Henri heard the apologetic rumblings of Georges Pampel. Henri gave his mustaches a brisk, determined twist. In a minute now he would be face to face with the man he hated, and soon thereafter—pfft!—pfft!—he would be avenged and Paris would need to crown a new Pineapple King.

Georges Pampel lumbered into the room in the wake of his wife. Henri started. Georges Pampel was not at all as he had imagined him. He was enormous, it was true, but hardly heroic, for he had the figure of a pillow. He was extremely bald and—this astonished Henri -he had no beard, no sign of a beard anywhere. With his great pink head and his round face, he suggested a puzzled and recently punished baby.

"I am delighted to meet you, Monsieur Berri," he said.

His voice did rumble, and yet it was shy. He lowered himself and his great stomach into an easy-chair.

"Georges! Great stupid!" Yvonne spoke tartly. "That is Toto's chair."

"But yes, I forgot. I'm sorry," said Georges Pampel humbly, and got up and balanced himself uncomfortably on a straight chair. Henri Berri found himself regarding, with fascinated eyes, that stomach. That was the spot—pfft-pfft!

Henri Berri talked of Cambodia. He told of the weirdness of its jungles, its unbelievable birds of scarlet and orange, its bizarre flowers and its legions of leaping, laughing monkeys; of its lost cities that the jungle had closed over, so that now cobras slept in the bedchambers of the decayed palaces and elephants munched their lunch in the vine-grown throne room. He told of hunting man-eating tigers by the light of a jungle moon. He even essayed to show them how the natives danced.

They had finished an uninteresting soup when Henri, looking up in the midst of a tiger hunt story, caught the eye of Georges Pampel. It was the wishing eye of a boy listening to an old sailor spin yarns of pirate days and high adventure in distant ports.

"But I am talking too much," said Henri Berri. "I have not given Monsieur Pampel a chance to open his mouth."

"Bah!" said Yvonne. "He only opens it to put his food in. All Georges knows is pineapples."

"Yes," agreed Georges Pampel in a flat voice, "all I know is pineapples."

"Georges!"

"Yes, my dear?"

"You are spilling your soup on your vest. Do you think vests grow on bushes?"

"I was so interested in Monsieur Berri's story of the laughing monkeys, my dear," stammered Georges Pampel. "I did not watch the soup."

"You'd better watch it," said Yvonne.

The fish—a tepid turbot—had arrived. Henri Berri talked on. He told how teak was hewed in the dark forests and floated down the green Tye-Tan, which boiled with crocodiles. He checked himself.

"But perhaps Monsieur Pampel would like to tell me about pineapples—how they are grown and the rest."

Georges Pampel shrugged.

"I do not know," he said. "I never saw pineapples grow. I sit in my little coop of an office at the warehouse down near Les Halles. The pineapples come in cases; one hundred cases, two hundred, a thousand, every day. I sell them, that's all."

"Ah, those pineapples," said Henri Berri. he must be diplomatic and let slip no hint of his dire intent. "How I love them, those excellent pineapples!"

"I loathe the sight of them," said Georges Pampel.

"And I," added Yvonne.

"Have another glass of Chablis," said Georges Pampel, "and tell us, please, some more about the monkeys."

Henri told him of the monkey villages in the heart of the woods, and Georges Pampel listened with great hungry eyes. There was a penetrating howling in the nursery.

"It is Jules," said Georges Pampel wearily. "He always howls at nine o'clock. At eleven, Hortense howls. Marcel howls all the time, but mostly from four to six in the morning."

"These nurses!" said Yvonne. "They are not strict enough. I will put a stop to that noise."

Henri Berri's eyes followed her from the room. He was watching the expression that tightened her face.

But now he was alone with Georges Pampel. Was this the moment?

"Monsieur Berri," he heard the deep, diffident voice of Pampel saying, "you are a lucky man."

"Lucky? I?"

"But certainly. You are free; and you have lived, while I—I have existed as one of my pineapples exists. In my life there have been no jungles, no crocodiles, no monkeys!"

"But you have been happy," said Henri Berri. Georges Pampel shrugged his big round shoulders. "But surely," exclaimed Henri Berri, "with such a wife——"

"Ah, yes," said Georges Pampel, and sighed. "And yet —— Tell me, monsieur, is it far to Cambodia?"

Yvonne had returned.

"Georges!"

Her voice was that of a drillmaster. He came to attention like a soldier.

"Yes, my dear."

"I distinctly told you to bring a cake of marrons; you brought a plum cake. Why?"

"I forgot. It was a bad day at the office." He turned to Henri Berri. "You see, monsieur, this is a bad year for pineapples."

"Bah!" snorted Yvonne.

After the coffee, they sat in the red-faced drawing-room. Henri felt that his moment was drawing near.

"Ten o'clock," Yvonne announced. "Georges, you must take Toto and Kiki out. And tonight keep them out their full half hour, do you hear? Last night you stayed out only twenty minutes."

"Yes, my dear."

Henri Berri stiffened.

"I think," he said, "I'll go with monsieur. There is a story of Cambodia I'd like to tell him."

He saw Pampel's face brighten.

"Good night then, Henri," said Yvonne, and held out her ring-studded hand. "Come again soon."

Together the two men and the two dogs paced slowly along the street. The Rue de Lisbonne was deserted at that hour. Henri's hands were plunged in his pockets.

"Perhaps"—he heard the voice of Georges Pampel—"monsieur would do me the honor of having a bock with me."

He spoke in the hesitant voice of one who has been often rebuffed.

"But certainly," said Henri Berri.

"We might go into that little café on the corner there," suggested Pampel; "the Café of the Lovers of Oysters. It is quiet there, and peaceful—yes, so peaceful."

"As good a spot as any," said Henri Berri.

They chose an out-of-the-way corner. Henri Berri watched Georges Pampel closely. He saw that the Pineapple King was gazing ruefully at his reflection in the café mirror. Georges Pampel sadly stroked his bare chin.

"Yes," he said suddenly. "I look droll. I should have a beard to cover part of this desert of face."

"But monsieur had one."

"Ah, yes; but Yvonne grew tired of it. She made me cut it off." He looked moodily at Henri Berri. Then he burst out, "You are a man most fortunate, Monsieur Berri. What I sit dreaming about in my little room down near the produce market, you have done. You can rove the earth, while I —— Ah, if one could be young again, eh, Monsieur Berri?"

He raised his glass.

"To the things one might have done!" exclaimed Georges Pampel.

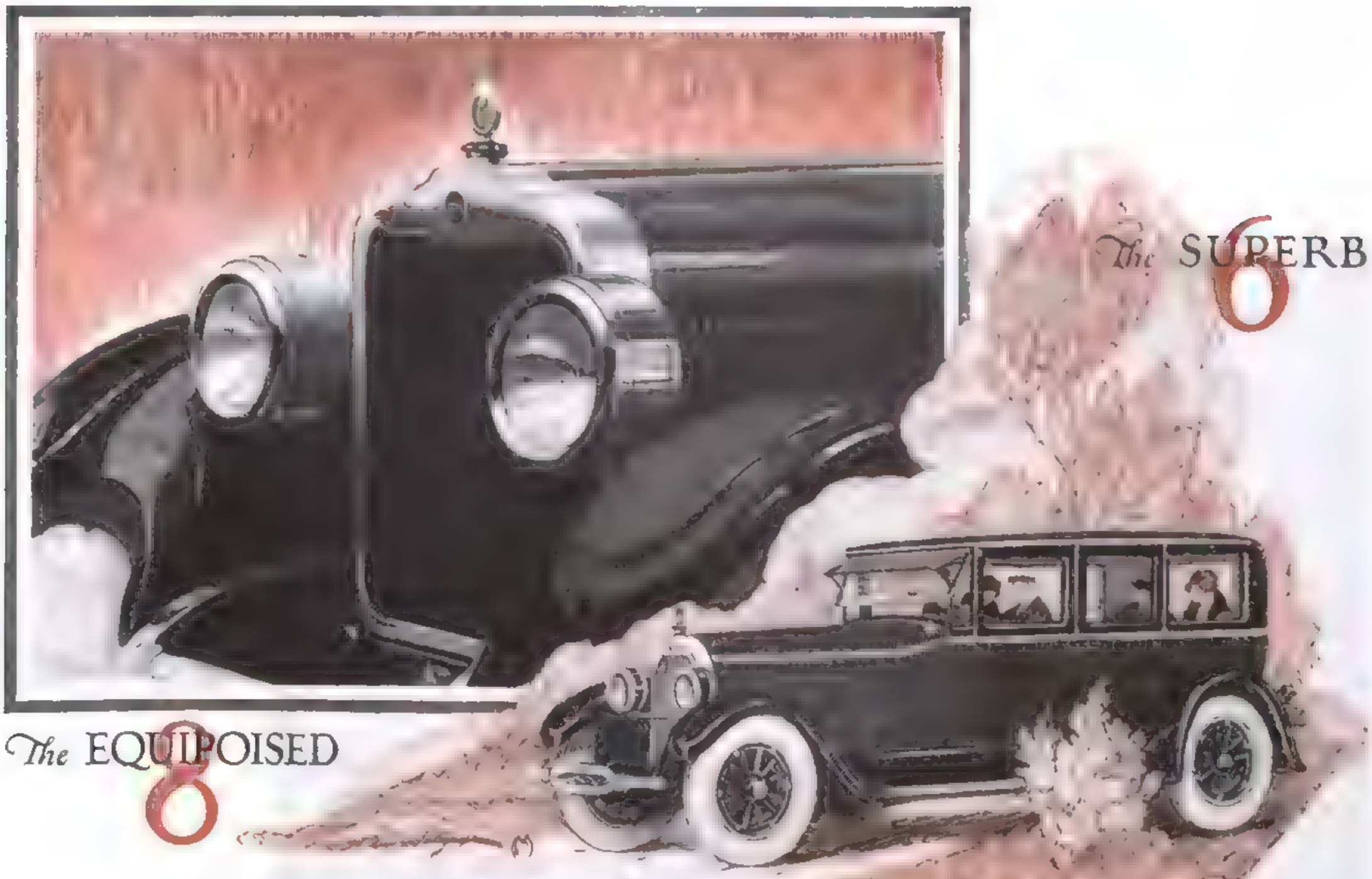
Slowly from his pocket Henri Berri drew the Yatz-Gatz. Its blade sparkled in the café light, the ruby eyes of the golden snake shone.

"And what," asked Georges Pampel, "is that?"

"That," said Henri Berri, "is a Yatz-Gatz."

He held it out to Georges Pampel.

"It would please me, my dear Pampel," said Henri Berri, "if you would accept it as a souvenir of Cambodia. Out there it is—well, something like our own Legion of Honor—a reward to someone who has done a great service."



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ELIZABETH MONROE AND LOUISA ADAMS

(Continued from Page 21)

did not agree with her. In spite of many kindnesses from a host of friends, she was constantly indisposed, and they were not sorry when in 1801 a forthcoming change of administration at home caused President Adams to recall them.

They sailed from Hamburg in July and arrived at Philadelphia on September fourth. John Quincy went at once to Massachusetts, while Louisa took this opportunity to visit her family, now also returned to America, at Fredericktown. "I have," John Quincy noted, "parted, for the first time since my marriage, from my wife." Back in Boston, during the following years it was inevitable that he should take a part in politics. In 1802 he was elected to the Massachusetts Senate on the Federal list; in 1803 they sent him to the Senate of the United States for six years.

A journey of twenty days took the Adamses from Quincy to Washington, where they found room in the home of Louisa's sister, Mrs. Hellen, in whose house a younger sister, Catherine, was also living. There Mr. Adams—one must not call him John Quincy any more—found a mode of life "more uniform." He rose at seven, wrote until nine, breakfasted, dressed; soon after ten he went to the Capitol, walking the two miles in forty-five minutes; the Senate sat until two or three, he was home for dinner at four; the evening was spent "idly" with his older boy, or with the ladies, to whom he often read aloud for an hour or two; supper was at nine or ten, and "eleven is the hour for bed." Sometimes they dined out, at a senator's, at Mr. Jefferson's, whose tall stories did not in the least impress Mr. Adams. Occasionally he took Louisa to the races. In 1804 they all talked a great deal about Miss Patterson and the folly of her marriage to Jerome Bonaparte.

The years passed, rather quietly, very laboriously, not very gayly, perhaps a little bleakly even. Mr. Adams was so methodical, so precise, so ungenial. He turned Republican and made himself heard in the Senate, where in his manner he was "as I always am, miserably defective, but the substance was not without weight." They went less and less into society, and because of certain private financial embarrassments "the privations to which I have found it necessary to recur have been very painful, as they respect my family. . . ." In the midst of it all he found time to write quite graceful poems to Louisa, to "the friend of my bosom," on her birthday. In 1807 a third son was born.

And in 1809, quite unexpectedly, Mr. Madison appointed Mr. Adams Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia. Louisa must pack her trunks again, for a long, dismaying journey to that cold, unknown country.

V

RUSSIA! They arrived at Petersburg on October 23, 1809, after a stormy and much delayed ocean voyage of seventy-five days, and "engaged an apartment of five indifferent chambers" at the Hotel de Londres. They were a large party: Mr. and Mrs. Adams; the baby, Charles Francis—the two older boys had been left at home—Miss Catherine Johnson to keep Louisa company; Mr. Adams' nephew, William Smith, as secretary; Martha Godfrey, a chambermaid; and a black manservant called Nelson. And of them all, perhaps, this Nelson was to have the best time in Russia; for he eventually became converted to the Catholic faith, was baptized, christened and confirmed all at once with tremendous ceremonials, in the presence of an enormous crowd, by a bishop, "or at least a parson with an episcopal mitre and staff," and entered the imperial household.

As for the others, there was so much to be done; with the exception of Mr. Adams, who had been there before as a boy and remembered some of it, so much to learn. The incredible Russian language, the stoves, the hermetically closed double windows, the jingling "drosskys," the snow, the cold, the terrible, black cold; the beverages—"the quas at two kopecks the bottle, and the chitslisky at five; they have a taste of small beer," Mr. Adams found, "with an acid not unpalatable to me, though much so to all the rest of the family." There was the usual wearisome pother of introductions, of formal audiences, of rigid formalities, of ceremonial presentations to the Emperor, Alexander I—a good soul who did not like flannel vests—to the Empress, to the Empress Dowager, to a whole retinue of grand dukes and princes. There were three months of necessary social engagements, an endless round of dinners and balls to be attended and returned, so that in January, 1810, Mr. Adams was hoping that they might promise themselves "for the future a more tranquil life," since until then he had been obliged to record that ——

"We rise seldom earlier than nine in the morning—often not before ten. Breakfast. Visits to receive, or visits to make, until three, soon after which the night comes on. At four we dine, and pass the evening either abroad until very late, or at our lodgings with company until ten or eleven o'clock. The night parties abroad seldom break up until four or five in the morning. It is a life of such irregularity and dissipation as I cannot and will not continue to lead."

For him, with his studious, careful habits, it was irksome; for Louisa, with her continuously impaired health, it was almost out of the question. But a brave attempt had to be made, as often as possible, so as not to give offense. Court balls that cost eighteen thousand rubles and consumed fifteen thousand wax candles, where the Emperor sought out Louisa on purpose to dance a polonaise with her; endless church festivals and Te Deums, at which the wish for Napoleon's downfall was father to the prayer; recurring ceremonies, birthdays, launchings, civic fêtes; Easter with its eggs of glass and marble and gilt wood to be exchanged with everyone; May Day, and the procession of carriages, with postilions and teams of four and six and even eight gayly caparisoned horses; sleighing parties and ice carnivals; visits to schools, to factories, to charitable institutions; soirées at the theater, at the opera, at the imperial drawing-room; dinners, dinners, dinners—there was no end to it, in the brilliant, snow-spangled, diamond-and-fur-bedizened city of the Emperor of all the Russias.

And a house to be chosen and put in order and managed. And if it was not on the scale of Mr. de Caulaincourt, the French Ambassador's establishment—which cost a million rubles a year, required the services of sixty-five persons, and sheltered fifty-six horses in its stables—still it was very expensive and complicated. "We have a maître d'hôtel, or steward," Mr. Adams complained; "a cook who has under him two scullions—mujiks; a Swiss, or porter; two footmen; a mujik to make the fires; a coachman and postilion . . . a femme de chambre of Mrs. Adams who is the wife of the steward, a housemaid and a laundry maid. The Swiss, the cook and one of the footmen are married and their wives all live in the house. The steward has two children and the washerwoman a daughter, all of whom are kept in the house. . . . The firewood is luckily included as part of the rent. On all . . . articles of consumption the cook and steward first make their profits . . . and next make free pillage of the articles themselves. The steward takes the same liberty with my wines." It was a good deal to ask of New England frugality, this happy-go-lucky Muscovite house party!

But when all was said and done, it was lonely in Petersburg. Only one other minister had his lady with him, although if local gossip could be believed, as indeed it was, some of the bachelor ambassadors were not entirely destitute of feminine consolation. It was lonely in Petersburg for Louisa. She lived there for five years "as a stranger to all but the kind regards of the Imperial family, and I quitted its gaudy loneliness without a sigh." There were two children at home; a little girl born in 1811 died within the year; America was a long way off and news traveled slowly; Mr. Adams did not mind the cold, but for her it was a misery—this "sterile heartlessness of a Russian residence of icy coldness"—and she was perhaps never quite well. The only "alloy" in Mr. Adams' "felicity" arose from "the delicacy of my wife's constitution, the ill health which has afflicted her much of the time, and the misfortunes she has suffered from it."

And they quarreled a little. "Our union has not been without its trials," Mr. Adams admitted, "nor invariably without dissensions between us. There are many differences of sentiment, of tastes and of opinions in regard to domestic economy and to the education of children between us." She was probably much more tolerant, much more liberal. "There are natural frailties of temper in both of us; both being quick and irascible, and mine being sometimes harsh." But she had always been "a faithful and affectionate wife, and a careful, tender, indulgent and watchful mother." He might have added that she had also been a gracious hostess when illness did not prevent, a spirited, courageous lady, a good traveler who bore the discomforts and vicissitudes of the long roads with fortitude.

At all events, she was to have a conspicuous opportunity to display these qualities. For in 1814 Mr. Adams went to Ghent, to assist at the making of the treaty of peace with England; Louisa remained alone in Russia—her personal household had returned one by one to America—for another dreary winter; and in 1815 she found herself summoned across Europe to join him at Paris.

VI

IT WAS a disorganized, devastated, precarious Europe, filled with disorderly, vagrant soldiery. The Allies had taken Paris, Napoleon was on the island of Elba, the Bourbon Louis XVIII was back on the throne of France. It was supposed that peace had come. Louisa was very much alarmed at the prospect of her journey, and worried about the sale of her furniture, which Mr. Adams had recommended. One wonders if Louisa was not just a little afraid, often, of Mr. Adams, a little restive under his strictly economical accounting, a little apprehensive of his critical Adams nature.

"Conceive the astonishment your letter caused me if you can," she wrote. "I know not what to do about the selling of the goods and I fear I shall be much imposed upon. This is a heavy trial but I must get through it at all risks, and if you receive me with the conviction that I have done my best I shall be amply rewarded. I am in so much confusion that it is hardly possible for me to write you."

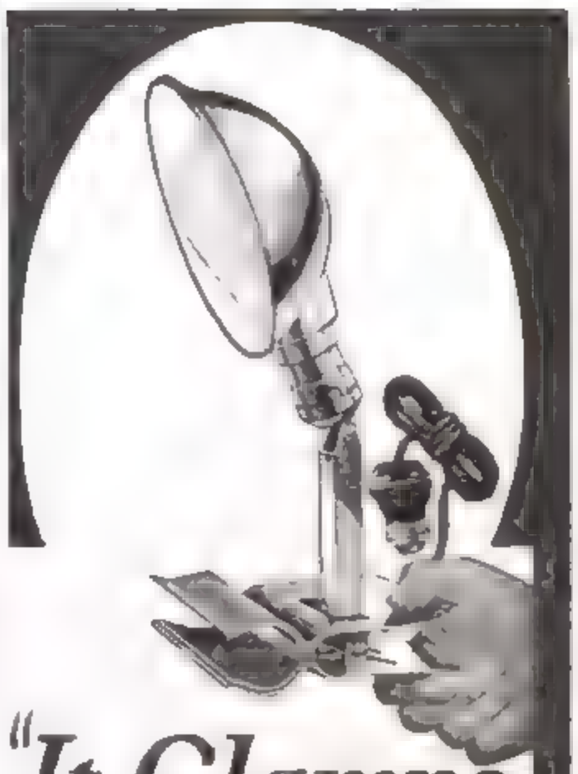
She left Petersburg on the afternoon of February 12, 1815, in a Russian coach on runners, with her seven-year-old boy—for whom a bed had been arranged in the front of the carriage—accompanied by a French nurse who had come to her that very day, and two manservants, one of whom, Baptiste, had been a prisoner of war in Mitau. And at first matters went smoothly enough; she was paid every attention, and elaborately entertained at Riga by the governor; but it was bitterly cold, so that during one stage "our provisions were all hard frozen . . . and even the Madeira wine had become solid ice."

They exchanged the runners for wheels and went on into Courland, where "once or twice the carriage sank so deep in the snow . . . that we had to ring up the inhabitants . . . to dig us out. For this purpose the bells appeared to be commonly used, and our postilion appealed to them without hesitation, and the signal was immediately understood."

Then, at Mitau, an alarming thing happened. Louisa had refused the invitation of her friend, Countess Menga, and had determined to proceed to the next posthouse, when the innkeeper approached her with great mystery and caution, informed her of a frightful murder which had taken place on that road the night before, and warned her that her servant, Baptiste, was a notorious character in Mitau, and a villain of the deepest dye. But Louisa replied that she was under bond to take him to France unless he behaved improperly, that the carriage was ordered, and that she was going "from a proud and foolhardy spirit," as she afterward admitted

They started off, "under the most uneasy impressions," and four miles out the postilion announced that he was lost. Until nearly midnight they were jolted over hills, through swamps and holes, and into valleys into which no carriage had surely ever passed before, and my whole heart was filled with unspeakable terrors for the safety of the child", and then the horses were worn out and Baptiste had to be sent on alone to see what he could find. In the coach they waited, under the wintry midnight sky, on the slope of a lost hill in Courland, while the child slept "sweetly" in his little improvised bed. But Baptiste found a house, and they were taken in for the night.

The Vistula was crossed, on thin, perilous ice, with men in front sounding with poles,



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and after a while they were in Prussia—trundling through a gloomy, frozen countryside, filled with the "fearful remnants of man's fury." And the nearer they approached to Berlin, the more impertinent Baptiste became, until Louisa threatened him with dismissal, after which he was more respectful, but "there was something threatening in his look that did not please me, but I was afraid to notice it." They went on and on—encountering minor vicissitudes, broken wheels, enforced lodgings in chance roadside dens—and Louisa kept her money bags hidden, letting the men think that she only drew enough at each town for the next stretch.

Berlin was a haven of refuge, a joy, a resuscitation of "pleasant recollections of the past, and youth seemed again to be decked with rosy smiles." They stayed a week, and Louisa made her presence known to some of her old acquaintances of fourteen years before, and was received with affectionate delight and with the friendliest courtesies. She felt at home in Berlin—but Mr. Adams was waiting, and they must go. Through Prussia, across the German states, running everywhere into groups of disbanded soldiers, so that Louisa found it advisable after dark, in order to escape annoyance and insult, to make a pretense of military identity by putting on her little boy's toy soldier hat with the big plume, and showing his sword at the window. And at Eisenach there was a rumor that Napoleon was again in France, and at Hanau it was confirmed.

They went on, hearing nothing on all sides but praise for the French and their bravery, and curses for the Allies and "the far renowned horrors and cruelties of the ruffian Cossacks." And in Frankfort the two manservants refused to go any farther, because there would now be conscription in France, and Louisa was obliged to proceed along circuitous routes—so as to avoid the troops which were being reassembled—with only a young Prussian lad of fourteen as courier. They passed through Baden, where everyone was certain that Napoleon had been captured and shot; they were delayed by "wagons of every description full of soldiers . . . rushing toward the frontier, roaring national songs and apparently in great glee at the idea of a renewal of hostilities"; and finally they were at Strasburg—in which Louisa, for some unaccountable reason, managed to find a resemblance to Worcester, Massachusetts.

She was very tired and ill, but there were passports to be seen to, and a new servant, Dupin, to be engaged—and they were off again, through a France seething with troops, roaring for Napoleon, damning the Cossacks. All went well until beyond Épernay, and then suddenly there was an uproar on the road, a cursing and shouting that they were Russians—because of the Petersburg coach—a threatening of swords and bayonets. Louisa had driven right into the midst of Napoleon's Imperial Guard, on its way to meet the Emperor. She explained that they were Americans—loud cheers—she waved her handkerchief, she cried "Vive l'Empereur!" and vive anything else which the soldiers seemed to require. They let her go. With the general in command and his staff escorting her carriage, they cut through the entire column, at the mercy of this utterly undisciplined and very considerably intoxicated rabble, which was so soon, at Waterloo, to pass into immortality. Poor little Charles Francis was terrified, and sat like a white marble statue.

And the night at the inn was a long terror, with the coach hidden away, and stragglers pounding at the doors all through the sleepless hours. But the next morning the road was clear and they went on, to be met with the news that forty thousand men were around Paris and that a battle was imminent.

"This news startled me very much," Louisa confessed, "but on cool reflection I thought it best to persevere. I was traveling at great expense, a thing quite unsuited to the paltry salary of an American Minister, and I was sure that if there was any danger Mr. Adams would have come to meet me."

But Mr. Adams was in Paris, going to the theater and to the opera, and waiting with the crowds to see Napoleon come in, and Louisa had to finish her journey alone. And because she was the only private traveler on the roads, and because she had six horses to her coach, they began to say that she was Napoleon's sister, Stephanie and Dupin, most discreet of couriers, smiled a little and did not deny it. And at eleven o'clock on the evening of March twenty-third they rolled into the courtyard of the Hotel du Nord, in Paris, and Mr. Adams was enormously surprised to hear of all these alarms and perils. The city had been so quiet, it had never occurred to him—never, apparently, struck him that a lady traveling alone through France in those perilous days might be subjected to the most dire inconveniences. He had been expecting her, and he had come home from the play that evening and been annoyed at not finding her there. He was in his rooms when she arrived.

The conviction grows that Mr. Adams was not a pleasant person.

VII

BUT Paris was splendid, although it rained a great deal that spring. The royal family had decamped during the night of March nineteenth, after issuing warlike proclamations which no one showed the slightest inclination to observe. The people had gone around, instead, tearing down Bourbon emblems, and learning again to shout "Vive l'Empereur!" which made more noise, somehow, than "Vive le Roi!" The Emperor himself had arrived at about nine o'clock on the evening of March twentieth, at the head of the army which had been sent out to oppose him—making his way through roaring crowds, gayly feeding the fugitive King's manifestos to triumphant bonfires, into the courtyard of the Tuileries, where they had dragged him from his carriage and borne him shoulder high up the staircase, led by that same Mr. de Caulaincourt who had been at Petersburg. In the streets they were selling tricolor cockades, "the cockade that doesn't get dirty!" In the audience chamber, Eliza Monroe's old schoolmate, Hortense, was busy on her hands and knees ripping off the royalist symbols sewed onto the carpet, and revealing the old Bonaparte emblems underneath. Everywhere the Lilies had faded, the Violets were blooming.

There followed that brilliant twilight of the Napoleonic gods, the last trooping of the Eagles, the swarming of the Golden Bees, the Hundred Days that were to end at Waterloo. All Paris pushed up and down the boulevards, jammed its way into the Tuileries to see the Little Corporal, surged in and out of the Place du Carrousel to watch the troops pass by in review. In the evening one went to the theater to sing popular songs and listen to plays filled with patriotic allusions; one sat in the gardens of the Palais Royal and admired the old uniforms of Jena and Austerlitz.

Louisa saw it all; she went to the theater, and heard them cheer the little man with the cocked hat when he came into his box; she went to dinners and balls; she visited General Lafayette; she had a good time, a holiday time under spring skies, after the cold Russian years.

Even Mr. Adams found that "the tendency to dissipation . . . seems to be irresistible." And then, on May sixteenth, they had to go, because Mr. Adams was named Minister to England.

London, Louisa's native city, after an absence of eighteen years. But it was a very different London, filled with strangers, revisited under trying circumstances; for Mr. and Mrs. John Quincy Adams were there representing America at the close of an armed dispute between the two countries, just as once before Mr. and Mrs. John Adams had come bringing credentials from the newly emancipated colonies. It had not been pleasant then, it was not to be much more so now, and there were many incidents in store to remind Mr. Adams "how small a place my person or my station occupies in the notice of these persons." That extremely public character, the Duke of Wellington, for instance, could never get it through his head just what it was that Mr. Adams was doing in London, although when they met he seemed to recollect having seen him somewhere before.

But for Louisa, when she was not indisposed, the time passed not too disagreeably. They took a house in the suburbs, at Ealing, and the two older boys came over from America to join their mother. Mr. and Mrs. Adams drove into town occasionally to attend a function at the palace; to see the Waterloo illuminations, which were "very few and very bad"; to push their way through the mobs at the lord mayor's ball, where it was impossible for more than five couples to dance at once, and where "the heat was scarcely less oppressive, several ladies fainted, and the Lady Mayoress sat in state with her smelling bottle constantly at her nostrils to keep herself from fainting. . . . The dinner tables were yet standing and covered with people standing on them. We were obliged to pass over them to get out of the hall."

They were not at all sorry when, in April, 1817, they received word from Washington that President Monroe had chosen Mr. Adams to be his Secretary of State. They sailed from Cowes on June fifteenth, and landed at New York on August sixth. They had been gone from America just eight years and a day.

VIII

AND now these two ambassadresses, Mrs. Monroe and Mrs. Adams, were together in Washington, in the two most conspicuous social positions in the land, for all the world to see. But the trouble was—as far as Mrs. Monroe, at least, was concerned—that the world did not see her. "People seem to think," Mrs. Smith wrote in November, 1817, "we shall have great changes in social intercourse and customs. Mr. and Mrs. Monroe's manners will give a tone to all the rest. Few persons are admitted to the great house, and not a single lady has yet seen Mrs. Monroe, Mrs. Cutts excepted. . . . She is always at home to Mrs. Cutts."

Now this was most provoking; for if not a single lady, the fortunate Mrs. Cutts excepted, had seen Mrs. Monroe, then not a single lady either had viewed the restored magnificence of Mrs. Monroe's apartments, which was perhaps even more important. For there was a new President's house, at last, to replace the one burned by the British in 1814, containing one thousand two hundred and ninety panes of glass and twenty-six marble chimneypieces—so it was said—and in Mrs. Hay's rooms, for Eliza Monroe was married now, there were eleven armchairs, a settee and a crown bed draped with cambric adorned with a red-and-yellow fringe. In other words, Washington was bursting with curiosity to see the splendors with which Mr. Monroe had invested the presidential residence.

For it was all Mr. Monroe's doing. Mr. Monroe had a very pretty taste in bric-a-brac, and he had brought over with him from Paris a considerable quantity of extremely elegant furniture—including two hundred and eighty-six pieces of white-and-gold china—which he had sold to the commissioner of public buildings. But that was not enough, and Congress had appropriated twenty thousand dollars for further embellishment which Mr. Monroe had ordered from Russell and Lafarge in France. At the same time, Mr. Monroe had employed a great number of local artisans, hewers of wood and workers in damask, who thought nothing of sending in bills amounting to four hundred dollars for a pair of curtains with trimmings. As for the new furniture from France, Mr. Monroe knew exactly what he wanted—with "a mingled regard . . . to the simplicity and purity of our institutions" and to the character of the people represented in the building—and he had made the most careful estimates, for he was a connoisseur.

But unhappily Russell and Lafarge had not kept within the estimates. For the Oval Room, for instance, they had changed the mahogany to gilt wood, with crimson silk trimmings and fringes, since, as Mr. Monroe should have known, "mahogany is not generally admitted in the furniture of a saloon, even at private gentlemen's houses." They had had trouble, too, with the clocks, as it had been difficult to "secure pendules without nudities," and there were, of course, to be no nudities at the White House. This was unfortunate, as was the fact that the commissioner of public buildings eventually absconded with some twenty thousand dollars of the public funds, leaving Mr. Monroe himself at some pains to clarify his innocent share in these dubious proceedings.

But in the meantime the furniture had arrived, along with "thirty-nine cases containing twelve hundred bottles Champaigne and Burgundy wine . . . and seven cases of which six are for Mrs. Monroe . . . and one for Mrs. Decatur." And Washington wanted very much to see these treasures of Mr. Monroe's selection, and finally, on New Year's Day, 1818, the public curiosity was gratified. And Mr. Monroe had really done it very handsomely. There was a gilt bronze chandelier with crystals, for fifty lights; there were canapes nine feet long, and taborets, bergères and gondolas; there were vases and mirrors and clocks without end; there were gold and rose hangings, there was a piano from Erard; there were thirty-six egg cups and twelve dozen dinner plates; there was a gilt bronze dining room centerpiece of seven items, with baskets, and mirrors, and pedestals, all covered with garlands and vines, and figures of Bacchus—which seem inappropriate, somehow, in retrospect—and which occupied a space thirteen feet long and brought the manufacturer a net loss of two thousand francs. And on top of that, Congress appropriated another thirty thousand dollars for carpets, table linen and cut glass—including two dozen champagne glasses. Washington hoped that Mrs. Monroe would entertain a great deal.

The Entry of Napoleon Into Paris, 1814

IX

BUT the trouble was, again, that Mrs. Monroe did not entertain. She was too

(Continued on Page 111)

Now—Pure Thread Japan Silk
75c the pair—Ask for #325

Allen A
REG U.S. PAT OFF.

Allen A
Hosiery
For Men, Women and Children
Underwear
For Men and Boys Only

Men, there's nothing that quite equals a sock of pure thread silk. Unadulterated. Here it is. And the price, you'll agree, is right. It's pure Japan silk, where silk should be. With fine lisle where the rub comes.

Like all Allen-A hose, this sock is generously long from cuff to heel. It fits your ankle smoothly. And the foot is compactly knit—for wear without bulk.

If you're really particular about hosiery, just try this sock. Ask for it by number.

In case your dealer hasn't it, write us direct. We'll arrange to supply you.

THE ALLEN A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WIS.

Tear Out This Vest Pocket Reminder—Allen-A Hosiery Prices

Pacific Coast prices slightly higher

© A. A. Co.

No. 325 — **75c** *the pair* — Pure thread Japan silk socks. Seamless. Elastic tops, toes, heels and soles of fine mercerized lisle. Dip-dyed, unadulterated. Black and colors.

No. 2720 — **$1.00** *the pair* — Heavy pure thread Japan silk. Full fashioned. Elastic top of fine mercerized lisle. Double reinforced sole, heel and toe. Dip-dyed, unadulterated. Black and colors.

No. 2690 — **$1.00** *the pair* — Extra heavy pure thread silk. Seamless. Mercerized lisle top and strongly reinforced sole, heel and toe. Dip-dyed, unadulterated. Black and colors.

Bringing Health to the Millions

SCIENCE everywhere is working toward sanitation and health. The public gladly pays the tax, while philanthropy adds its wealth to carry on the work. It is a mission that is taking more thought and effort than does the peace of the world. The shortening of life by disease far exceeds the ravages of war. Cleanliness for health, cleanliness *and* health, are the aims.

Governments and cities sponsor the eradication of flies; states appropriate vast sums for the elimination of mosquitoes; oyster beds are policed to avoid contamination; Chicago defies geography and turns back a river to gain clean water.

A scientist receives as much praise and reward for a diabetes treatment as commanders of the World War; insurance companies learn that a man of 50 will more likely survive 20 years than a baby its first year—and millions pour in to save the babies; states spend fortunes to find a cure for the mysterious Pellagra; other states cut the percentage of deaths from the "White Plague" 30 to 50 per cent.

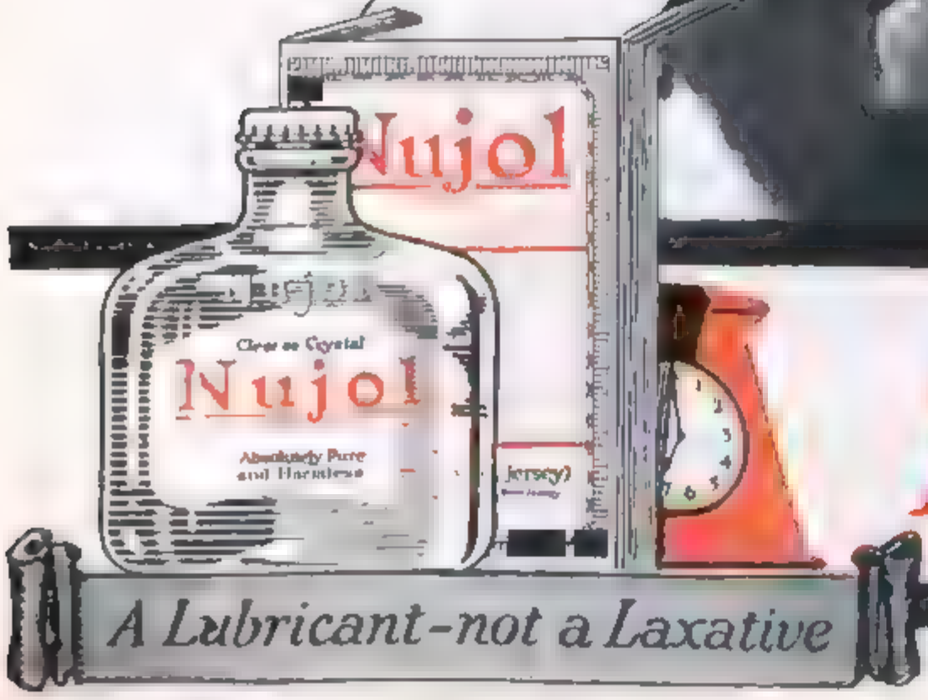
A prominent speaker broadcasts the prophecy that there will be no more disease in another half-century. And a philanthropist stakes $2,000,000 for an experiment to prolong the average life by 20 years.

But all this drive for the health and cleanliness of the millions will not avail—without *internal* cleanliness. No sanitary measure, no discovery of a new serum will compare in importance with this. For the lack of internal cleanliness is at least the contributing cause of most of the diseases whose ravages we seek to curb.

Give us a nation internally clean, and we will eradicate 75% of human diseases at one blow. One of the greatest medical authorities in the world has said, "I cannot lay too great stress on the importance of internal cleanliness. Intestinal clogging has a capacity for harm that is tremendous and far-reaching. It is responsible for innumerable destructive body changes."

There is one effective way to internal cleanliness —the Nujol way—*lubrication.* Medical science has discarded all the old (and futile) practices. Leading physicians and hospitals throughout the world adopted Nujol for internal cleanliness because Nujol is neither medicine, laxative nor drug. Nujol merely lubricates and softens the food waste and thus hastens its passage through the intestine. Nujol will insure internal cleanliness —the healthiest habit in the world.

Nujol



For Internal

A Lubricant-not a Laxative

Cleanliness

Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)
Room 831H, 7 Hanover Square, N. Y.

For this coupon and 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage, send trial bottle and 16-page booklet, "Internal Cleanliness". (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name .....

Address .....

Lee R. Young, Homer B. Goshert, James E. Anglin and Fred P. Reynolds—the four crack Pennsy train dispatchers at Ft. Wayne Ind., who work their Duofold pens eight hours a day. They have never found another that would stand this gruelling pace like the Parker Duofold.

These 4 crack train dispatchers say—

"It's worth twice as much in the hand as it costs in the show-case"

And they've written with the Duofold 8 hours a day for about two years

The Full-Handed Pen with that Extra Big Ink Fount and Guaranteed 25-year Point

NOTE: *Recently in a Duofold advertisement, we printed the following from an executive of the Public Securities Corporation, Los Angeles:* "I signed 1067 checks in an hour and 30 minutes with one filling of my Duofold."

"That's not much of a record for the Parker Duofold Pen," replies Fred P. Reynolds, one of the four dispatchers at Ft. Wayne, Ind., who help keep the fast trains moving on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"We four dispatchers work eight hours per day, six days a week and are all owners of the Duofold Pen. We use our Duofolds continually—sending and receiving many orders and messages—and recording on the train sheets the time that every train passes a 5-mile block station over 95 miles of track.

"Our Duofold pens still write like new although they have stood this rigorous work for about 2 years. We have used many pens previously but never found another that endured this gruelling pace like Duofold."

Yes, if anyone on earth writes like greased lightning, it's a good train dispatcher.

When the Broadway Limited is coming there's no chance to tinker with a pen that won't take orders.

Let idle folks putter with pens that fail in the crisis, but as for the man who works against the clock, and a little ahead of it—give him this super-smooth 25-year point and full-handed grip, with that extra ink capacity which tides him over until the job is done.

"We would not take a couple times $7 for the Duofold if we could not get another." That's the neat finish our good friend, the dispatcher, puts on his letter.

Indeed, there are lots of people who know that the Duofold is worth $7 in the show-case, but have yet to learn how much more it's worth in their hands.

Look for this honest stamp on the barrel, "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD—Lucky Curve." Step in to the nearest pen counter today and put your writing on even terms with the best.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · *Parker Duofold Pencils match the Duofold Pen, $3.50; Over-size, $4* · SAN FRANCISCO

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA · THE PARKER PEN CO., LIMITED, 2 AND 3 NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON, ENGLAND

Reveals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

Parker Duofold

LUCKY CURVE

OVER-SIZE

$7

With The 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. $5
Same except for size

Lady Duofold $5
With ring for chatelaine

Duofold Takes Longer To Fill because of its
OVER-SIZE
Ink Capacity
Immerse nib to ink. Press the Button as you would for an ordinary fountain pen, but as far down as it will go. Release finger and count ten while Duofold drinks steadily. Then withdraw the pen from the ink too soon.

(Continued from Page 106)

constantly indisposed if not seriously ill—and her daughter, Mrs. Hay, who quite obviously ruled the White House and everyone in it, including Mr. Monroe, did not allow her mother to exert herself. Mrs. Monroe presided at an occasional White House dinner—rather gloomy functions in the French style, with a cloud of servants actually handing the dishes around—and she held her weekly Wednesday drawing-rooms—drearily formal, somewhat European affairs, crowded with "secretaries, senators, foreign ministers, consuls, auditors, accountants, officers . . . farmers, merchants, parsons, priests, lawyers, judges, auctioneers and nothingarians—all with their wives and some with their gawky offspring . . . some in shoes, most in boots and many in spurs; some snuffing, others chewing . . . some with powdered heads, others frizzled and oiled." But except for these official hospitalities, Mrs. Monroe did not mingle with society or permit society to mingle with her.

It was sensible enough, under the circumstances. Mrs. Madison, to be sure, had visited everyone, but her health had been seriously impaired in consequence; Washington had grown considerably, and was always full of transients; Mrs. Adams herself was only giving weekly teas and returning visits, making none on her own initiative to newly arrived ladies or to senatorial and congressional families. And if Mrs. Adams was not equal to the task, Mrs. Monroe was still less able to attempt the social routine of her predecessor, and she therefore determined neither to make visits nor to return any, leaving this duty to her daughter. But unfortunately, again, Mrs. Hay did not pay all the visits which Washington expected of her; she would not call on any of the ladies of the diplomatic corps, because these had not called on her in the first place; she apparently influenced her father to keep all the foreign ministers "at a cold and cautious distance"; she injected the jealousies and vengeances of her private feuds into the domestic councils of the White House, and colored all its relations with society—so that in a very few months Washington was in a turmoil of dissension and recrimination

It was the era of good feeling in politics; it could easily have been one of cordiality in society, in spite of the foreign tendencies exhibited by the two ex-ambassadresses, and in spite of the indispositions which continually beset them and served to emphasize their natural aloofness and reserve. Mrs. Adams was a person of great charm and tact, endowed with the highest mental qualities. Mrs. Monroe was beautiful, elegant and accomplished; they were both eminently competent to offset the less congenial external aspects and manners of their otherwise extremely worthy husbands. But Eliza Hay would have none of it. She had sat on the same school bench with duchesses and queens, she was the President's daughter and the undisputed mistress of his establishment, she was an obstinate little firebrand whom Mr. Adams considered one of the principal causes of the "senseless war" which agitated the community, and she was determined to have her pound of etiquette, even at the cost of her parents' popularity and the peace of mind of the entire cabinet. For while Mr. Adams, for instance, should have been let alone to discuss the Floridas and other delicate international subjects, he found himself perpetually being interrupted to render decisions in that weighty matter of the "etiquette visiting" which was become "an affair of state" and a question of "high importance."

It began right away, in January, 1818. Mrs. Monroe sent for Mrs. Adams to tell her that "the ladies had taken offense at her for not paying them the first visit." All the ladies—transient ladies and resident ladies of Congress. And then the diplomatic corps took a hand. M. de Neuville, the French Minister, gave a ball and wished Mr. and Mrs. Monroe to attend. Mr. Monroe replied that it was contrary to precedent, and Mrs. Monroe refused to go anywhere without her husband. It was finally decided that Mrs. Hay should go—but that lady wished it distinctly understood that her presence was not official, and did not in any way alter her decision not to visit any of the ministers' wives. And since foreign envoys were involved, Mr. Adams, Secretary of State, was called in to carry these infinitely petty messages.

The affair went on. Mr. Monroe got into trouble with his diplomatic dinners. It had always been customary to invite the Secretary of State with the ministers, and since none of them were ambassadors of the first rank the secretary took precedence. But now the other secretaries demanded that they be included, and on an equal footing with Mr. and Mrs. Adams. But the ministers had no intention of seeing themselves and their wives superseded by the entire cabinet.

In the capital of the republic, in that shrine of all the democratic virtues—the White House in which Mr. Jefferson had once sent his guests in to dinner *pêle-mêle* and en masse—the matter of aristocratic precedence was suddenly become of vital concern. Washington was beginning to take itself frightfully seriously. Mr. Monroe tried inviting the ministers without any secretaries, and with only "some respectable private citizens." But the ministers

Mrs. James Monroe. From an Engraving by J. C. Buttre

did not care to dine with respectable private citizens. They wanted secretaries, but in their proper place. They were finally given Mr. Adams, and one other secretary in rotation.

And the affair went on. In December, 1819, the ladies of Washington were boycotting Mrs. Monroe, so that one of her drawing-rooms opened "to a beggarly row of empty chairs. Only five females attended, three of whom were foreigners." Mrs. Adams was scarcely faring any better, and at one large invited party prepared at her house only three ladies condescended to appear. The long and short of it was that the senators expected to be visited by Mrs. Adams, and her failure to comply was causing "uneasiness, heartburnings and severe criticism." Mr. Monroe called a cabinet meeting. They sat for two hours and finally decided to continue doing each as his wife saw fit with regard to this "paltry passion for precedence." On the other hand, Mr. Adams was to prepare for the President a statement of his attitude and that of Mrs. Adams.

Mr. Adams had many better things to do, but, for so accomplished a pamphleteer as he was, the occasion was not without certain compensating opportunities. Mrs. Adams, he informed Mr. Monroe, visited no lady as a stranger in order to avoid invidious distinctions. As for the Senate, Mr. Adams had the highest regard for the Senate, having himself been a senator. But he had never been called upon by department heads. It seemed to him that to pay visits of ceremony to Congress at every session "would not only be a very useless waste of time, but not very compatible with the discharge of the real and important duties of the departments," nor did the custom appear "altogether congenial to the republican simplicity of our institutions."

To the President of the Senate Mr. Adams then wrote that it was his impression that the Government was "a government for the transaction of business." Concerning Mrs. Adams, she had always invited without formality any lady who cared to come to her house, and she had "only regretted the more rigorous etiquette of those who have declined inasmuch as it bereft her of the happiness which she would have derived from a more successful cultivation of their acquaintance."

Yes. There was a little less talk in the Senate about visits after that—but Mrs. Hay was still at it, and in March, 1820, when her sister, Maria Hester, was married at the White House to her cousin, Samuel Gouverneur, Mrs. Hay informed the diplomatic corps that they were not expected to take any notice of the event; a suggestion which the diplomatic corps followed with considerable alacrity.

*

BUT the years were passing. Mr. Monroe went into his second term, and seemed, at least to Mr. S. G. Goodrich, dull, sleepy and personally insignificant. His dress was black and rusty, his neckcloth small, ropy and carelessly tied, his frill matted, his countenance wilted with age, study and care. Altogether, he appeared "owlish and ordinary." Mrs. Monroe was almost always ill. They can neither of them have been very happy in the gaudy White House.

Outside, in the town, Mr. Adams' friends were urging him to mingle more in society, until he complained that "dinners, evening parties and balls have absorbed an unreasonable portion of my time," but he indulged himself in order to "repel the reproach . . . of a reserved, gloomy, unsocial temper." And his friends were urging Mrs. Adams to influence him to a greater geniality, to a less fastidious reserve; he seemed to disdain any champion but himself, and "now my dear Madam, all this won't do"—because it was 1823, and Mr. Adams was a candidate for the presidency, whether he wished it or not. It was a very bitter, vicious campaign in which a dozen journals were "pouring forth continual streams of slander" upon his character, and in which it seemed "as if every liar and calumniator in the country was at work day and night" to destroy his reputation. And Louisa must have encouraged him, and kept him in humor, and in 1824 she did a very gracious thing which helped him she gave a ball in honor of a dangerous rival, Gen. Andrew Jackson.

Wend you with the world tonight?
Brown and fair, and wise and witty,
Eyes that float in seas of light,
Laughing mouths and dimples pretty,
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams'.

It was the talk of the town. They hung the ballroom with garlands and tissue paper, and festooned the pillars with laurel, and chalked the floor with eagles and patriotic mottoes. A thousand people came. And on February 9, 1825, Mr. Adams was elected. They went to the White House to pay their respects to Mrs. Monroe at her last drawing-room, and saw her, gracious and regal, her dress a "superb black velvet, neck and arms bare and beautifully formed, her hair in puffs and dressed high on the head, and ornamented with white ostrich plumes; around her neck an elegant pearl necklace." All the rooms were in use, with great hickory wood fires in the open fireplaces, and wine was passed around on silver salvers by colored waiters in livery.

General Jackson was there, too, and Mr. Adams was very rude to him, without ever suspecting it. Mr. Adams was not a good mixer, nor a graceful winner. In the late evening a band of musicians came and serenaded him at his house, which probably surprised him.

*I

CAME Inauguration Day. Mrs. Adams gave a big reception; they visited Mr. Monroe; they attended the ball at Carusi's—and they returned, at eleven o'clock, to their own home, for Mrs. Monroe was too sick to leave the President's house, and it was not until some time later that the Adamses were able to take possession. As for the Monroes, they retired to Oak Hill, in Loudoun County, Virginia—to an existence increasingly beset with financial cares; and there, in 1830, Mrs. Monroe died.

At the White House there followed four years conspicuous primarily for the rigidity

Ever Hear of a "High Speed" Shovel?

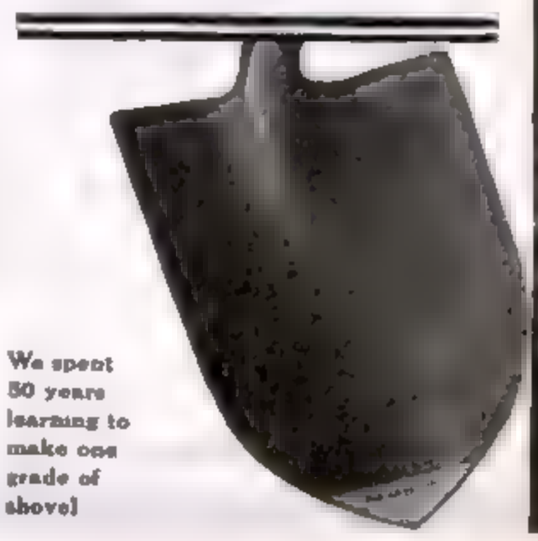
CAN one make of shovel actually move more cubic yards of dirt per day than another? That is what a large California gas company wanted to find out. They equipped one gang with Red Edge Shovels and a second gang of the same size with another make "just as good as Red Edge."

At the end of 90 days the "Red Edge" gang had laid 800 more feet of gas mains than the "also rans."

The Gas Company was considerably more surprised than we were. We know the heat-treated chrome-nickel steel that gives Red Edge its permanent sharp edge, its *lasting* shape and balance. Naturally, a shovel made of that hard tough steel will speed up the work.

Let the Red Edge distributor in your city supply you with the shovels that speed up the job and cut the labor costs

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PENNA.



We spent 50 years learning to make one grade of shovel

The Health Towel *of a hundred uses!*

In the home, office, factory, garage—wherever there's need for clean, safe towels that *really* dry—ScotTissue Towels serve best because of their soft, white Thirsty Fibres.

ScotTissue Towels are being used daily in many new ways on account of their extraordinary drying, cleaning and absorbing powers.

for

Kitchen Bathroom Automobile Office Factory

of their routine. Mr. Adams arose very early—at five in summer; he took a walk or else, in season, bathed in the Potomac, an enthusiastic, if elderly, Triton; before breakfast he studied the Scriptures for a while; at the close of the day's official duties he dined, passed an hour or so with Mrs. Adams, and then was busy at his writing until eleven. An amazingly industrious man, a voracious reader, a composer of poetry, an author of monographs—to say nothing of the stupendous diary—who would have preferred to devote his entire life to the pursuit of literature. He enjoyed gardening, billiards and horseback riding. He was—because of his uncanny facility for giving offense, his inability to appear conciliating and gracious—enormously unpopular.

He abstained from all private functions in society, and found his own levees "more and more insupportable." Mrs. Adams held them once a week, and later once a fortnight—evening receptions at which refreshments were handed around, which was an innovation, and which were crowded by curiosity seekers from every walk of life. Besides the drawing-rooms there was usually a large weekly dinner, and more rarely a smaller company for the evening. Otherwise, Mrs. Adams received very little and went seldom into society. She kept silkworms, several hundred of them; she derived keen enjoyment from music and books; she was an extremely retiring, scholarly person. She was also, and ever-increasingly, in extremely delicate health. In 1828 Mr. Adams was passing "from one to two hours after dinner with my wife in her chamber, to which she is almost entirely confined by ill health." When she did go out into the world it was usually to visit her close friend, Mrs. Edward Livingston, the mother of the celebrated Cora, in whose salon Washington contrived to forget even the animosities of the etiquette war. There were domestic events. General Lafayette was entertained. John, the second son, was married to his cousin, Mary Hellen—an arrogant young man who got his nose pulled in the rotunda of the Capitol for having been astonishingly rude to one of General Jackson's supporters. George, the oldest son, died in 1829, and John himself was not to survive his parents.

It was a formal, frigid, and one suspects—in spite of the colorful crowds at the drawing-rooms—rather drab, arduous time at the White House. In contemporary estimation the Adamses were notorious for a "silent, repulsive, haughty reserve." Beyond the confines of the presidential mansion things were happening. Mr. Clay was Secretary of State, and wondering how soon he would be President. Mr. Webster was very much in the public ear. Vice President Calhoun was sitting in the Senate—and sitting silently, to his chagrin—listening to that terrible, vitriolic Mr. John Randolph address him in his spindly voice as "Mr. Speaker! I mean, Mr. President of the Senate and would-be President of the United States, which God in His infinite mercy avert!" While the ladies of Washington were attending evening parties and watching their husbands gamble at whist, and dancing quadrilles, cheats and reels at the assemblies, in white India crêpe dresses trimmed with flounces—a great many gentlemen, wearing blue or green Bolivar frock coats, and several superimposed waistcoats, and large Cossack trousers tucked into Hessian boots adorned with gold tassels, were jingling their watch fobs and conducting a presidential campaign even more vicious than the previous one.

And the outcome of it was that in 1828 General Jackson was elected. "You ask how the Administration folks look since their defeat," Mrs. Smith wrote in December. "They all with one consent . . . appear cheerful and good-humored, mix freely and frankly with the triumphant party. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Adams have gone a little too far in this assumed gayety; at the last drawing-room they laid aside the manners which until now they have always worn, and came out in a brilliant masquerade dress of social, gay, frank, cordial manners. . . . The great audience chamber never before opened, and now not finished, was thrown open for dancing, a thing unheard of before at a drawing-room. . . . All the folks attached to the Administration made a point of being there. The ladies of the Cabinet in their best bibs and tuckers, most of them in new dresses just arrived from Paris."

And then General Jackson arrived, in his best bib and tucker, and refused to call on Mr. Adams, and on March 3, 1829, the Adamses evacuated the White House and withdrew to Meridian Hill. The ambassadorial regime was at an end.

XII

MR. ADAMS was sixty-two years old. One might have expected—perhaps Louisa Adams did expect—that he would now be contented to retire from his phenomenal career of public service. But not at all. Some of Mr. Adams' most laborious years, some of his greatest triumphs, still lay before him. In November, 1830, he was chosen to represent his native state in the national House of Representatives. For eighteen years, with his sharp, acrimonious tongue, and that "terrible yarring tone in his voice," he made himself more and more conspicuous as the champion of antislavery, and at the end, in 1848, it was from his chair in the House that they took him, stricken and unconscious, to his death bed. It was an innovation, an ex-President in Congress, and there were many who thought it an unbecoming anticlimax. His own family was not any too pleased. But Mr. Adams was delighted; the election had come spontaneously after a defeat at the national polls; his elevation to the presidency had not been "half so gratifying" to his "inmost soul"; no office conferred upon him had ever given him so much pleasure.

And so for Mrs. Adams the endless round went on, Quincy and Boston in the summer, Washington in the winter. But for her they were very quiet years, remote from the fashionable turmoil of society, spent in the company of a few old friends, with her books and her poetry and her music. For if her husband's tastes were artistic and literary—he wrote and published a whole long poem, Dermot McMorrogh, during those years—Louisa's were no less so. She possessed a facile gift of composition in prose and verse, she was capable of excellent translation from the French, she sang, and played charmingly on the pianoforte. They would both have been much happier all their lives in a mode of existence less public, less extravagant of time and energy, in which their talents might have found a greater freedom of expression, a more ample opportunity of fruition. It was the irony of her life that, called upon to fill conspicuous positions in European and American society, Louisa Adams was not in the least worldly.

The years passed. "I frequent no society," Mr. Adams once wrote, "and with the exception of my daily walks we are confined within the walls of our house as if it were a ship at sea." Once a year, at New Year's, the crowds came pouring into Mrs. Adams' parlor, and once a year Mr. Adams went to pay his respects to the venerable Mrs. Madison. He died on February 23, 1848, and Mrs. Madison a year later. Mr. Jefferson, Mr. John Adams and Abigail, Mr. Madison, James and Elizabeth Monroe—they were all at rest. Louisa Adams followed them very soon, on May 15, 1852, at Quincy. And now they were all gone, those colleagues, those successors, those intimates of the Revolutionary and early Federal group. There were new names, new faces, new manners everywhere, a new heaven and a new earth.

JOHN POWELL AT HIS STEINWAY

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How to make them whiter—quickly!

The new way world's dental authorities advise. What to do

THOSE whiter teeth that you envy. Don't think they are beyond you. You can now lighten dull and dingy teeth—make them gleam and glisten.

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How to combat it

Look at your teeth If dull, cloudy, run your tongue across them You will feel a film. That's the cause of the trouble. You must fight it.

Film is that viscous coat which you feel. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural luster of your teeth

It also holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea

So dingy teeth mean more than loss of good appearance. They may indicate danger, grave danger to your teeth.

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plus better protection from tooth troubles

The problem has been to find a dentifrice which would cope adequately with that film. To find one which could effectively combat it. Harsh grit tended to injure the enamel. Makeshifts were inadequate.

Now modern dental science has found new combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. They are embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent—a scientific method that is changing the tooth cleansing habits of some 50 different nations.

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Don't you think it worth while to try it for 10 days; then to note results yourself?

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The Poets' Corner

A Valentine

MY HEART is very small,
And has no room at all
Except for you

Yet, should I try to make
It larger, it would break -
Indeed that's true.

For I had crammed it full
Of what is beautiful
Things not a few!

But when I peeped inside,
What do you think I spied?
Nothing but you!
—Mary Dixon Thayer.

Seventeen and Seventy

VALENTINES of long ago—and oh, the years between!
Seventy, beside the fire, dreams of seventeen.

Jamie gave me daffodils; Harry brought me sweets,
Edward sent forget-me-nots, with a line from Keats;
Harold bought a purple book, full of poet passion!
Dicky's candied violets breathed an air of fashion,
Walter sent a golden heart, tied with silver string,
Peter, awkward, wistful-eyed—didn't send a thing!

Hoyden lass and laughing lads, comrades unafraid;
Careless love of boyish hearts, homage boldly paid!
Only one who never told, one who never dared;
But the look in Peter's eyes, surely Peter cared?

So I ponder, even yet, nearing journey's end,
Grieving for the valentine Peter didn't send!

Valentine that never came land of Heart's Desire!
Seventy is seventeen, dreaming by the fire.
Corinne Rockwell Swain

Ballade of My Lady's Wardrobe

MY LOVE has many things to wear,
She has a wardrobe like a queen,
Her little dresses shimmer there
From cotton frocks to silken sheen:
Lilac, mauve, taupe, blue, orange, green,
Orchid, geranium, violet, rose,
And white the snowiest ever seen—
She's sweetest in her country clothes.

In rags, of course, she would be fair—
She's wonderful in velveteen,
There's nothing unbecoming her—
I'd love her in a crinoline;
Oh, you should see her prink and preen,
As, powdering her little nose,
She dons her dainty crêpe de chine —
She's sweetest in her country clothes.

Her street clothes are the Town's despair,
At dances—she's but seventeen —
Her frocks break every heart that's there,
And fill the other girls with spleen,
I scarce know which to choose between,
And ah! what shoulders they disclose,
Prudes . . . well, they must say something mean
She's sweetest in her country clothes

Envoi

Prince, of the wandering eye and keen,
No ladies in their furbelows
Have ever half so lovely been—
She's sweetest in her country clothes.
—Richard Le Gallienne.

Twilight in the Tropics. Sundown on Limon Bay, Canal Zone

The TRADITION of EXCELLENCE

Said MOTHER: I remember when I thought "After the Ball" was the most beautiful song in the world. I had a red silk dress then. It had 272 jet buttons on it. Sundays we went riding in a side-bar buggy. My father wore a high white beaver hat and our house had the first base-burner in town. . . .

Said DAUGHTER: How perfectly odd life must have been in those days. It's like hearing from another world! Our lives don't seem alike anywhere. Think of those screaming songs, those terrible hats, and imagine a *buggy!*

And she went shopping.

She drove a motor car made by the manufacturer of the side-bar buggy. She bought a bit of material for a skimpy dance frock—and the name in the selvage was the name in the selvage of Mother's red silk. She bought the same soap her mother had always used and she bought perfume from the manufacturer who had sold toilet accessories to her grandmother. She ordered coal for the new furnace made by the makers of the base-burner. She bought a smart mannish hat and the name in it was the name in her grandfather's white beaver!

Taste and customs change, methods of living and ways of thinking change. Our songs and clothes and motor cars will doubtless seem very strange to our grandchildren. But once established, the tradition of excellence that surrounds a good product may be maintained for generations. People become convinced that certain articles are worth their money; that certain names mean good values. Decade after decade these ideas are handed on. Consciously or unconsciously they shape buying habits.

Today the wise manufacturer is careful to keep his product forever fresh in the minds of his public and to consolidate the good-will of his buyers through advertising. Year after year, keeping everlastingly at it, he adds new names to his loyal list of customers. And more than that, he develops a bulwark of conviction and belief that resists price raids, business depression and unfair competition.

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RAISIN BREAD—for winter menus

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Endorsed by bakers everywhere, including the Retail Bakers' Association of America, The American Bakers' Association, and the Bread and Cake Bakers' Association of Canada

APPRECIATION

(Continued from Page 27)

"Goodness gracious, ace of hearts," Joe melodiously mourned, "ain't I been thinkin' of you all sad up here with no hired man, all while your triflin' sister was haulin' me from dressmaker to dressmaker yest'day! She'd ha' been buyin' hats yet, but I told her here was you with ten acres of apples an' not a friend. Yeh, she was puttin' dyed attire upon her dumb head an' tryin' to find more clothes she looked bare nekkid in all mornin' until I clean forgot I'm a Presbyterian preacher's son and spoke rough to her."

Norah fiendishly chuckled. "You should have seen him at Colette's! All the manikins made eyes at him, and he blushed when a girl in a lounge robe came ——."

"Woman, grandmamma raised me to be respectful to dames! Down in Gawgia, when I was young, old Sally Fisher came round an' made clothes of that kind an' description, but they were not kinda heaved at a guy in public. It's scand'lous," said Joe, rolling his turquoise eyes in the fading tan of his summer complexion. "Mamma, she was gonna get her a dress that a blind spider could see through to wear to bathe Junior in. I said, 'Girl, d'you forget your daddy was twenty-five years an Episcopalian preacher in this city? Think you gonna do such a thing whilst I got my strength?' I said."

"Here comes Asmodeo de Medici," Stukely broke in. "Get his name, Joe."

The bronze lad came sauntering from the garage with Robert E. Lee pretending to chase him savagely. Asmodeo stopped to rub the kitten's stomach with a toe and Norah raptly remarked, "How unconscious Dagos are, aren't they? He doesn't know he's lovely. Look at the sun on his shoulders!"

"Girl, if you feel like paintin' anything," Joe grunted, "you got three very handsome he's an' a baby right in your own fam'ly. Let that egg be! Remember how that Swede las' apple pickin' mistook your intentions an' Stuke had to slap his fat face, woman!"

Norah, however, had become a beautiful image of a young matron devoted to painting things whether anybody liked it or not. Asmodeo was going to be a sketch in water color, Stukely saw, and Joe Fancher chuckled as Norah's brilliant sandals pattered down the warm steps. Her husband chuckled again as the boy recoiled from this danger and stuffed most of one fist in his mouth. Doctor Kent blinked through new yellow spectacles somewhat anxiously as Norah locked her hands under her chin, took thought, and said to the frightened boy, "*Quale é vostro nome?*"

"Daughter, I don't think that's quite Italian."

Its effect was bad. Asmodeo put out one foot at a right angle to his narrow hips and pressed it on the trunk of a small pear tree. He tried to get another hand in his mouth, and stared wildly at Joe Fancher on the steps. The limber long man now waved a brown thumb generally at the Reverend Gavin Kent and drawled, "Kid, her poppa did all he could with this woman, but she's very simple still. She thinks you're a friend to garlic. I dunno how comes it all you eggs are so blind, just because the boy's some nekkider than when last you saw him. Uh-huh! 'At's right, you Stuke! Blush some! Kid, don't hold it against babe he didn't know you, sonny. He's dawg-tired from doin' three men's work for three days. Meet my fam'ly-in-law again, boy. This is Rev'rend Kent, that's mamma, this is babe, real name Stukely George Edward. That terr'ble woman is my worthless wife, named Norah—and the yell indoors is my son. Fam'ly, this is Casimir Jawn Kornieweski Smith that came over when his brother Alan was buildin' our g'rage so pretty. He answers to the name Kid only, Norah, an' if you call him Casimir he'll leave you dyin' on the ground. Come here, boy. Alan's on his honeymoon, huh? And your uncle's from home? Uh-huh! So you're all lonesome like a turkle dove that mourns from vine to vine. Yeh?"

"Yeh," said young Mr. Smith, serenely beaming.

Joe took him by the waist and lifted him a little from the steps, then dropped him and said, "Y'gettin' too big to be threw 'round, Kid. Eighteen, huh? Think you could thresh our Stuke?"

Casimir John looked Stukely over carefully and sucked his thumb, while golden rings expanded in his eyes and his informative toes wriggled. Then he said "No" flatly, and sat down on the step beside Stukely, who blushed again. He was now, of course, the odd, ugly lad who came over from Carmelsville with Joe Fancher's friend, Alan Smith, to inspect the building of the little concrete garage last spring. Divested of proper clothes, it appeared that he wasn't ugly, really, and Stukely grinned at him, while the Kid grinned, rooting in a pocket for cigarettes. The packet was entangled with some matches, a naked bar of chocolate and a knife. Stukely accepted a cigarette, declined any chocolate and felt that his back ached a little less because the Kid wasn't sure he could thrash him. And yet he could! He was another of these awfully competent creatures whose muscles did anything at any time. He was too young to have been a Marine along with Joe Fancher and his blond taller brother, but he had a look of disgusting expertness, and the round white scar that rode sirup-colored skin over his right biceps probably came from a red-hot rivet heaved at him playfully by some mechanic building something, or had been left by an annoyed bull.

"You're from out West, sonny?" the Reverend Gavin Kent asked.

"Yeh; 'S Angeles."

"But you and your brother live in Carmelsville now?"

"Yeh; m'uncle," said Casimir.

"Alan sorta oversees buildin' for Mr. Smith," Joe explained, dropping on Stukely's other side. He laced an arm around Stukely's outraged back and asked, "Mad at me, babe?"

"No."

"But you might be an' I wouldn't have a word to say against it, fella. This woman that married me," Joe told Casimir John past Stukely's nose, "b'guiles me like Mrs. Sheba did Brother Solomon and takes me dress-buyin' an' foolin' down to N'York. Yeh, three days she hauls me to an' fro, and here's Stuke with ten acres of apples fallin' offa our trees, and nine cows, two pigs with large fam'ly, one very dreadful damn mare name of Medusa and one battalion chickens. I was six years a M'rine and not ever in guardhouse, to speak of. In less'n two years this triflin' girl rooins my conscience an' makes me leave my best friend flat, workin' his back all trembly while she ——"

"Joe," said Norah with superb irrelevance, "I can't decide whether you're lovelier when you're mud color in summer or getting pink in autumn!"

Joe let his turquoise eyes turn sapphire in his fading tan and went on lazily, "—— drags me from dressmaker to dressmaker an' makes noises about stuff named like Frawg ladies and all the time here's babe gettin' martyrized towin' sour milk to hawgs an' ——"

"Oh, shut up," said Stukely, scarlet, and asked the stranger, nodding to the scar, "Vaccination, Kid?"

"No; pop," Casimir murmured; "c'gar. Yeh, burnt me. Wouldn't dive."

"I beg pardon?"

Joe drawled, "You gotta get used to the Kid's di'lect, babe. What he means is that he useda be the Divin' Kid in vaudeville, and when he wouldn't behave his poppa—a very worthless fella—would put out cigars on him kinda to show him the path of dooty. . . . Don't scream, mamma! This is all over two years back. Alan an' the Kid got very bored with poppa an' blew East to their uncle where they'd be appreciated more. Seen your old man lately, Kid? I assume Alan didn't ask him to his weddin', somehow."

Casimir John said, "Yeh; saw'm yest'day," and picked up Stukely's left arm to examine it slowly with hard kind fingers. His sleepy animal eyes became yellow and he remarked, "Yeh. He's 'round, Joe. 'S why came here. Yeh; chap'ron."

"The Kid means he's worth four to five hundred a week in vaudeville to his poppa. Kinda naturally the old louse comes crawlin' frequent to raise a loan offa Alan or Mr. Hugh Smith or to howl the Kid to come back an' work for him some more. His brother and uncle bein' from home, the Kid has sense enough to come an' be chap'roned by his friends while his poppa is in the neighborhood. Huh, Kid?"

"Yeh. Beat him up 's mornin'. Hadda cop 'long."

Doctor Kent lighted a cigarette in the small pause and said gently, "Ah, I can translate that! Your father got a judge to give him a warrant, or whatever they call it, to take charge of you, my dear boy? Yes, and you were quite right to come to us. Sh-h-h, Grace! Who's your legal guardian, Kid?"

"M'broth'." Casimir beamed and resumed his appraisal of Stukely's arm.

"And where's your mother, Kid?"

Joe said quickly, "Rev'rend, his mamma's long gone. She was a Polack lady useda be the Human Seal in vaudeville. None of his poppa's thereafter wives, mostly very blond dames, have s'ported him good, and it's very grievous with him that a nasty judge gave the Kid to his brother to be guardianed. Did you beat your poppa up handsome, sonny?"

The Kid sucked a thumb for a second and then nodded, "Yeh, pretty good, Joe. This guy"—he indicated Stukely—"could better. Yeh, y' gotta good arm, fella!"

"Uh-huh, Kid. Stuke's very grand in his arms. Glad you appreciate him. I never met your poppa, but my money's on babe. For a boy raised all refined, he's kinda remark'ble, and not a bad swimmer, neither. Climbed part way up Dead Man's Rock at the lake last week and dove off. Mamma, he only dove twenty feet or some offa that hunk of rock sticks out some, an' you've no call to scream so. I dove off it, too, and was kinda red all one side of me for a day afterward. Down in Gawgia, when I was young, the creek wasn't deep enough to dive in any. . . . Go gather us apples, Kid, and if you want any machinery to play with, we got a clock indoors that ain't run sinct Queen Elizabeth married Gawge Twoth."

"Y' lyin'," said Casimir. "She never married no guy. Yeh, 's in a book."

"Quite right, Kid," Doctor Kent chuckled. "Joe's versions of history are very free. She never married, and spent all her money on clothes."

"Yeh; dumb dame," the Kid nodded, considering Norah. Then he beamed happily at all things, including the cat Ermyntrude, and said, "Gonna work some. Come on, girl."

Stukely thrilled in every muscle and was aware of Joe Fancher made into wood beside him. Mrs. Kent delicately screamed in a swooning murmur. As if no miracle threatened and as if Norah had been known to work, the bronze Kid strolled toward her and took her embroidered arm in a firm possessive grip. She somewhat opened her mouth and a thin amazed noise began—grew feeble—ended. They vanished then so swiftly that Casimir John's cigarette left a solid curve of smoke in the astonished air that could not dissipate it for a moment. Norah, daughter of the Reverend Gavin Kent, granddaughter of Bishop George Stukely, had been taken to pick apples by a youth in dirty cotton trousers and a faded red bathing shirt.

Something in her brother's brain said no! He fell into a fog that soothed his aching legs. She would come sauntering back around the corner with her diamonds flaming and order him to do something for her. She would have Casimir in a state of limp obedience before five breaths oozed from his lungs. An apple fell beyond the wondrous corner from a small tree and banged resonantly on the lid of the garbage can. Oh, no! Here came something. Casimir John came dangling the string of diamonds from one thumb and Norah's embroidered jacket irreverently draped over one shoulder. He deposited these things on Mrs. Kent, saying "Lotta stuff," and then he flitted once more around the corner and the silence lengthened into an absurd wordless awe. Out of this emptiness came the procession of Queen Victoria, Robert E. Lee, Lord Tennyson, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Benjamin Disraeli, seeking their mother with outcries and erected tails.

"I suppose," said Stukely, "that he'd just as soon dive off Dead Man's Rock as not."

"My dear Stuke, that's seventy feet! But then," Doctor Kent reflected, "he—he's quite a remarkable child. . . . Joe, did he mean that he thrashed his disgusting father this morning?"

"Prob'ly, sir. I'd better call up his uncle's place and find out. His father isn't much of a fool," Joe said, getting up as though he had originally been knocked down and dazed into speaking good English; "and I dare say he could get some

(Continued on Page 121)

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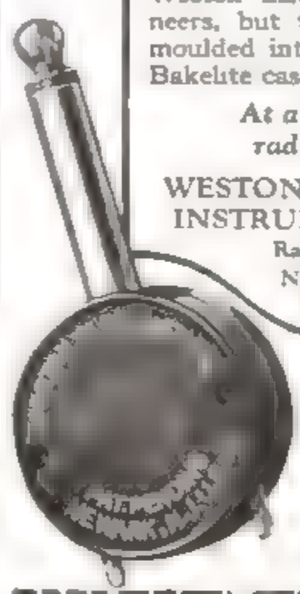

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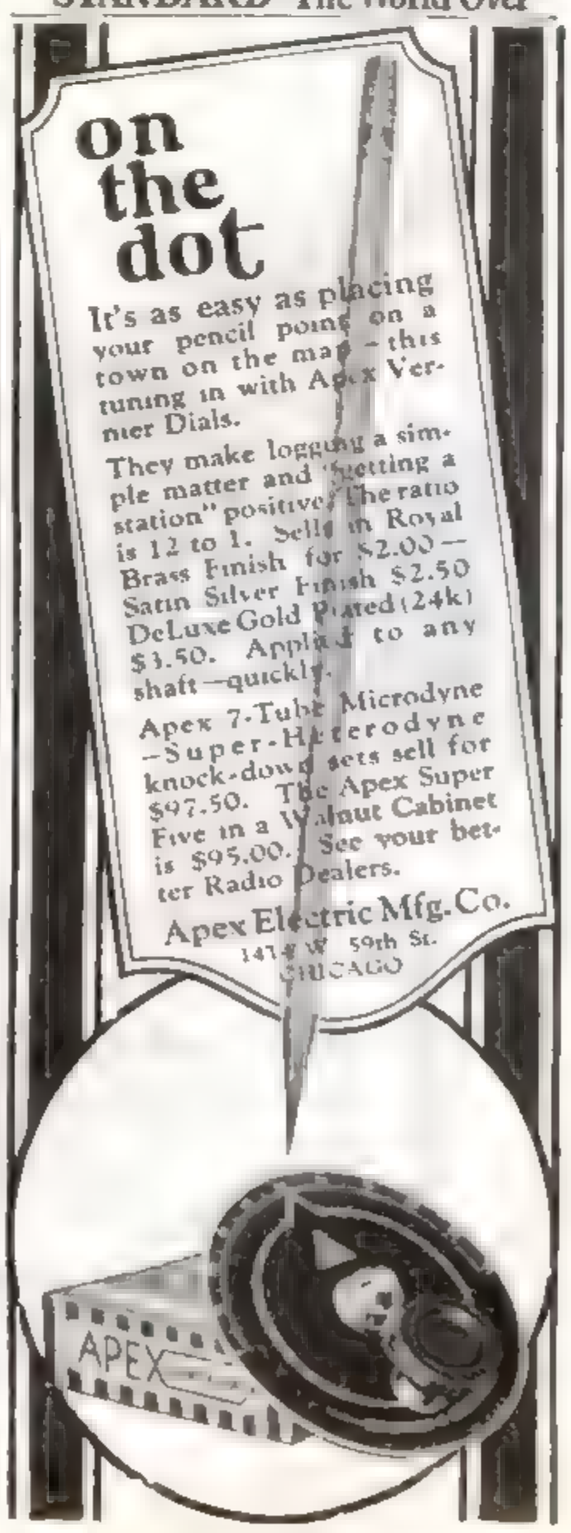
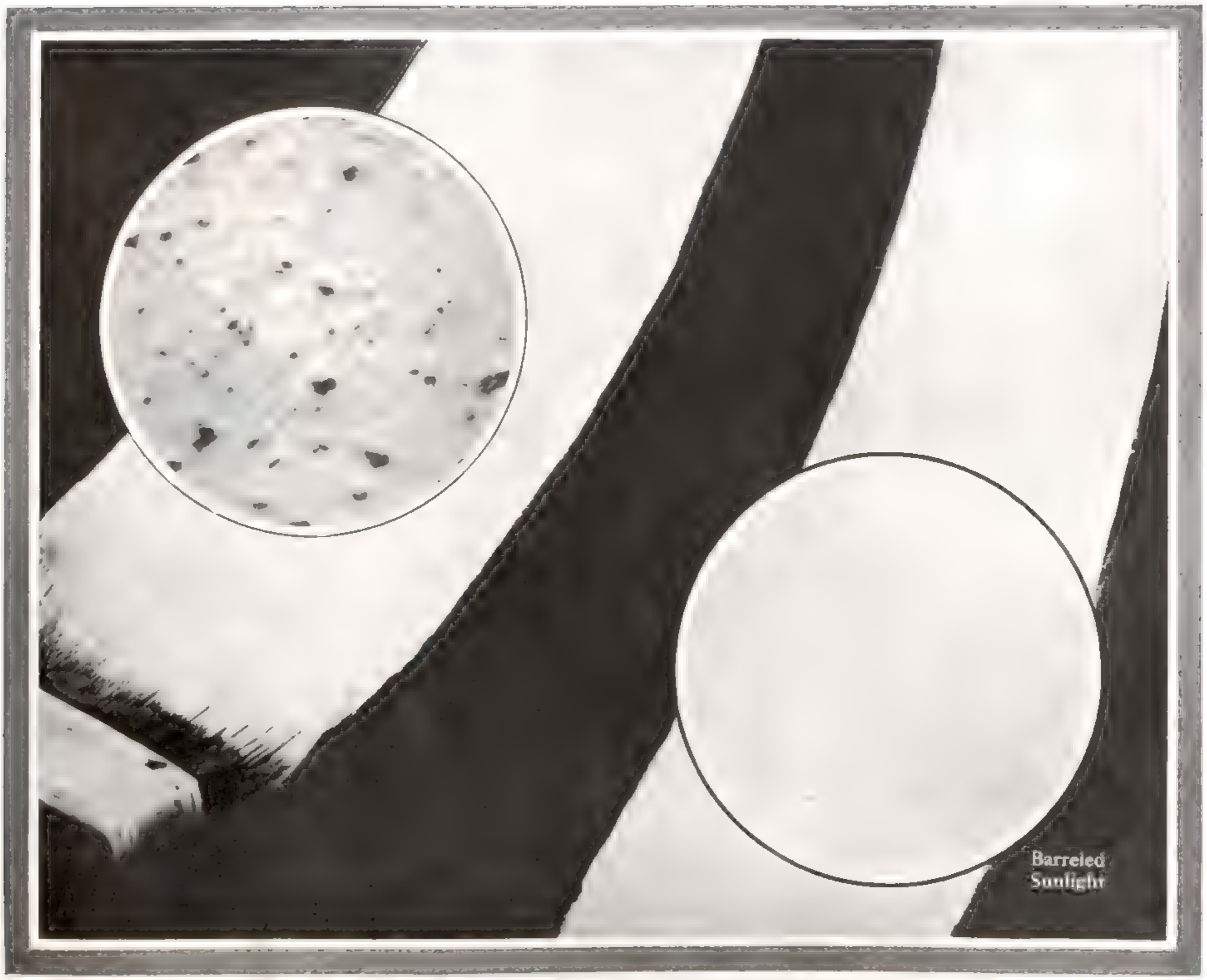


What does the



What Paint Looks Like Through the Microscope

Two strokes of fresh white paint! On the left ordinary flat finish white; on the right —Barreled Sunlight. To the naked eye each looks equally smooth. The photographs in circles, however, show what these paints look like when seen through a high-powered microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, even and non-porous. It resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

Barreled

—WHITE—SMOOTH—

paint brush really leave on your walls?

FRESH WHITE PAINT!

It all looks very much alike to your naked eye.

Look at the illustrations on the opposite page, however—and you see one of the big reasons for the widespread use of Barreled Sunlight today.

Barreled Sunlight produces a lustrous white surface so smooth and non-porous that even under a powerful microscope no roughness is visible!

Dust or dirt cannot sink into this remarkable surface. It can be washed as easily as tile.

What's more, repeated washing will not wear away its smooth, durable finish.

Made by our exclusive Rice Process, Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

In homes Barreled Sunlight means white woodwork that can be kept fresh and spotless. It means kitchens and bathrooms as washable as tile from floor to ceiling.

In textile mills, food product plants, laundries—all industrial and business interiors, Barreled Sunlight means more light, cleaner surfaces and less repainting.

Barreled Sunlight costs less than enamel, is easy to apply and requires fewer coats. One coat is generally sufficient over a previously painted surface. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

Barreled Sunlight is sold by leading dealers in cans, from half-pint to five-gallon size—half-barrels and barrels. Where white is not desired it can be easily tinted just the color you want.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT COMPANY

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New York: 350 Madison Ave. Chicago: 659 Washington Blvd.
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Distributors in all principal cities. Retailed by 5,000 dealers

7 things to know about Barreled Sunlight:

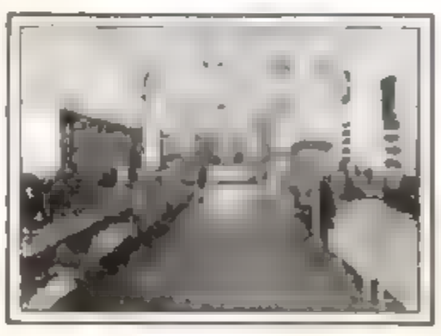
1. Washes like tile
2. Easy to apply
3. Costs less than enamel
4. Requires fewer coats
5. Possesses a soft lustre peculiar to itself
6. Can be tinted any color
7. Guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

"Save the surface and you save all"

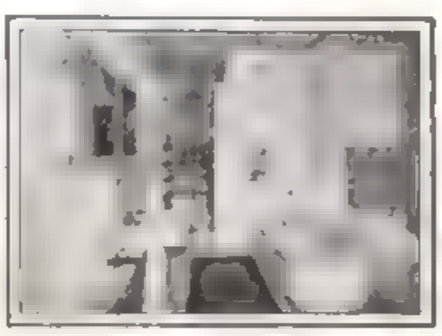
Packard Motor Plant. Painted throughout with Barreled Sunlight

Luling Laundry, Wichita, Kan. Thousands of laundries use Barreled Sunlight

A Colonial Hallway. Barreled Sunlight is ideal for white woodwork everywhere



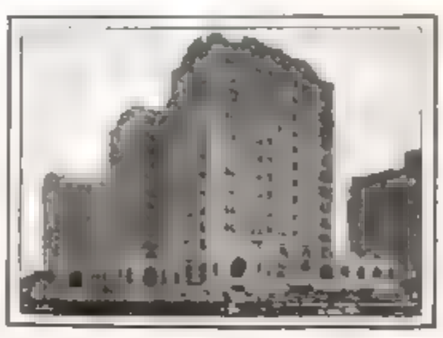
Store. Note light interior—painted with Barreled Sunlight



Barreled Sunlight means bathrooms washable from floor to ceiling

Kitchens painted with Barreled Sunlight are as clean as white china plates

Postum Cereal Plant. Its spotless interiors are finished with Barreled Sunlight



Hotel Ambassador, Atlantic City. One of the many leading hotels using Barreled Sunlight

Home of Pebeco—Lehn & Fink Plant painted throughout with Barreled Sunlight

Carter's Knit Underwear Plant. Interiors finished with Barreled Sunlight

Sunlight

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Send the coupon below for sample can— enough Barreled Sunlight to paint a bathroom cabinet, mirror, frame, etc., or any similar article

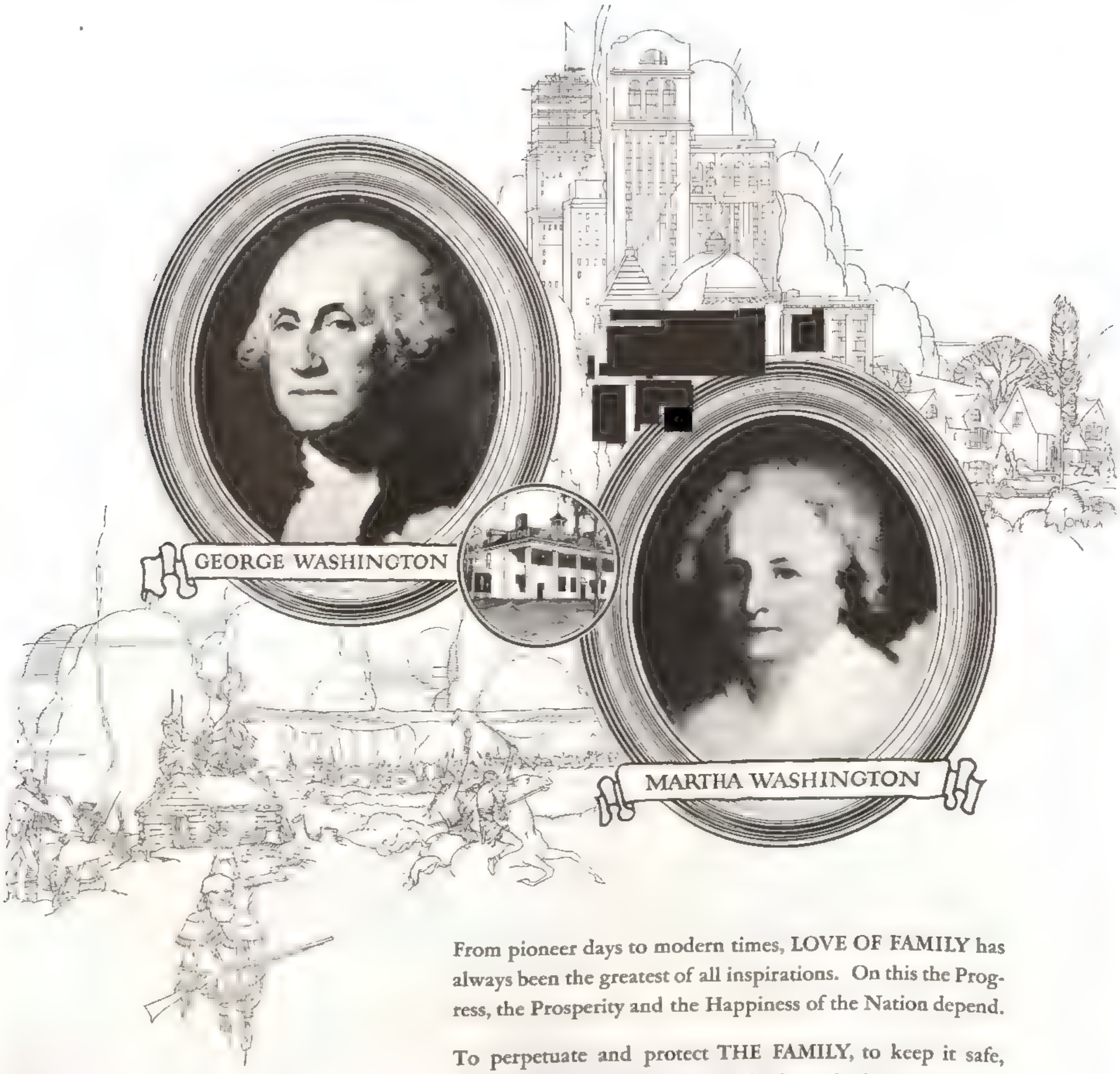
U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
22-A Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

Enclosed find 10 cents for sample can of Barreled Sunlight to be mailed postpaid.

Name .....

St. and No. .....

City ..... State .....



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EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* HOME OFFICE, *Newark, N.J.*

(Continued from Page 117)

little judge over in Carmelaville to give him a bench warrent or whatever they call it. He could easy find out that Alan's away and the uncle too. I'll call up the house, sir. The butler looks intelligent," Joe speculated. Then he said, "Goodness gracious! I never expected ——" And with a wide gesture of wonderment he walked into the house.

Stukely looked at the lunching kittens and at Ermyntrude's indifferent air of being a counter by accident. . . . Yes, if your father ground out cigars on your biceps and you had an older brother whose right leg lay entombed in France and an education in vaudeville, it would be simpler to deal with Norah. It was even a better preparation than to have enlisted in the Marines at sixteen, like Joe Fancher, and to have been shot at a good deal. How soothing to have Casimir John say that he, a mere amateur, could thrash the Kid's father decently! Stukely wrenched his aching neck and steered his eyes northward, picking out acres that Norah could tend in the orchard stretched along the highway. Far away the Carmelsville trolley car shed some passengers where the iron path crossed the highroad on a crest close to the lake. These passengers would probably picnic on Dead Man's Rock and throw papers down comfortably into the green water and yell at each other not to get near the edge. Stukely sighed. Of course, Casimir John's stomach didn't chill when he peered down cliffs and saw rounds of granite jutting from the sandy bottom of a tiny lake as though some giant were buried in the gravel.

He mused, "Forgotten all my geology. Dad, why should one side of the lake be all rock and the other just sand an' trees?"

"It's the edge of some old plateau. . . . My dear lad, please don't ever think of taking that dive. We may abuse you, son, but I assure you that we're fond of you. This young tiger has inherited his mother's sense of balance or whatever makes good divers. I," said the Reverend Gavin Kent, "could never dive ten feet without curling up like an anchovy on toast. Pray limit yourself to that hump of rock twenty feet up the cliff if you feel in a diving mood. Leave the heights to Casimir, please!"

"You needn't worry, pop. I'm an awful coward about diving. . . . Give me those diamonds, mother. I'll stick 'em in the safe."

Mrs. Kent said slowly, "Men are too absurd. You never appreciate jewels. Did you really think these were diamonds, Stuke? Didn't you see Norah laughing? It's that old set of French crystal that your Grandmother Stukely used to wear when you were a baby. George offered to have them set for me. No," she laughed, "I was taken in for a moment myself. The platinum makes them sparkle more. They're quite pretty, aren't they?"

He stood fingering the stones and morally apologized to Norah a little. Anyhow, she hadn't bulked real diamonds out of harmless Uncle George, and nobody would have to worry over the tiny safe that one of Alan Smith's workmen had stuck into the wall beside the green door of the dining room. He let the crystals fall on his mother's lap again and agreed, "No uglier than diamonds anyhow. Did you know these were fakes, Joe?"

"Sorta thought so, ace," said Joe, lounging out of the door with his collar undone and his smart coat leaving one arm. "Norah laughed so when I bawled her for lettin' your uncle string 'em on her. . . . Rev'rend, sir, I'm all sad to tell you, but Poppa Smith is likely to be here any time. You better get all full of Ezekiel or some other lamentable c'lection of cuss words and be ready for the old tramp. The Kid's uncle's butler tells me they had a dreadful time this mornin' at the house, and if it hadn't been for all the servants standin' up and tellin' the p'liceman they knew Casimir'd been handed over by some s'preme court to his brother for ward or whatever, the boy'd ha' been lugged to a litty bitty judge an' maybe sent off West with his lousy poppa. Poppa comes weepin' tears back and tells the servants he's strapped an' has to eat and the rest of it and they dunno what to do. The butler gave him a rush outa there, but it's a cinch some maid or a cook would get symp'thetic and tell him where the Kid went to, particularly since he's had his snoot slapped once this morning. A gentleman that's been lammed on the yawp by his kid is always more to be pitied than scorned, sir. Out in Eutropius, when I was young, every time one of Sandy Pulsifer's boys got sick watchin' him beat up their mamma and blacked his eye, he was the object of kind attentions from ladies all down the street in the mornin'. Uh-huh! Some one of the maids will have said where Casimir's found a sylvan retreat and ——"

"Sylvan retreat, Joe?"

"Yeh," said Joe, "that's very terr'ble. I was readin' one of those eighteenth-century long poems all about mymphs an' shepards and such trash to Junior other day to put him asleep. Better'n Herodotus or even than Deuteronomy. I'll get very hit'ry before the boy's old enough to just be spanked an' treated human. Anyways, rev'rend, you're more majestic and hold your temper better'n me. Alan Smith was as good a friend as I had in my comp'ny; and after he came home from France without any leg and his back gummed up, this ape just used him scand'lous. So here's ten dollars of your money, sir, and if the old woop comes beefin' in, you speak all sorta loud an' solemn to him and see him hence, like he was an old-fashioned leper outa the Bible or some such thing. You, babe, go park yourself on the back porch an' watch Norah work. It'll do your sore legs good, fella."

Stukely limped luxuriously through the living hall and into the kitchen. Then he sat on the small rear porch and smoked three cigarettes with unmarred enjoyment. Yellow leaves adorned the hundred trees of the slope and lay prettily on grass. The creek sparkled its best. He didn't have to work today. No, he could sit and watch Casimir drape himself on branches and jerk a thumb toward fallen apples while Norah went to and fro industriously, gathering all this pulp to be shipped to Joe Fancher's aforetime comrade, Eddie Kelly, whose father owned a handsome grocery in Harlem. Joe came forth buttoning a blue denim jacket over the curly purple scar on his white chest and howled melodiously:

First I drunk red licker, 'n' then I drunk brown,
Now I'm a dead beat in San Antone town ——

while he took his round fair head down the slope, swinging a basket on one thumb. Stukely, who didn't have to work today, loved all these trees, and even his sister. She had a charming nose and played excellent bridge. She was slender and most picturesque, tilting her load into Joe's basket and only stopping to borrow one puff of his cigarette before she went off to collect some more fruit from the branches of a rather small tree. Perhaps she was only meant to adorn society and to stencil red owls on barn doors and make the pigpen radiant with green paint. He almost forgave her for making his father sink the savings of twenty years in this farm. After all, it was a delightful place when one's back wasn't wrenched by tugging the mare Medusa around corners when she didn't want to go, or when Norah hadn't dragged Joe Fancher off to New York for a weekend, or when someone else was cleaning the stable on a chilly morning. Stukely thought placidly of lunch and meditated a careful consultation with Joe about safety razors. So far his shaving had been done by the village barber weekly, but it felt as though a biweekly shave was going to be essential soon, and if his legs didn't ache so much he might go up and borrow Joe's razor now and try it out.

Casimir bent backward on the grass and rubbed his black head on a knob of turf to show Norah that he could watch her from any angle. Nice kid.

"Stuke dear," said his mother, quite tranquilly, though swiftly, behind him, "I'm just a little worried about dad, darling."

Good woman! The Reverend Gavin Kent's new spectacles didn't fit, but she hadn't screamed about it.

Stukely asked, "What's the matter, mother?"

"I don't want to have Joe or that poor boy come in, Stuke, but I'm afraid your father's losing his temper with Mr. Smith, darling."

"The Kid's father?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Kent, and then allowed herself the wraith of a wail after so much suppression. "Oh, do go in, Stuke!"

The long youth gaped at this admirable creature and wanted to kiss her. Then he stalked along the passage and into the sun of the living hall, with all its books and the portraits of dead Kents and Stukelys being well-bred on the wall. He came into the full thunder of his father's barytone and stopped to admire its cadences.

"—— chosen to make yourself disagreeable to this child! I haven't the faintest sympathy for your performance! You lived on this boy while he was in vaudeville and now you want to live on him again! I ——"

A man in dusty shoes and in tears said fluently, "You've got me wrong, sir. Only last week I was talkin' to one of the biggest movin'-picture men in Los Angeles and he said to me, 'Smithy, if you only had the Divin' Kid with you still, there's a chancet for him to make four to five thousand a week in a South Sea picture that we got to have an A 1 diver for, and ——'"

"Stop sniffling," said the Reverend Gavin Kent. "I established St. Philip's Mission in New York. Are you silly enough to imagine that I haven't been through this sorry —this ignominious business a dozen times before? You persuaded some servant at his uncle's house to tell you where Casimir had gone, and here you are on his track!"

The old gentleman sat erect in a red velvet chair and stared at the dusty, handsome fellow, whose right eye wept from between purple lids. Yes, a sympathetic maidservant would tell him where Casimir had gone. Stukely leaned on the green newel of the stairs and wearily appreciated this weeper. The boy had a sudden sense of age. Why, anybody could read a little of Mr. Smith's history from the jaunty tie, bright scarlet, and the shirt that had been pink silk, and the suit too tight around the wreck of a fine body. You saw them on corners of Broadway, talking busily to one another.

"That kid's mother hears me say in heaven that this whole thing's a mistake!"

"We'll hope that she isn't being bothered by your voice," said Doctor Kent, icily and slowly; "and our argument needn't go on. You shan't see Casimir. I'm partly blind, but I can see you sufficiently. A court of law gave Casimir to his brother, whom I know as a friend of my daughter's husband and an exceedingly pleasant young man. You've taken ad——"

"We all make mistakes, friend," said Mr. Smith, leaning in the curve of the grand piano and passing a tremulous plump hand over Norah's jacket on the black wood. "I own up I wasn't an ideel father sometimes. Yes, sir, I might have done more for Casimir and his brother, but God hears me say that ——"

"That will do!"

"Friend," said Mr. Smith, "I developed the Kid's talent for divin'. I want you to appreciate that all he was, he would tell you himself, he owes to me. When he was twelve years old he was gettin' four hundred for appearances at ——"

"You mean that you were getting four hundred for his appearances at theaters and such things. . . . Is that you, Stuke? Write my name on a bit of paper, sonny. You can go to St. Philip's Mission in New York, Smith, and they'll find you work—if you want it. And here is ten dollars. The cars go back to Carmelsville from the crossroads, where you got off, on the half hour."

Stukely limped under Bishop Stukely's portrait and stood scribbling his father's name on a card. Behind him there was a pool of polite silence and he knew that his father had put the slim tips of his fingers together in the posture of utter grimness. Mr. Smith said nothing, and still said nothing when Stukely passed him the white pasteboard.

"You've just about time to catch the noon car."

Mr. Smith drearily wiped his purple eye with a handkerchief edged in cerise silk and his voice broke out in the full melancholy of fatherhood:

"You got a boy of your own, I see. How would you feel if you hadn't more'n seen him in two years and he'd been persuaded to go against you, after you'd taught him all the swimmin' he knows and ——"

"I appreciate your emotions on having Casimir thrash you. My son has had ample cause to thrash me frequently. Nearly all sons are occasionally justified in knocking their fathers down and stamping on them. But I never put out cigars on his arms. Good day."

Mr. Smith put the ten dollars in his pocket and looked at Stukely with the saddened smile of a lorn mother in a film.

He said, "You ain't much older than the Kid, young fella. I put it up to you! Is ——"

"Get to blazes out of here," said Stukely, smelling a perfume of violets on the handkerchief drooping from Mr. Smith's pocket.

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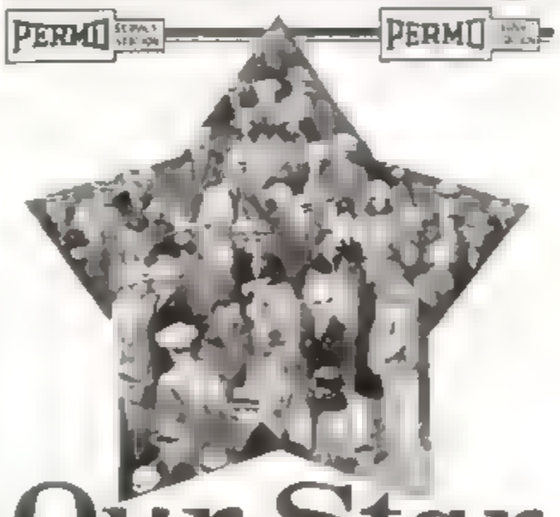

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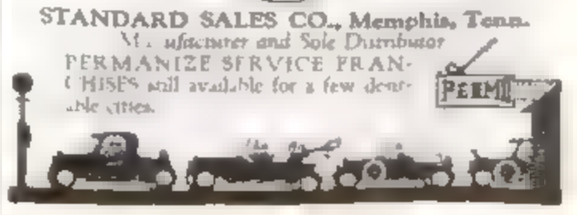

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Makes Oats the Quickest Breakfast

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Quick Quaker

Quaker Oats

Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

The kind you have always known

Then he locked his bare arms on his undershirt and watched the shabby gray suit move down the drive and out into the highway.

"Effective, sonny, but not too advisable. Men of that breed often carry revolvers and sometimes their tempers flash up."

"Not his, dad. Mouth's too lame at the corners."

His father stirred in the chair and said, "You're growing up, my dear boy. But don't ever be too sure of such signs. I judge people more by their voices. I don't mean the tone of the voice, but its small intonations. That poor wreck isn't weak physically. I could tell that by his attempt at sobbing. He couldn't get his voice to be as sad as it should. . . . Grace? Stuke got rid of him, dear."

Mrs. Kent roamed to the door and shook her foolish little apron a trifle as if some dust had been offensive, saying, "You sounded so savage, Gavin!"

"He sniffled; he did it very badly and falsely. What he wanted was a ten-dollar bill and he has that. Is he going straight up the road, dear?"

"He's a very good walker," said Mrs. Kent, still in the doorway; "he's almost running. Stuke, what do you think Casimir likes for lunch? He's working so hard on the apples and he had such a dreadful morning. Or do boys enjoy hitting their fathers?"

"Never thought about it, mother. Give me that coat of Norah's. I'm going upstairs. If you leave it there it'll get wrinkled or something and she'll have both maids pressing it and —— What?"

The scream had filled the room and brought Doctor Kent out of the deep chair saying "My dear!" in real alarm.

Mrs. Kent stood holding the brilliant jacket in her pretty hands, with her one diamond bright on a finger and her face lined dreadfully. But she wasn't looking for a mouse on the green rug.

After a time she said, "Oh, let them go! I suppose he thought they were real diamonds, and—I left them here with the coat. It's my fault entirely. But after George had had them put in platinum. Stuke, no," said Mrs. Kent, across the doorway, "you mustn't! No! He might ——"

Stukely stopped to take the lady in his arms and kiss her. He ran down the driveway, wondering if she knew how pretty she was, and if she could scream so loudly over mere mice and crystal beads, what she might do if anybody did get hurt or killed. And yet when anything was wrong she behaved like a soldier. He jumped the fence and nerves banged all the way up his legs. But these different tricks of human beings made up the oddest mixtures! Meanwhile he ran along the dust and a neighbor on a load of late vegetables called out, "Where you goin', Kent?" in some surprise, and Stukely waved a hand negligently.

In the distance ran Mr. Smith, in a funny, sloping gait that reminded Stukely of some player in a film. The highway bloomed on either side with early asters, and between the lavender flakes of blossom ran this man in gray with some foolish crystals cut like diamonds in his pocket. The fellow was emphatically an ass or really very desperate for money. Did he think that nobody would notice the beads being gone from the piano? How dull! It was like his attempt to make his dead wife a witness for his character. He was a peculiarly vulgar ass, and Stukely resented being obliged to chase such a lout when his legs were sore and his spine jarred.

And then, with fluid and rhythmic grace, Casimir John Korniewski Smith swirled over a fence ahead to the right and floated along a hundred yards before Stukely on bronze feet. They had heard Mrs. Kent scream so splendidly and had come running. It would be another painful scene when Casimir caught up with his poppa and slapped him again. Stukely began to laugh and then had to stop and snort as Mr. Smith switched his course eastward and plunged into thickets close to the trolley's track. Casimir John diligently jumped a fence and went at an angle over some fallow land as though he were used to chasing his father about the countryside and could assume poppa's movements. The lithe figure whipped up this steeper slope and Stukely stopped to admire. The boy was built for anything that needed agility and grace. His dark shoulders danced above the red band of shirt and the brown trousers.

"Whoo!" Joe Fancher grunted, tumbling over the fence alongside Stukely. "Your mamma certainly yelled! We gotta catch the Kid, babe! He might hurt the big fool bad! He—he dunno those ain't real!"

Stukely sat on the fence and nursed an ankle. Casimir had dived into the woods that hid Dead Man's Rock from the valley. Yes, he might hurt his father badly, but Stukely's lungs were hurting and his legs tingled. He gulped "You run, Joe. Beat ——" and sat puffing in a muddle of laughter and pain. This ass thought he had real diamonds in his pocket and Casimir thought so, and it was all unconquerably silly—a few dollars' worth of crystal and platinum! Joe loped up the slope with his jacket floating and showing his white waist. He never would wear shirts under his denims. He fell once. Must have been a raspberry trailer. Stukely admired him as he picked himself up and ran on. The green-and-yellow woods took him too.

Well, the end of this had to be seen. Stukely fell from the comfortable fence and trotted uphill carefully. The trees tossed in a sudden wind and were lovely against the noon with bits of blue sky showing through higher tangles of branch, and then the wind stopped, because Joe had made beyond the shield of leaves and trunks a terrible high sound of wrath. It was a bark, no cry, and Stukely began to run once more, with cold waves in his hair and his back hot. Leaves of birch slapped his arms and a hook of low branch ripped his shirt from a flank. Two trunks got close together and then drew apart. He battered a shoulder on something and came through a veil of twigs against a white face and a silken streak of tie.

"Here! What did you ——"

The white man screamed, "Honest, I never touched him! He jumped! Honest!" And stood with Stukely's hand jammed on his chest and his mouth still open loathsomely in this full sun of the rocky platform. Beyond him was Joe Fancher, kneeling doubled, with his fair head bent to the brink of the empty gulf. Then there was the sky pierced with crowns of hemlock that grew on the lake's other side. This was Dead Man's Rock.

"Y-you threw him over!"

"He jumped! I threw those di——"

Stukely swung back an arm and struck the man in the mouth. He wanted to strike him twice, but the body dropped and whined on the gray lichens of the stone and the boy had to jump across him. Joe did not look up from the oval that trembled out wider and wider on the green water, and he said just "Dived, babe" in a flat voice without music or anger. Some naked lads were staring up over the pool from the farther shore and their cast clothes were silly limp knots of white and blue on easy grass of that side. This was all that could be seen. The boy had gone sailing out in a brown arc from the rock to make a ripple so far from the cliff's base, and he was sunk in shadows of the silent flood. After a while Stukely took a long breath and then air was strangely noisy all around him and he spun downward, wondering why his back still ached and his lungs still hurt when the yellow leaf that sailed on the green water was plain to his eye, with all its veins, and a black head rose near it from the green. And, after shadow held him, came a shock and all things whirled and were still, very still. He was dead.

Being dead was damned annoying. He had ripped off an arm on something and the shoulder hurt oddly, and yet didn't exactly hurt. There was also the detail that he had drowned without seeing his whole life in fleet review. Another myth exploded! Meanwhile he hoped that they would take the strong, sunny light from over his coffin, and he wished that one of the pallbearers would stop sobbing so. The fellow cried as an animal pants and he was too close for comfort.

He said, "Aw, fella, y'gonna die on me?"

"Shut up, Kid," said Joe Fancher.

"Yeh! He jumped aft' me an' I'm gonna kill pop!"

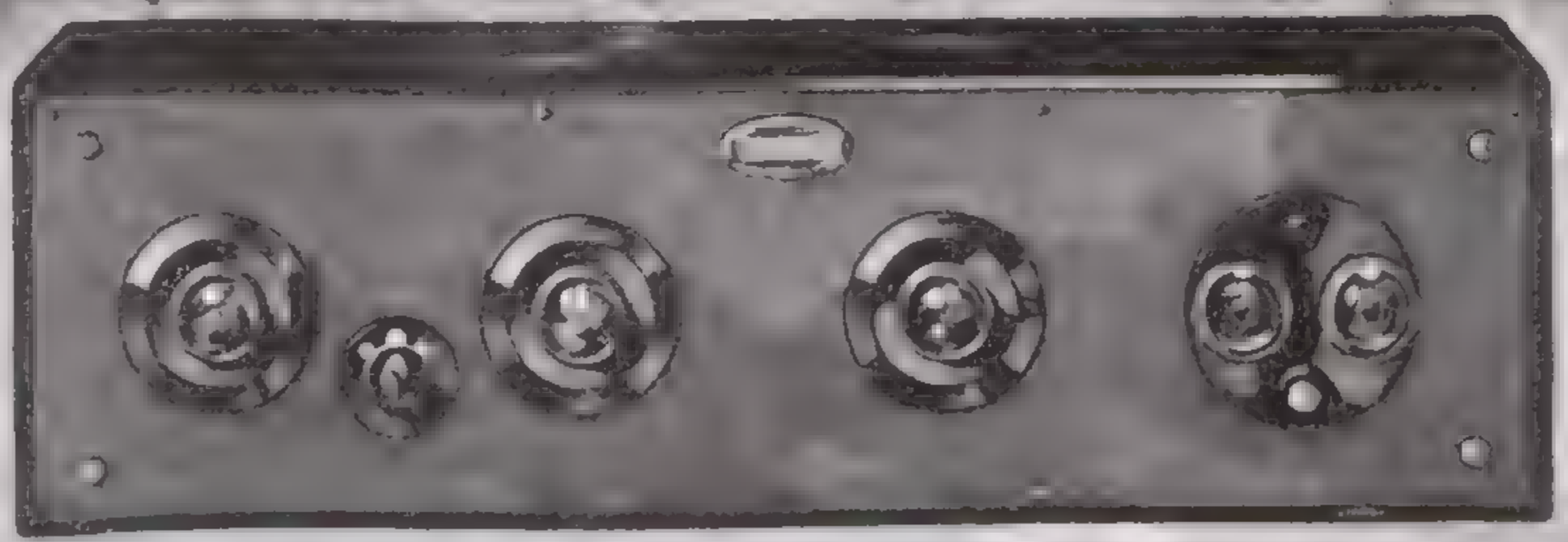
A nice boy's voice that sounded like young Harley Prevost from the dairy said, "I don't think it's so bad, Joe. Here, brother, stick my coat on. Folks comin'. You're bare nekkid."

Casimir John sobbed, "Yeh; hell I care! I'm gonna kill pop!" And Stukely was much embarrassed for him and opened an eye, then shut it because he hated seeing Joe look like that, with lines streaked between his wet fair hair and his brows.

"Dislocation," said a rough older voice. "What happened, Joe?"

(Continued on Page 124)

ATWATER KENT RADIO



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A Fashion That Never Changes

Dame Fashion is a silly mistress in many ways, and in matters of costume and amusement her fancy is beyond explaining.

But there is one important point on which she has never changed her mind. She has always insisted that when it comes to equipping the home, one single and unchanging standard shall guide her devotees—the standard of *quality*.

Quality fabrics, quality linens, quality soaps and poudres, quality toilet accessories of all kinds.

Perhaps that is why one almost invariably finds A. P. W. Satin Tissue Toilet Paper in homes that conform to the dictates of exclusive taste.

For A. P. W. Satin Tissue has long been recognized as the toilet paper de luxe. Its firm and velvety texture, no less than its pure wood pulp base and flawless design, are points of quality that discriminating shoppers everywhere are not slow to apprehend.

Four rolls of A. P. W. Satin Tissue are a year's supply

A. P. W. PAPER CO.
ALBANY, N. Y.

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A. P. W. Satin Tissue Pure White—Soft Bob White and Green toilet paper

Send for a Rag Doll

Send one wrapper from any brand of A. P. W. Paper with this coupon and ten cents, for a cute three color cloth doll, 12 inches high (ready to be cut out and stuffed).

Get a Doll's House Free

$2.00 buys, from your dealer, 4 rolls (a year's supply) of A. P. W. Satin Tissue, packed in an attractive, gaily colored doll a house—or send postpaid upon receipt of $2.00 and this coupon filled in with your dealer's name

Dealer's Name

INSTANT RELIEF FROM TIRED, ACHING FEET AND ANKLES

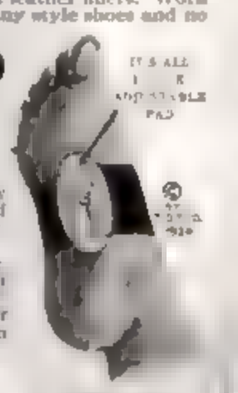
Non-Skid Arch Support is the improved type [illegible] through our 35 years' experience in the manufacture of [illegible] types of body braces. Elastic and [illegible] by supporting and strengthening muscles

Positive Relief for Corns, Callouses, Bunions

Eliminates use of metal plates and leather liners. Worn by men, women and children with any style shoes and no larger size required.

NON-SKID ARCH SUPPORT

Made in pink or black to fit every foot. Guaranteed. Money back if not satisfied. [illegible] in your footwear [illegible] Be sure of size when ordering. [illegible] $3.00 and $4.00 [illegible] $1.50 [illegible] $1.00 [illegible] your dealer cannot supply you, send [illegible] plain package C. O. D. if desired



THE OHIO TRUSS CO.
Founded 1893
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Send for FREE BOOK

Specialty salesmen wanted for the trade

(Continued from Page 122

"He thought the Kid was drowned an' jumped after him. . . . Put Harley's coat on, Kid. . . . Here comes Norah. Thank Gawd, they've got a shutter!"

Stukely wished that they would close his coffin. Norah would make a fool of herself. Casimir John had lost his head and couldn't control her. Heels came grating and disturbing pebbles. Men spoke and shadows crawled on Stukely's eyelids. This funeral was a rotten affair. They had shed their manners some place.

Casimir John rasped out between two sobs, "Yeh! Y'damn di'monds!" and something hurt Stukely's shoulder.

"Careful," a strange woman said rapidly. "No, no, Joe! Lift the arm at the same time. Mr. Healy, put the shutter—that's it. Thank you. That's better, Joe. . . . Have you felt his legs?"

"All right. . . . Shut up, Kid!"

This woman said, "Kid, stop crying! Run like the devil down to the house and have mother telephone Carmelsville for a surgeon and get our doctor. Hurry!" She had a strange, cool voice, very soft and clear, and she said "You take his feet, Harley, please," when the coffin moved. Stukely thought her admirable. If the dignity of mutilation and death had permitted, he would have sat up to look at her. He had met her somewhere. Meanwhile he had to think what his mother would say to an armless corpse when she had always rather admired his looks; and, in life, he had been a handsome person. It was tough on his mother, and Norah would make noises.

"All for ten cents' worth of glass beads!" Joe snarled.

"You mustn't let Casimir know that, Joe. He'd feel worse."

She was certainly an admirable woman. She seemed to be walking at the left of his bier. Stukely wanted to thank her for her intelligence. He opened an eye on the wrong side and could just see Joe Fancher with emeralds for eyes tramping steadily, his denim all wet and his face stone. Joe would miss him badly, and it was going to be desolate in the world of shadows without Joe. You got so fond of people! Stukely shut his eye and set his teeth in his lower lip, because death had not stilled this pain in his ruined shoulder.

"Stop a minute. . . . Is that any better, Stuke?"

"Have they found my arm?"

"Yes," said the strange, charming woman, "it's right here, lamb."

"Thanks," Stukely said.

The bier jogged painfully. Joe snapped "Easy over that fence!" and after eternity had proved how long it was going to be he said "Mind that tree!" and a branch swished low near Stukely's face. Stukely regretted that he had died without luncheon. He was extremely hungry. In ancient Egypt they sensibly stuffed tombs with jars of beans and such things. Antiquity had merits. The cook had been making lemon meringue for lunch too. Damn! Joe Fancher groaned in the most funereal fashion and a baritone voice broke out.

"You take splendid care of him, Joe!"

"Rev'rend, he just jumped past me an' ——"

"You could have stopped him!" the old man cried, outside the coffin in the sunlight.

Stukely was much grieved and was glad that the strange woman spoke at once, saying firmly, "Quiet, father! He's in horrible pain. . . . Did you get a doctor, mother?"

"Three," said Mrs. Kent without screaming, and the bier tilted upward and feet struck wood of steps. Mrs. Kent ordered slowly, "Take him straight upstairs, boys. Casimir, you run ahead, dear, and have the bed open. . . . Is there any sherry left, Joe?"

"Yes'm. Third drawer over, Norah, honey."

"Get a glass, dear," the strange woman murmured. And after awful torments she said in the same placidity, "Kid, your hands look steady enough. I'm all nerves. Take this and cut his shirt there, over the shoulder."

"Yeh."

"Let me," said Doctor Kent.

"No, dad. Go on, Kid. . . . Joe, hold a match close to his eyes. There might be a concussion of the brain."

Stukely said impatiently, "If you hold any more lights in front of my eyes I'll damn well kill you, Joe!"

"Done all I could to kill you for one day, ace."

"Oh, shut up!"

The strange lady said delightfully, "Isn't that characteristic? Kid, get his shoes off. You're really a godsend. I suppose your dear poppa came home drunk so much you're used to undressing remains."

"Yeh," said Casimir. Then he took off Stukely's left shoe and said in the voice of a fretful tiger, "Gonna kill pop next time I see the ——"

"I killed him," Stukely complained

"Did your best, babe, but his teeth are store teeth an' new sets can be had easy. But he went away very fast, bub. . . . Here comes a car. Rev'rend, you and mamma take yourselves downstairs."

"Hardly, Joseph! In this case I ——"

The strange lady said, "Father, d'you think you can kill Stukely Kent with less than dynamite? Don't be so idiotic! You know he's made of rubber and brickbats! He's stood us for nineteen years, hasn't he? Run along."

"Yeh," Casimir John ordered, "take him, girl! 'S gonna be rough here!"

"Come along, father," the lady said; "mother, take his other arm."

The recessive noise was slow, and Stukely hoped that the lady who knew how to handle people would read his father a poem or something until it was time for the funeral to begin. He reflected, "Dad sounded like David lamenting that sad bird—what was his name, Joe, in the Bible?"

"If you comparin' y'self to King David's boy Abs'lom, kid, I'm gonna slam your mouf with my foot!"

"Don't get sentimental," said Stukely, and tried to roll over, and then he gasped and wanted to die as fast as possible. Joe pressed him back into shape and used three new unheard-of oaths, and a demon began to drip perfume from the emptiness that had no voices and just the sound of a great coffee mill grinding pretty sparks before his eyes. In this utter annihilation he knew that the strange lady had been Norah, of course, and he was proud of her calm. She did the family credit, after all. Given the occasion, she could behave like a Kent! But he had to think of a quotation just then, and it came back in an unsatisfactory fashion, while he found out that he could move his left hand and even his arm in this world, although the shoulder felt off its form. He mused, "There are no fields of amaranth—or is it asphodel? on this side of the grave—tomb—grave. There is no voice that is not soon mute, however tuneful. There is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo does not faint at last —— There!"

"Is not faint at last, my d-dear boy," said his father.

"Goodness gracious, rev'rend! The ace is so respectful of your feelings he don't even cuss comin' outa chlor'form, an' you correct his remarks!"

"Yeh; quit cryin'," said Casimir John out of the whirling sparks.

Stukely thought of another quotation and said, rather pleased with his ease of body, "And on her neck a diamond cross she wore that—something or other might kiss and—yes—infidels adore —— I want some lunch!"

"Babe, you feel all right in your insides?"

"I feel empty," said Stukely, and was full of wrath. No food! They fed him nothing at all. He sat up and said with violence, "Send Norah here! She has some sense! I have to eat! Lunch! I'm past being polite about this thing! Norah!"

"Stop abusing him," said Norah instantly. "Joe, go get him some milk until lunch is ready. Put some sherry in it. Lie down, handsome. . . . What d'you want for lunch, dear?"

"I don't care—pie! You have as much intelligence as any of 'em when you want to use it, and I leave it to you."

Norah spun in a flaming Spanish shawl around the foot of the bed and gurgled, "There! I made him appreciate me even if I had to have him killed to do it! Kid, you're my witness! Stuke paid me a compliment!"

"Yeh; y' good girl," said Casimir John, perched on the back of a chair and scandalously clad in a necklace of gaudy crystals set in platinum and a pair of red bathing trunks. He looked on Norah with qualified approval and added "Y' dumb, though," as he got down from his perch to open the door for her.

"Kid, put some clothes on."

Casimir considered himself in a mirror of the dresser and mused "Yeh," then went to a closet and emerged with an ancient jersey of Stukely's that had some rents in its sides and not more than half its sleeves left. After his toilet was completed by brushing his hair back, he told Stukely, "Yeh, y' busted poppa's teeth. Gonna nurse you now. Rub y' should'. Y' lammed his mush swell, Joe says. Yeh, y' grand guy. Y' dive bum."

"I know I do, Kid. It didn't need a dislocated shoulder to tell me that."

Casimir John lighted a cigarette and golden rings expanded in his eyes through the smoke. He slid over the foot of the bed thoughtfully and sat on his heels beside Stukely's feet, meditating and examining the Reverend and Mrs. Kent in comfortable alternation. After a time he curled his dark toes and observed, "Joe cried worse'n me. Cussed me fine."

"Oh, Kid," said Mrs. Kent, "he shouldn't have! Y-you pulled Stuke out!"

"'S all right. I'm pop's kid. 'S my fault he came here, h'm?"

"Nonsense. And it gave us all an opportunity to show our appreciation of—of our principal possession. Your father was a public benefactor in disguise."

"Yeh," Casimir nodded; "once."

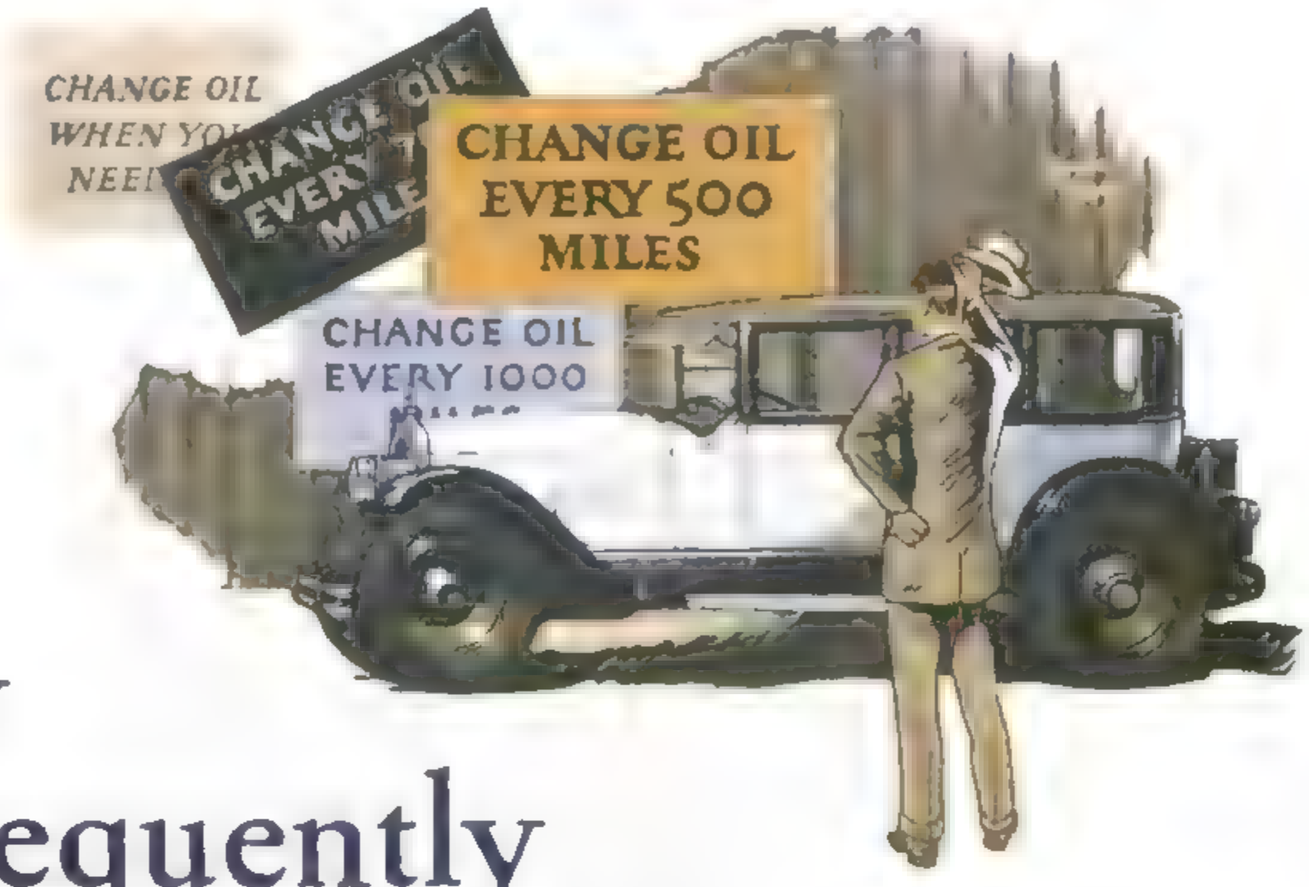
Stukely yawned hungrily and turned his head on his mother's arm to ask, "What on earth are you talking about, dad?"

"Isn't he stupid, Kid?"

"Yeh," said Casimir John.

DRAWN BY GATE COLLIER

"Well, What Do You Think Ye'r Doin'?" "Committin' Suicide." "Then Get Over on th' Main Line! This Side Track Ain't Been Used for Ten Years"



How frequently shall I change oil?

Automobile manufacturers agree that having your crankcase drained and refilled every 500 miles is *the one correct way* to buy oil.

An engine in which oil is changed every 500 miles will, under ordinary conditions, go three times as far before overhauling is necessary, as will another in which the oil is changed every thousand.

So we recommend changing *every 500 miles;* while the oil is still clean; well within the margin of safety. It's the safe, sensible, economical policy. Good oil is a lot cheaper than repairs.

Here are certain facts that will help you—

Oil's lubricating value suffers chiefly from gritty dust taken in through the carburetor, and from thinning down by dilution with gasoline.

Grit forms an abrasive that frequently burns out bearings and scores piston rings and cylinders.

Gasoline thins the body of the oil film; in time the film is thinner than the grit; then there's trouble.

Sunoco Motor Oil resists the effect of gritty dust and gasoline dilution very successfully; more so, we think, than any other oil; because every type being wholly distilled is heavier bodied.

Put Sunoco, the Distilled Oil, in your crankcase, using the type our chart recommends; drain and refill every 500 miles in spite of the fact that your present oil may still be good. It will pay you in effecting many motor economies.

SUN OIL COMPANY, *Philadelphia*
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SUNOCO
THE DISTILLED OIL

"This is the way we IRON our clothes

$4.50 with Cord and Unbreakable Plug

$8.50

THERE was rollicking merriment in the old ironing verse of your childhood days that you DON'T find in ironing now. Playing at ironing at eight and *actually* ironing at twenty-eight are two vastly different tasks.

Perhaps you can never really make an *actual* ironing day seem like the play days of childhood. But you CAN come close to it when you use the Simplex Electric Iron with its many wonderful new features.

Consider these new features carefully and see if you don't agree that the Simplex at $4.50 represents the greatest value that has ever been offered to you in an electric iron at any price.

A Cord-Set with an unbreakable all-steel plug

The handsome nickel-plated plug can't chip, crack, crumble or break. A ball grip of cool green Bakelite makes it easy to insert or remove the plug. A spring connection between ball and plug *snaps* plug out quickly, thus lengthening the life of the contacts.

An air-cooled rest-stand

Attached to the heel of the iron, it saves lifting—just tip the iron back. It can't scorch the sheerest garment.

Air-cooled terminal-guard

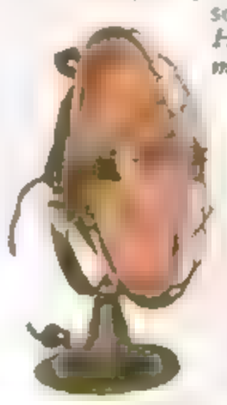
The guard protects plug and contact points. Adds materially to the beauty of the iron.

Buy a Simplex to make ironing day easier through the years that stretch ahead. Dealers everywhere sell this iron. If you don't find one readily, just use the coupon.

The Cord-Set furnished with Simplex Irons fits all makes of electrical appliances. The complete Cord-Set—all-steel unbreakable plug, 6 feet of heater cord and two-piece lamp-socket plug—$1.75

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING PAD

The Simplex Electric Heating Pad is indispensable for the treatment of any ache or pain which can be treated with heat. Nothing to fill—nothing to spill. Costs less to operate than an ordinary electric light bulb. The outer covering is of soft, fluffy eiderdown. Many Simplex pads are in use after thirty years of service. ***Write for "Treat It With Heat," an interesting and amusing movie booklet. It's free.***



SIMPLEX ELECTRIC SUNBOWL
2 Sizes, $5 and $10

Simplex

ELECTRIC HEATING CO. CAMBRIDGE MASS.
ESTABLISHED 1894

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SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING CO
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*Please send a Simplex Iron—Heating Pad—Sunbowl(large small)—Cord-Set—for which I will pay the postman price shown in this advertisement

Name_____

Address _____

Dealer's Name_____

*Cross out articles not wanted.

THE OLD DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 36

son's great affection, and thought too sacred for other eyes than his own.

The Seven Day Lane people knew there was little medical skill they did not have the benefit of. Doctor North had educated the son in the old school, and now the son was educating the father in the new. Both were willing students, with unusual common sense and native intelligence back of it. When there were serious cases in the little building near the old doctor's home, young Joe usually slipped in quietly, and was gone again before the neighbors had seen as much of him as they wished. Such skill as he had, and of which the neighbors heard, was exercised there, with the advice of the older man, who regarded his patients as friends deserving all the skill the two could give them.

At the age of seventy-four Doctor North had a sick spell. Young Joe, although a busy man, promptly appeared. When he stood beside the sick bed he took one quick glance at the patient, and then looked away. There were tears in the eyes of both; though long schooled in sorrow and suffering, tenderness was not far below the surface.

Doctor and patient soon recovered composure, and in a few hours young Joe went away on one of the trips, knowing all had been done for the patient that could be, and that his father would like it better that way. When he appeared at the home of a patient, members of the family knew what it meant. To the question "How is your father?" he could not reply, and the neighbors understood.

A few days later a strange gentleman appeared. He had been young Joe's teacher; a man so noted that his name had long been familiar even in that out-of-the-way place. Another silent busy man. With young Joe he stood beside the patient's bed, and the three talked quietly. Then the stranger went back to where he came from, after saying to the patient, "I leave you in good hands; none better, in my judgment."

A younger man came to make the trips about Seven Day Lane, as young Joe soon spent the nights and days in his father's room. Two married daughters arrived, but all their brother said to them and his mother, and to inquiring neighbors, was that all was being done that could be. The sick man was removed to the hospital in the yard, and the house disturbed as little as possible.

"I have most sympathy for young Joe," the neighbors said; "he cares most."

Father and Son

It was known the old doctor was desperately ill. One woman told of a dream—of being out on a black night, and passing in the road the familiar rainy-day buggy, but drawn furiously by white horses. Night and morning the neighbors came to make inquiries, and talk tenderly of the good old man young Joe was trying to save.

In the sick room, father and son talked easily and naturally at times.

"I'm glad your mother and the girls see me only when I am at my best," the older man said late one night. "You have seen sickness so much you don't mind it. I know my own case, and two capable men approve; there are certain things all men know alike. I am completing my life, and am satisfied; most of all, with my son. This is not a thing to tell your mother or the girls, but it's true. I believe you know your long affection for me, your consideration, is the greatest thing in my life, which I shall soon be leaving."

The son made no reply, beyond taking his father's hand.

"My machinery is worn out, and cannot be repaired," the sick man said, during another of the long night vigils. "It is only a question of days, of weeks or of hours, and I long for peace. You have made me almost comfortable: Nature is kinder than I had believed. I notice that when I am in pain you give me a medicine I am not familiar with, but it is powerful and soothing. I do not care to know what it is; it is a blessing, and in capable hands."

If young Joe slept at all it was in his chair, and briefly. A nurse was on constant duty in an adjoining room, but seldom called; the doctor loved the patient most, and did most for him. His mother and sisters said he was killing himself, but in the forceful way he always had, that the father had always had, he paid little attention to them when their judgment did not agree with his own.

He depended most on the medicine the old doctor acknowledged he did not know about, but believed in. With it he kept the sick man going.

"A little more, Joe," the patient would say, when the pains returned, and always the requests were complied with.

One night, when rain was falling, the patient was comfortable, seemed exhilarated, and talked a good deal, even saying he was becoming more talkative, while his son was becoming quieter, for young Joe said little as he watched beside the sick man, although keenly noting every movement.

Back in Harness

"I know what it means," the old doctor said. "When you know there is no hope, and my agony becomes unbearable to us both, I shall peacefully go to sleep, and not awaken. You are doing for me what I would do for you, were our cases reversed. I approve, and am grateful. When I sleep, it is dreamless and painless. When I awaken, you exhilarate me, and I am able to recall how much you have done for me. But do not continue it too long. I am in the way, and keeping you from your work. I distress your mother and the girls, and the neighbors; I am ready to go. The world does not care for the old; it is Nature, and I am satisfied. It is a good night for the dismal adventure. Get out the rainy-day buggy and the black team, and they will take me safely through the darkness, as they have done so many times before. The last dose you gave me was particularly strong; I can feel it more than any other. Give me another. My last thought will be a blessing for the great favor you have done me."

The son complied with the request, and the patient slept.

But the end was not yet. After weeks of careful nursing the patient began to sit up, to walk feebly about the yard; to take his place at the family table. Repairs being made to his old machinery, it was noted he dreaded idleness and getting down, like an old horse, fearing he would be unable to get up. Work was his life; he had so acquired the habit during many years that nothing could take its place. He liked the affairs of his community, good or bad, better than the walls of his own room, and lonely thoughts of increasing feebleness.

So as the old doctor recovered, again the father and son saw patients together, and visited, and taught each other. When the two walked into the home of an old neighbor it was a good sight; a fine old gentleman enjoying the intelligent and loving care of a worthy son. If the people did not fully realize the fame he had fairly earned, they gave him full credit for his devotion to his father; the old men talked about it most, as though many of them had missed similar devotion in their own lives.

One day the old doctor resumed his routine alone, and the son went away.

"Good-by, Joe," the father said simply. "Write as often as you can."

Thereafter the old doctor went his usual rounds. Always quiet, he became quieter than ever. He ceased making the long night drives, except in cases of emergency, and then the head nurse, credited with skill almost equal to a doctor's, went along. A heavy man, he got about with difficulty, and sometimes, when making his visits to the sick, recovering children were wrapped up and brought out to him in the road. As he said good-by and drove on, there were tears in the eyes of his friends; he seemed to be driving away to his grave.

At regular intervals young Joe came home, and gave his father a rest of a week, except in the more serious cases, when both went on these drives. No doubt on these trips father and son discussed candidly and simply the passing years of both, and what it meant. During these visits, also, operations were performed that would have cost a large sum in the city; and the old doctor placed a small charge on his books, and patients paid when ready.

In the fall of the year young Joe appeared one morning at the country town where he left the railroad to drive to his father's. It was learned later that he had received, for the first time in his life, a letter from his father asking him to come home. Possibly the sturdy old veteran realized the battle was nearing its end, and longed for another look at his son.

Young Joe had long known the man employed to drive him to Seven Day Lane, as he had often driven him on the same trip. As they rode along the man looked at his passenger and said, "We'll soon have to quit calling you young Joe."

"Yes," was the reply, "I am past fifty; I'll soon be the old doctor."

"The old men in town," the driver continued, "say you look exactly as your father did thirty years ago. All my folks still live on Buck Creek, and not long ago your father welcomed my first grandchild into the world. He did the same thing for me when I arrived."

Young Joe, a silent man, made no reply, and they drove rapidly to the Buck Creek bridge, crossed it, and along Seven Day Lane.

"Your father is becoming feeble," the man said later, "but will keep going as long as he can."

A Good Man's Epitaph

As the travelers came to the vicinity of Longview Point they noted a team ahead of them pass into the lane from a crossroad. It was the old doctor, in his rainy-day buggy, returning from a call; they were a quarter of a mile in the rear, but could note how carefully the horses traveled with their master. When Longview Point was reached there was a brief stop, as if the old doctor again wished to enjoy the fine view presented.

The horses were going slowly; possibly they realized, as the neighbors credited them with realizing, that their driver was seventy-six, ill, and probably asleep.

As the travelers in the rear caught up with the buggy, and followed quietly, they observed the old doctor nodding with the swaying of the vehicle. Reaching their home, the horses proceeded carefully through the gates, reached the barn, and stopped.

Young Joe sprang out to awaken his father, but, with all his skill, could not; probably the horses had stopped at Longview Point from long habit, for their old master was dead.

He was buried at Longview Point, and a stone was erected bearing these words:

THE OLD DOCTOR
HE LOVED THIS VIEW AND HIS
FELLOW MEN

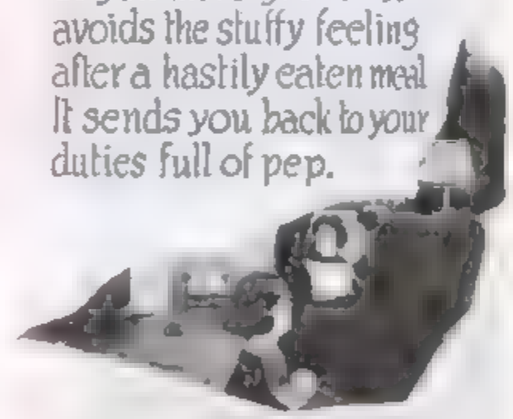
Young Joe went back to Seven Day Lane at intervals, as before, but first visited at Longview, where he sat on the base of the monument, and looked and thought and loved, but said nothing, as was his way.

After Breakfast

Now before we start the days work, let us digest our breakfast, sweeten the mouth, soothe the throat and cleanse the teeth with WRIGLEY'S- It will help to start the day right and a good start is half the battle.

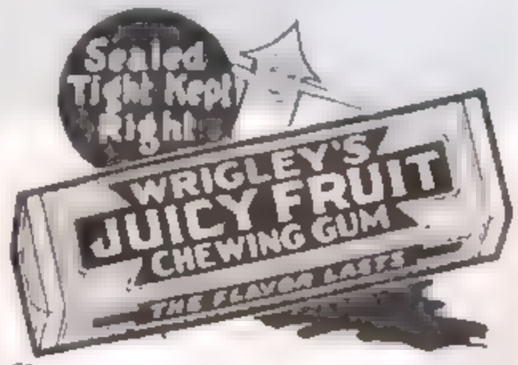
After Luncheon

In the middle of the day when possibly time is limited and we may eat too fast, then is when WRIGLEY'S is of greatest help. It makes your food do you more good. It avoids the stuffy feeling after a hastily eaten meal It sends you back to your duties full of pep.



After Dinner

In the evening, around the lamp, after dinner, with games and books or before going out to the theater, let WRIGLEY'S sweeten the mouth, remove the odors of food and help your stomach in its work.



"After Every Meal"

F26

WRIGLEY'S

THE HEINZ WAY

Every step in the making of Heinz Tomato Ketchup is a Heinz step.

The seeds are selected from finest Heinz tomatoes. The plants are raised in Heinz greenhouses and the tomatoes grown under Heinz supervision.

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So think of the Heinz way when next you order Tomato Ketchup. *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY*

When you come to Pittsburgh visit the Heinz kitchens

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY

(Continued from Page 25)

"Mere words," said Chan, "cannot express my unlimitable delight in meeting a representative of the ancient civilization of Boston."

Harry Jennison spoke.

"This is an appalling business, Miss Winterslip," he said. "As perhaps you know, I was your cousin's lawyer. I was also his friend. Therefore I hope you won't think I am intruding if I show a keen interest in what is going forward here."

"Not at all," Miss Minerva assured him. "We shall need all the help we can get."

Captain Hallet had taken a paper from his pocket. He faced John Quincy.

"Young man," he began, "I said I wanted to meet you. Last night Miss Winterslip told me of a cablegram received by the dead man about a week ago, which she said angered him greatly. I happen to have a copy of that message, turned over to me by the cable people. I'll read it to you:

"'John Quincy sailing on President Tyler. Owing to unfortunate accident, he leaves here with empty hands.

"'ROGER WINTERSLIP.'"

"Yes?" said John Quincy haughtily.

"Explain that, if you will."

John Quincy stiffened.

"The matter was strictly private," he said; "a family affair." Captain Hallet glared at him.

"You're mistaken," he replied. "Nothing that concerns Mr. Dan Winterslip is private now. Tell me what that cable meant and be quick about it. I'm busy this morning."

John Quincy glared back. The man didn't seem to realize who he was talking to.

"I've already said ——" he began.

"John Quincy," snapped Miss Minerva, "do as you're told!"

Oh, well, if she wanted family secrets aired in public! Reluctantly John Quincy explained about Dan Winterslip's letter and the misadventure in the attic of Dan's San Francisco house.

"An ohia-wood box bound with copper," repeated the captain. "Initials on it, T. M. B. Got that, Charlie?"

"It is written in the book," said Chan.

"Any idea what was in that box?" asked Hallet.

"Not the slightest," John Quincy told him.

Hallet turned to Miss Minerva.

"You knew nothing about this?" She assured him she did not. "Well," he continued, "one thing more and we'll go along. We've been making a thorough search of the premises by daylight—without much success, I'm sorry to say. However, by the cement walk just outside that door"—he pointed to the screen door leading from the living room into the garden—"Charlie made a discovery."

Chan stepped forward, holding a small white object in the palm of his hand.

"One-half cigarette, incompletely consumed," he announced. "Very recent, not weather-stained. It are of the brand denominated Corsican, assembled in London and smoked habitually by Englishmen."

Hallet again addressed Miss Minerva:

"Did Dan Winterslip smoke cigarettes?"

"He did not," she replied. "Cigars and a pipe, but never cigarettes."

"You were the only other person living here."

"I haven't acquired the cigarette habit," snapped Miss Minerva, "though undoubtedly it's not too late yet."

"The servants, perhaps?" went on Hallet.

"Some of the servants may smoke cigarettes, but hardly of this quality. I take it these are not on sale in Honolulu."

"They're not," said the captain. "But Charlie tells me they're put up in air-tight tins and shipped to Englishmen the world over. Well, stow that away, Charlie." The Chinaman tenderly placed the half cigarette, incompletely consumed, in his pocketbook. "I'm going on down the beach now to have a little talk with Mr. Jim Egan," the captain added.

"I'll go with you," Jennison offered. "I may be able to supply a link or two there."

"Sure, come along," Hallet replied cordially.

"Captain Hallet," put in Miss Minerva, "it is my wish that some member of the family keep in touch with what you are doing in order that we may give you all the aid we can. My nephew would like to accompany you."

"Pardon me," said John Quincy coldly, "you're quite wrong. I have no intention of joining the police force."

"Well, just as you say," remarked Hallet. He turned to Miss Minerva. "I'm relying on you, at any rate. You've got a good mind. Anybody can see that."

"Thank you," she said.

"As good as a man's," he added.

"Oh," she said, "now you've spoiled it. Good morning."

The three men went through the screen door into the bright sunshine of the garden. John Quincy was aware that he was not in high favor with his aunt.

"I'll go up and change," he said uncomfortably. "We'll talk things over later."

He went into the hall. At the foot of the stairs he paused. From above came a low heartbreaking moan of anguish. Barbara! Poor Barbara, who was so happy less than an hour ago!

John Quincy felt his head go hot, the blood pound in his temples. How dare anyone strike down a Winterslip? How dare anyone inflict this grief on his Cousin Barbara? He clenched his fist and stood for a moment, feeling that he, too, could kill.

Action—he must have action! He rushed through the living room, past the astonished Miss Minerva. In the drive stood a car; the three men were already in it.

"Wait a minute," called John Quincy. "I'm going with you."

"Hop in," said Captain Hallet.

The car rolled down the drive and out onto the hot asphalt of Kalia Road. John Quincy sat erect, his eyes flashing, by the side of a huge grinning Chinaman.

IX

THEY reached Kalakaua Avenue, and swerving sharply to the right, Captain Hallet stepped on the gas. Since the car was without a top, John Quincy was getting an unrestricted view of this land that lay at his journey's end. As a small boy, squirming about on the hard pew in the First Unitarian Church, he had heard much of heaven, and his youthful imagination had pictured it as something like this. A warm, rather languid country, freshly painted in the gaudiest colors available.

Creamy white clouds wrapped the tops of the distant mountains, and their slopes were bright with tropical foliage. John Quincy heard near at hand the low monotone of breakers lapping the shore. Occasionally he caught a glimpse of apple-green water and a dazzling white stretch of sand.

"Oh, Waikiki! Oh, scene of peace ——" What was the rest of that poem his Aunt Minerva had quoted in her last letter—the one in which she had announced that she was staying on indefinitely? "And looking down from tum-tum skies, the angels smile on Waikiki." Sentimental, but sentiment was one of Hawaii's chief exports. One had only to look at the place to understand and forgive.

John Quincy had not delayed for a hat, and the sun was beating down fiercely on his brown head. Charlie Chan glanced at him.

"Humbly begging pardon," remarked the Chinaman, "would say it is unadvisable to venture forth without headgear, especially since you are a *malihini*."

"A what?"

"The term carries no offense. *Malihini*—stranger, newcomer."

"Oh!" John Quincy looked at him curiously. "Are you a malihini?"

"Not in the least," grinned Chan. "I am *kamaaina*—old-timer. Pursuing the truth further, I have been twenty-five years in these islands."

They passed a huge hotel, and presently John Quincy saw Diamond Head standing, an impressive guardian at the far end of that lovely curving beach. A little farther along the captain drew up to the curb and the four men alighted. On the other side of a dilapidated fence was a garden that might have been Eden at its best.

Entering past a gate that hung sorrowfully on one hinge, they walked up a dirt path and in a moment a ramshackle old building came into view. They were approaching it on an angle, and John Quincy saw that the greater part of it extended out over the water. The tottering structure was of two stories, with double-decked balconies on both sides and the rear. It had rather an air about it; once, no doubt, it had been worthy to stand in this setting. Flowering vines clambered over it in a friendly endeavor to hide its imperfections from the world.

"Some day," announced Charlie Chan solemnly, "those rafters underneath will disintegrate and the Reef and Palm Hotel will descend into the sea with a most horrid gurgle."

As they drew nearer, it seemed to John Quincy that the Chinaman's prophecy might come true at any moment. They paused at the foot of a crumbling stair that led to the front door, and as they did so a man emerged hurriedly from the Reef and Palm. His once white clothes were yellowed, his face lined, his eyes tired and disillusioned. But about him, as about the hotel, hung the suggestion of a distinguished past.

"Mr. Egan," said Captain Hallet promptly.

"Oh, how are you?" the man replied, with an accent that recalled to John Quincy's mind his meeting with Captain Arthur Temple Cope.

"We want to talk to you," announced Hallet brusquely. A shadow crossed Egan's face.

"I'm frightfully sorry," he said, "but I have a most important engagement, and I'm late as it is. Some other time ——"

"Now!" cut in Hallet. The word shot through the morning like a rocket. He started up the steps.

"Impossible," said Egan. He did not raise his voice. "Nothing on earth could keep me from the dock this morning."

The captain of detectives seized his arm.

"Come inside!" he ordered. Egan's face flushed.

"Take your hand off me! By what right ——"

"You watch your step, Egan," advised Hallet angrily. "You know why I'm here."

"I do not."

Hallet stared into the man's face.

"Dan Winterslip was murdered last night," he said.

Jim Egan removed his hat and looked helplessly out toward Kalakaua Avenue.

"So I read in the paper," he replied. "Just what has his death to do with me?"

"You were the last person to see him alive," Hallet answered. "Now quit bluffing and come inside."

Egan cast one final baffled glance at the street, where a trolley bound for the city three miles away was rattling swiftly by. Then he bowed his head and led the way into the hotel. They entered a huge, poorly furnished public room, deserted save for a woman tourist writing post cards at a table and a shabby Japanese clerk lolling behind the desk.

"This way," Egan said, and they followed him past the desk and into a small private office.

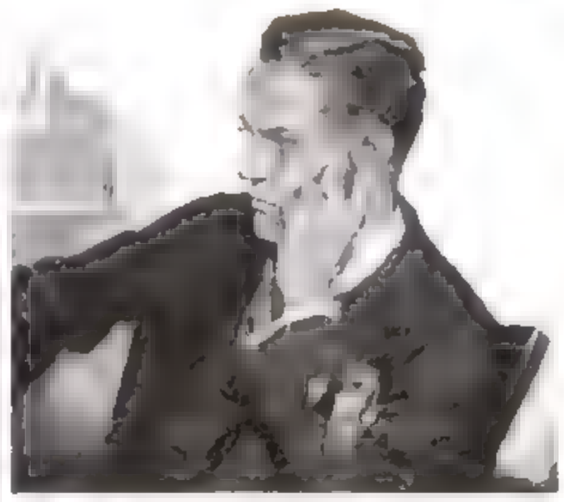
Here all was confusion; dusty piles of magazines and newspapers were everywhere; battered old ledgers lay upon the floor. On the wall hung a portrait of Queen Victoria; many pictures cut from the London illustrated weeklies were tacked up haphazardly. Jennison spread a newspaper carefully over the window sill and sat down there. Egan cleared chairs for Hallet, Chan and John Quincy, and himself took his place before an ancient roll-top desk.

"If you will be brief, captain," he suggested, "I might still have time ——" He glanced at a clock above the desk.

"Forget that," advised Hallet sharply. His manner was considerably different from that he employed in the house of a leading citizen like Dan Winterslip. "Let's get to business." He turned to Chan. "Got your book, Charlie?"

"Preparations are complete," replied Chan, his pencil poised.

"All right." Hallet drew his chair closer to the desk. "Now, Egan, you come through and come clean. I know that last night about 7:30 you called up Dan Winterslip and tried to slide out of an appointment you had made with him. I know that he refused to let you off and insisted on seeing you at eleven. About that time you went to his house. You and he had a rather excited talk. At 1:25 Winterslip was found dead. Murdered, Egan! Now give me your end of it."



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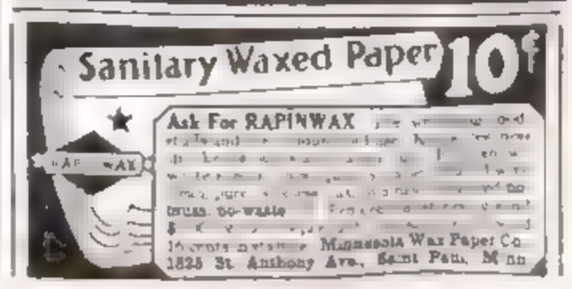

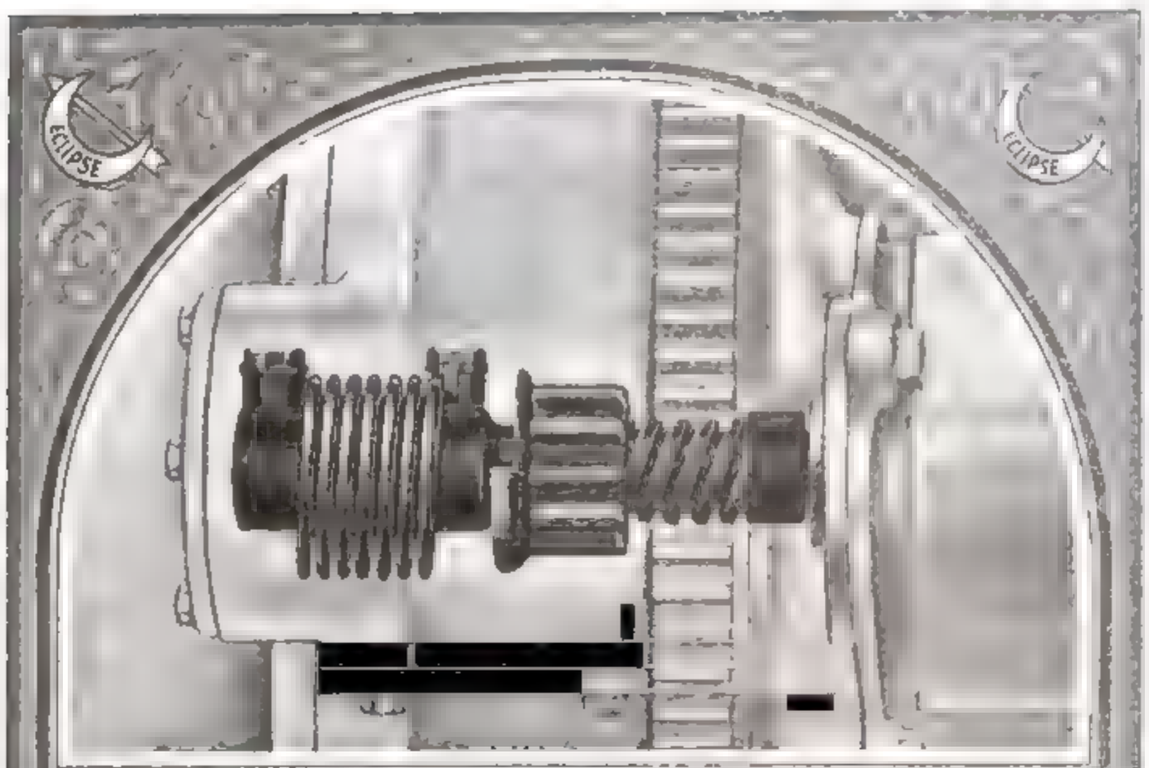

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Jim Egan ran his fingers through his curly close-cropped hair—straw-colored once, but now mostly gray.

"That's all quite true," he said. "Do—do you mind if I smoke?" He took out a silver case and removed a cigarette. His hand trembled slightly as he applied the match. "I did make an appointment with Winterslip for last night," he continued. "During the course of the day I—I changed my mind. When I called up to tell him so he insisted on seeing me. He urged me to come at eleven, and I went."

"Who let you in?" Hallet asked.

"Winterslip was waiting in the garden when I came. We went inside."

Hallet glanced at the cigarette in Egan's hand. "By the door leading directly into the living room?" he asked.

"No," said Egan; "by the big door at the front of the house. Winterslip took me out on his lanai and we had a bit of a chat regarding the—the business that had brought me. About half an hour later I came away. When I left, Winterslip was alive and well—in good spirits, too; smiling, as a matter of fact."

"By which door did you leave?"

"The front door—the one I'd entered by."

"I see." Hallet looked at him thoughtfully for a moment. "You went back later, perhaps."

"I did not," said Egan promptly. "I came directly here and went to bed."

"Who saw you?"

"No one. My clerk goes off duty at eleven. The hotel is open, but there is no one in charge. My patronage is—not large."

"You came here at 11:30 and went to bed," Hallet said. "But no one saw you. Tell me, were you well acquainted with Dan Winterslip?"

Egan shook his head.

"In the twenty-three years I've been in Honolulu, I had never spoken to him until I called him on the telephone yesterday."

"Humph!" Hallet leaned back in his chair and spoke in a more amiable tone. "As a younger man, I believe you traveled a lot."

"I drifted about a bit," Egan admitted. "I was just eighteen when I left England."

"At your family's suggestion," smiled the captain.

"What's that to you?" Egan flared.

"Where did you go?"

"Australia. I ranched it for a time, and later I worked in Melbourne."

"What doing?" persisted Hallet.

"In—in a bank."

"A bank, eh? And then ——"

"The South Seas. Just wandering about—I was restless——"

"Beach combing, eh?" Egan flushed.

"I may have been on my uppers at times, but damn it ——"

"Wait a minute," Hallett cut in. "What I want to know is those years you were drifting about—did you by any chance run into Dan Winterslip?"

"I—I might have."

"What sort of an answer is that? Yes or no!"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I did," Egan admitted; "just once—in Melbourne. But it was a quite unimportant meeting, so unimportant Winterslip had completely forgotten it."

"But you hadn't. And yesterday morning, after twenty-three years' silence between you, you called him on the telephone—on rather sudden business."

"I did."

Hallet came closer.

"All right, Egan, we've reached the important part of your story. What was that business?"

A tense silence fell in the little office as they awaited Egan's answer. The Englishman looked Hallet calmly in the eye.

"I can't tell you that," he said. Hallet's face reddened.

"Oh, yes, you can, and you're going to!"

"Never!" answered Egan, without raising his voice. The captain glared at him.

"You don't seem to realize your position."

"I realize it perfectly."

"If you and I were alone ——"

"I won't tell you under any circumstances, Hallet."

"Maybe you'll tell the prosecutor."

"Look here!" cried Egan wearily. "Why must I say it over and over? I'll tell nobody my business with Winterslip—nobody, understand?" He crushed the half-smoked cigarette savagely down onto a tray at his side.

John Quincy saw Hallet nod to Chan. He saw the Chinaman's pudgy little hand go out and seize the remnant of cigarette. A happy grin spread over the Oriental's fat face. He handed the stub to his chief.

"Corsican brand!" he cried triumphantly.

"Ah, yes," said Hallet. "This your usual smoke, Egan?" A startled look crossed Egan's tired face.

"No, it's not," he said.

"It's a make that's not on sale in the islands, I believe?"

"No, I fancy it isn't."

Captain Hallet held out his hand.

"Give me your cigarette case, Egan." The Englishman passed it over and Hallet opened it. "Humph!" he said. "You've managed to get hold of a few, haven't you?"

"Yes. They were—given me."

"Is that so? Who gave them to you?" Egan considered.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you that either," he said. Hallet's eyes glittered angrily.

"Let me give you a few facts," he began. "You called on Dan Winterslip last night; you entered and left by the front door, and you didn't go back. Yet just outside the door leading directly into the living room, we have found a partly smoked cigarette of this unusual brand. Now will you tell me who gave you these Corsicans?"

"No," said Egan, "I won't."

Hallet slipped the silver cigarette case into his pocket and stood up.

"Very well," he remarked, "I've wasted all the time I intend to here. The district-court prosecutor will want to talk to you."

"Of course," agreed Egan. "I'll come and see him this afternoon." Hallet glared at him.

"Quit kidding yourself and get your hat!" Egan rose too.

"Look here," he cried, "I don't like your manner! It's true there are certain matters in connection with Winterslip I can't discuss, and that's unfortunate. But surely you don't think I killed the man! What motive would I have?"

Jennison rose quickly from his seat on the window ledge and stepped forward.

"Hallet," he said, "there's something I ought to tell you. Two or three years ago Dan Winterslip and I were walking along King Street, and we passed Mr. Egan here. Winterslip nodded toward him. 'I'm afraid of that man, Harry,' he said. I waited to hear more, but he didn't go on, and he wasn't the sort of client one would prompt. 'I'm afraid of that man, Harry.' Just that, and nothing further."

"It's enough," remarked Hallet grimly. "Egan, you're going with me."

Egan's eyes flashed.

"Of course!" he cried bitterly. "Of course I'm going with you! You're all against me, the whole town is against me. I've been sneered at and belittled for twenty years—because I was poor. An outcast, my daughter humiliated, not good enough to associate with these New England blue-bloods—these thin-lipped Puritans with a touch of sun"

At sound of that familiar phrase, John Quincy sat up. Where—where—oh, yes, on the Oakland ferry.

"Never mind that," Hallet was saying. "I'll give you one last chance. Will you tell me what I want to know?"

"I will not!" cried Egan.

"All right, then come along."

"Am I under arrest?" asked Egan.

"I didn't say that," replied Hallet, suddenly cautious. "The investigation is young yet. You are withholding much-needed information, and I believe that after you've spent a few hours at the station you'll change your mind and talk. In fact, I'm sure of it. I haven't any warrant, but your position will be a lot more dignified if you come willingly without one."

Egan considered a moment.

"I fancy you're right," he said. "I have certain orders to give the servants, if you don't mind ——" Hallet nodded.

"Make it snappy. Charlie will go with you."

Egan and the Chinaman disappeared. The captain, John Quincy and Jennison went out and sat down in the public room. Five minutes passed—ten—fifteen ——

Jennison glanced at his watch.

"See here, Hallet," he said, "the man's making a monkey of you."

Hallet reddened and stood up. At that instant Egan and Chan came down the big open stairway at one side of the room. Hallet went up to the Englishman.

(Continued on Page 132)

THIS HAPPENED TO MR W T T, IIND
—and then he got his Philco!
What experiences—embarrassing or dangerous—have you had with ordinary batteries? Please tell us.

WILLIAM T. TILDEN, IIND
515 HANSBERRY STREET
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Mr Sayre M Ramsdell
c/o Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.,
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Dear Sayre:-

I picked up a magazine at Manheim the other day and saw your Philco advertisement headed -- "and then he got his Philco!" It reminded me of an incident that brought me my Philco.

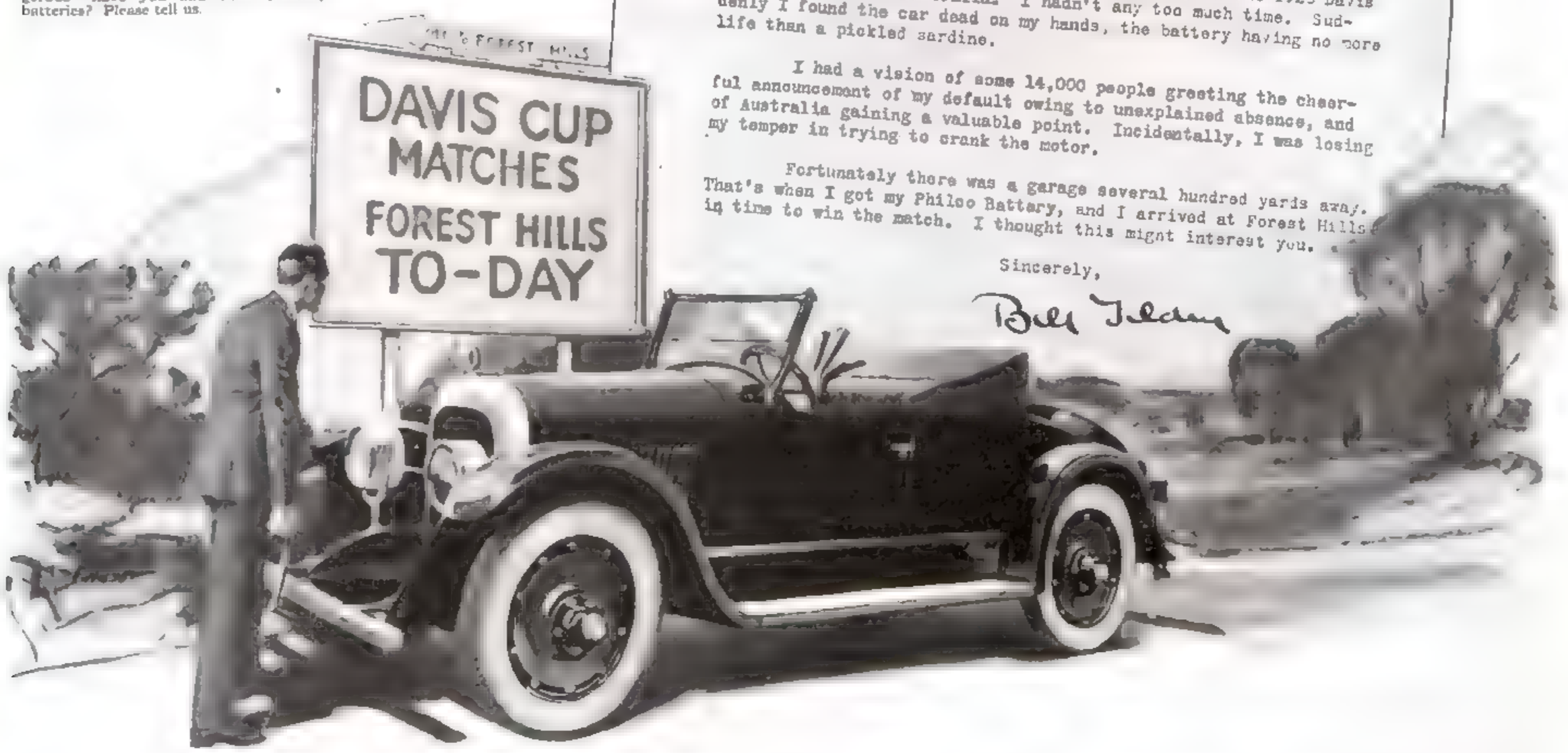
I was on my way to Forest Hills to play in the 1923 Davis Cup match against Australia. I hadn't any too much time. Suddenly I found the car dead on my hands, the battery having no more life than a pickled sardine.

I had a vision of some 14,000 people greeting the cheerful announcement of my default owing to unexplained absence, and of Australia gaining a valuable point. Incidentally, I was losing my temper in trying to crank the motor.

Fortunately there was a garage several hundred yards away. That's when I got my Philco Battery, and I arrived at Forest Hills in time to win the match. I thought this might interest you.

Sincerely,

Bill Tilden



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Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia

PHILCO Farm Lighting Radio Electric Truck Industrial Tractors Passenger Cars Mine Locomotives Auxiliary Power Marine Isolated Plant BATTERIES

PHILCO DIAMOND GRID BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 130)

"Say, Egan, what are you doing—playing for time?" Egan smiled.

"That's precisely what I'm doing," he replied. "My daughter's coming in this morning on the Matsonia; the boat ought to be at the dock now. She's been at school on the mainland and I haven't seen her for nine months. You've done me out of the pleasure of meeting her, but in a few minutes ——"

"Nothing doing!" cried Hallet. "Now you get your hat. I'm pau."

Egan hesitated a moment, then slowly took his battered old straw hat from the desk. The five men walked through the blooming garden toward Hallet's car. As they emerged into the street a taxi drew up to the curb. Egan ran forward, and the girl John Quincy had last seen at the gateway to San Francisco leaped out into the Englishman's arms.

"Dad, where were you?" she cried.

"Cary darling," he said, "I was so frightfully sorry. I meant to be at the dock, but I was detained. How are you, my dear?"

"I'm fine, dad. But—where are you going?" She looked at Hallet; John Quincy remained discreetly in the background.

"I've—I've a little business in the city, my dear," Egan said. "I'll be home presently, I fancy. If if I shouldn't be, I leave you in charge."

"Why, dad ——"

"Don't worry," he added pleadingly. "That's all I can say now, Cary. Don't worry, my dear." He turned to Hallet. "Shall we go, captain?"

The two policemen, Jennison and Egan entered the car. John Quincy stepped forward. The girl's big perplexed eyes met his.

"You?" she cried.

"Coming, Mr. Winterslip?" inquired Hallet.

John Quincy smiled at the girl.

"You were quite right," he said. "I haven't needed that hat." She looked up at him.

"But you're not wearing any at all. That's hardly wise."

"Mr. Winterslip!" barked Hallet. John Quincy turned.

"Oh, pardon me, captain," he said. "I forgot to mention it, but I'm leaving you here. Good-by."

Hallet grunted and started his car. While the girl paid for her taxi out of a tiny purse, John Quincy picked up her suitcase.

"This time," he said, "I insist on carrying it." They stepped through the gateway into the garden that might have been Eden on one of its loveliest days. "You didn't tell me we might meet in Honolulu," the boy remarked.

"I wasn't sure we should." She glanced at the shabby old hotel. "You see, I'm not exactly a social favorite out here." John Quincy could think of no reply, and they mounted the crumbling steps. The public room was quite deserted. "And why have we met?" the girl continued. "I'm fearfully puzzled. What was dad's business with those men? One of them was Captain Hallet, a policeman ——"

John Quincy frowned.

"I'm not so sure your father wants you to know."

"But I've got to know, that's obvious. Please tell me."

John Quincy relinquished the suitcase and brought forward a chair. The girl sat down.

"It's this way," he began. "My Cousin Dan was murdered in the night."

Her eyes were tragic. "Oh, poor Barbara!" she cried. That's right, he mustn't forget Barbara. "But dad —— Oh, go on, please!"

"Your father visited Cousin Dan last night at eleven and he refuses to say why. There are other things he refuses to tell."

She looked up at him, her eyes filled with sudden tears.

"I was so happy on the boat," she said. "I knew it couldn't last." He sat down.

"Nonsense! Everything will come out all right. Your father is probably shielding someone." She nodded.

"Of course. But if he's made up his mind not to talk he just simply won't talk. He's odd that way. They may keep him down there, and I shall be all alone."

"Not quite alone."

"No, no," she said. "I've warned you. We're not the sort the best people care to know."

"The more fools they," cut in the boy. "I'm John Quincy Winterslip, of Boston. And you ——"

"Carlota Maria Egan," she answered. "You see, my mother was half Portuguese. The other half was Scotch-Irish; my father's English. This is the melting pot out here, you know." She was silent for a moment. "My mother was very beautiful," she added wistfully; "so they tell me—I never knew." John Quincy was touched.

"I thought how beautiful she must have been," he said gently, "that day I met you on the ferry."

The girl dabbed at her eyes with an absurd little handkerchief and stood up.

"Well," she remarked, "this is just another thing that has to be faced; another call for courage. I must meet it." She smiled. "The lady manager of the Reef and Palm. Can I show you a room?"

"I say, it'll be a rather stiff job, won't it?" John Quincy rose too.

"Oh, I shan't mind. I've helped dad before. Only one thing troubles me—bills and all that. I've no head for arithmetic."

"That's all right—I have," replied John Quincy. He stopped. Wasn't he getting in a little deep?

"How wonderful!" the girl said.

"Why, not at all," John Quincy protested. "It's my line at home." Home! Yes, he had a home, he recalled. "Bonds and interest and all that sort of thing. I'll drop in later in the day to see how you're getting on." He moved away in a mild panic. "I'd better be going now," he added.

"Of course." She followed him to the door. "You're altogether too kind. Shall you be in Honolulu long?"

"That depends," John Quincy said. "I've made up my mind to one thing: I shan't stir from here until this mystery about Cousin Dan is solved, and I'm going to do everything in my power to help in solving it."

"I'm sure you're very clever too," she told him. He shook his head.

"I wouldn't say that. But I intend to make the effort of my life. I've got a lot of incentives for seeing this affair through." Something else trembled on his tongue. Better not say it. Oh, Lord, he was saying it! "You're one of them," he added, and clattered down the stairs.

"Do be careful," called the girl. "Those steps are even worse than they were when I left. Just another thing to be repaired—some day—when our ship comes in."

He left her smiling wistfully in the doorway and, hurrying through the garden, stepped out on Kalakaua Avenue. The blazing sun beat down on his defenseless head. Gorgeous trees flaunted scarlet banners along his path, tall coconut palms swayed above him at the touch of the friendly trades, not far away rainbow-tinted waters lapped a snowy beach. A sweet land—all of that.

Did he wish that Agatha Parker were there to see it with him? Pursuing the truth further, as Charlie Chan would put it, he did not.

x

WHEN John Quincy got back to the living room he found Miss Minerva pacing up and down with the light of battle in her eyes. He selected a large, comfortable-looking chair and sank into it.

"Anything the matter?" he inquired. "You seem disturbed."

"I've just been having a lot of *pilikia*," she announced.

"What's that—another native drink?" he said with interest. "Could I have some too?"

"*Pilikia* means trouble," she translated. "Several reporters have been here, and you'd hardly credit the questions they asked."

"About Cousin Dan, eh?" John Quincy nodded. "I can imagine."

"However, they got nothing out of me I took good care of that."

"Go easy," advised John Quincy. "A fellow back home who had a divorce case in his family was telling me that if you're not polite to the newspaper boys they just plain break your heart."

"Don't worry," said Miss Minerva. "I was diplomatic, of course. I think I handled them rather well under the circumstances. They were the first reporters I'd ever met, though I've had the pleasure of talking with gentlemen from the Transcript. What happened at the Reef and Palm Hotel?"

John Quincy told her in part.

"Well, I shouldn't be surprised if Egan turned out to be guilty," she commented. "I've made a few inquiries about him this morning, and he doesn't appear to amount to much. A sort of glorified beach comber."

"Nonsense!" objected John Quincy. "Egan's a gentleman. Just because he doesn't happen to have prospered is no reason for condemning him without a hearing."

"He's had a hearing," snapped Miss Minerva. "And it seems he's been mixed up in something he's not precisely proud of. There, I've gone and ended a sentence with a preposition. Probably all this has upset me more than I realize." John Quincy smiled.

"Cousin Dan," he reminded her, "also was mixed up in a few affairs he could hardly have looked back on with pride. No, Aunt Minerva, I feel Hallet is on the wrong trail there. It's just as Egan's daughter said." She glanced at him quickly.

"Oh, so Egan has a daughter?"

"Yes, and a mighty attractive girl. It's a confounded shame to put this thing on her."

"Humph!" said Miss Minerva.

John Quincy glanced at his watch.

"Good Lord, it's only ten o'clock!" A great calm had settled over the house; there was no sound save the soft lapping of waves on the beach outside. "What in heaven's name do you do out here?"

"Oh; you'll become accustomed to it shortly," Miss Minerva answered. "At first you just sit and think. After a time you just sit."

"Sounds fascinating," said John Quincy sarcastically.

"That's the odd part of it," his aunt replied—"it is. One of the things you think about at first is going home. When you stop thinking, that naturally slips your mind."

"We gathered that," John Quincy said.

"You'll meet a man on the beach," said Miss Minerva, "who stopped over between boats to have his laundry done. That was twenty years ago, and he's still here."

"Probably they haven't finished his laundry," suggested John Quincy, yawning openly. "Ho-hum. I'm going up to my room to change, and after that I believe I'll write a few letters." He rose with an effort and went to the door. "How's Barbara?" he asked. Miss Minerva shook her head.

"Dan was all the poor child had," she said. "She's taken it rather hard. You won't see her for some time, and when you do—the least said about all this the better."

"Why, naturally," agreed John Quincy, and went upstairs.

After he had bathed and put on his whitest, thinnest clothes he explored the desk that stood near his bed and found it well supplied with note paper. Languidly laying out a sheet, he began to write:

"*Dear Agatha:* Here I am in Honolulu, and outside my window I can hear the lazy swish of waters lapping the famous beach of ——"

Lazy indeed! John Quincy had a feeling for words. He stopped and stared at an agile little cloud flitting swiftly through the sky—got up from his chair to watch it disappear over Diamond Head. On his way back to the desk he had to pass the bed. What inviting beds they had out here! He lifted the mosquito netting and dropped down for a moment ——

Haku hammered on the door at one o'clock, and that was how John Quincy happened to be present at lunch. His aunt was already at the table when he staggered in.

"Cheer up," she smiled. "You'll become acclimated soon. Of course, even then you'll want your nap just after lunch every day."

"I will not," he answered, but there was no conviction in his tone.

"Barbara asked me to tell you how sorry she is not to be with you. She's a sweet girl, John Quincy."

"She's all of that," he agreed. "Give her my love, won't you?"

"Your love?" His aunt looked at him. "Do you mean that? Barbara's only a second cousin ——"

He laughed.

"Don't waste your time matchmaking, Aunt Minerva. Someone has already spoken for Barbara."

"Really? Who?"

"Jennison. He seems like a fine fellow too."

"Handsome, at any rate," Miss Minerva admitted. They ate in silence for a time. "The coroner and his friends were here this morning," said Miss Minerva presently.

"That so?" replied John Quincy. "Any verdict?"

"Not yet. I believe they're to settle on that later. By the way, I'm going downtown immediately after lunch to do some shopping for Barbara. Care to come along?"

"No, thanks," John Quincy said. "I must go upstairs and finish my letters."

But when he left the luncheon table he decided the letters could wait. He took a heavy volume with a South Sea title from Dan's library and went out on the lanai. Presently Miss Minerva appeared, smartly dressed in white linen.

"I'll return as soon as I'm pau," she announced.

"What is this pau?" John Quincy inquired.

"Pau means finished—through."

"Good Lord," John Quincy said, "aren't there enough words in the English language for you?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered. "A little Hawaiian sprinkled in makes a pleasant change. And when one reaches my age, John Quincy, one is eager for a change. Good-by."

She left him to his book and the somnolent atmosphere of Dan's lanai. Sometimes he read, colorful tales of other islands farther south. Sometimes he sat and thought. Sometimes he just sat. The blazing afternoon wore on; presently the beach beyond Dan's garden was gay with bathers, sunburned men and girls, pretty girls in brief and alluring costumes. Their cries as they dared the surf were exultant, happy. John Quincy was keen to try those notable waters, but it didn't seem quite the thing not just yet, with Dan Winterslip lying in that room upstairs.

Miss Minerva reappeared about five, flushed and—though she well knew it was not the thing for one of her standing on the Back Bay—perspiring. She carried an evening paper in her hand.

"Any news?" inquired John Quincy. She sat down.

"Nothing but the coroner's verdict. The usual thing—person or persons unknown. But as I was reading the paper in the car I had a sudden inspiration."

"Good for you! What was it?"

Haku appeared at the door leading to the living room.

"You ring, miss?" he said.

"I did. Haku, what becomes of the old newspapers in this house?"

"Take and put in a closet beside kitchen," the man told her.

"See if you can find me—no, never mind, I'll look myself."

She followed Haku into the living room. In a few minutes she returned alone, a newspaper in her hand.

"I have it," she announced triumphantly. "The evening paper of Monday, June sixteenth—the one Dan was reading the night he wrote that letter to Roger. And look, John Quincy, one corner has been torn from the shipping page!"

"Might have been accidental," suggested John Quincy languidly.

"Nonsense!" she said sharply. "It's a clew, that's what it is. The item that disturbed Dan was on that missing corner of the page."

"Might have been, at that," he admitted. "What are you going to do ——"

"You're the one that's going to do it," she cut in. "Pull yourself together and go into town. It's two hours until dinner. Give this paper to Captain Hallet—or, better still, to Charlie Chan. I am impressed by Mr. Chan's intelligence."

John Quincy laughed.

"'Damned clever, these Chinese,'" he quoted. "You don't mean to say you've fallen for that bunk. They seem clever because they're so different."

"We'll see about that. The chauffeur's gone on an errand for Barbara, but there's a roadster in the garage."

"Trolley's good enough for me," said John Quincy. "Here, give me the paper."

She explained to him how he was to reach the city, and he got his hat and went. Presently he was on a trolley car surrounded by representatives of a dozen different races. The melting pot of the Pacific, Carlota Egan had called Honolulu, and the appellation seemed to be correct. John Quincy began to feel a fresh energy, a new interest in life.

The trolley swept over the low swampy land between Waikiki and Honolulu, past rice fields where quaint figures toiled patiently in water to their knees, past taro patches, and finally turned into King Street. Every few moments it paused to take aboard new immigration problems—Japs,

(Continued on Page 134)

KRAFT CHEESE
KRAFT CHEESE
KRAFT CHEESE
KRAFT CHEESE
KRAFT CHEESE
KRAFT CHEESE

Molasses Cup Cakes

You can make 14 of them in a jiffy by this recipe—

Cream together ½ cup butter and ½ cup brown sugar. Add ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses (the kind with the real, old-time plantation flavor) and 2 eggs well beaten. Mix and sift 1½ cups flour, ½ tsp. cooking soda (or bicarbonate of soda), 2 tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. cinnamon, ½ tsp. mace and ½ tsp. salt. Add this alternately with ½ cup milk to the first mixture. Mix well and bake in greased muffin pan in a quick oven 20 minutes.

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Brer Rabbit Molasses

(Continued from Page 132)

Chinamen, Hawaiians, Portuguese, Filipinos, Koreans, all colors and all creeds. On it went. John Quincy saw great houses set in blooming groves, a Japanese theater flaunting weird posters not far from a flivver service station, then a huge building he recognized as the palace of the monarchy. Finally it entered a district of modern office buildings. Mr. Kipling was wrong, the boy reflected; East and West could meet. They had.

This impression was confirmed when he left the car at Fort Street and for a moment walked about, a stranger in a strange land. A dusky policeman was directing traffic on the corner, officers of the United States Army and Navy in spotless duck strolled by, and on the shady side of the street Chinese girls, slim and immaculate in freshly laundered trousers and jackets, were window shopping in the cool of the evening.

"I'm looking for the police station," John Quincy informed a big American with a friendly face.

"Get back into King Street," the man said. "Go to your right until you come to Bethel, then turn *makai* ——"

"Turn what?"

The man smiled.

"A *malihini*, I take it. 'Makai' means toward the sea. The other direction is *mauka*—toward the mountains. The police station is at the foot of Bethel, in Kalakaua Hale."

John Quincy thanked him and went on his way. He passed the post office and was amazed to see that all the lock boxes opened on the street. After a time he reached the station. A sergeant lounging behind the desk told him that Charlie Chan was at dinner. He suggested the Alexander Young Hotel or possibly the All-American Restaurant on King Street.

The hotel sounded easiest, so John Quincy went there first. In the dim lobby a Chinese house boy wandered aimlessly about with broom and dustpan, a few guests were writing the inevitable post cards, a Chinese clerk was on duty at the desk. But there was no sign of Chan, either in the lobby or in the dining room at the left. As John Quincy turned from an inspection of the latter the elevator door opened and a Britisher in mufti came hurriedly forth. He was followed by a cockney servant carrying luggage.

"Captain Cope!" called John Quincy. The captain paused.

"Hello," he said. "Oh, Mr. Winterslip, how are you?" He turned to the servant. "Buy me an evening paper and an armful of the less offensive-looking magazines." The man hurried off, and Cope again addressed John Quincy: "Delighted to see you, but I'm in a frightful rush. Off to the Fanning Islands in twenty minutes."

"When did you get in?" inquired John Quincy, not that he really cared.

"Yesterday at noon," said Captain Cope. "Been on the wing ever since. I trust you are enjoying your stop here—but I was forgetting. Fearful news about Dan Winterslip."

"Yes," said John Quincy coolly.

Judging by the conversation in that San Francisco club, the blow had not been a severe one for Captain Cope. The servant returned.

"Sorry to run," continued the captain. "But I must be off. The service is a stern taskmaster. My regards to your aunt. Best of luck, my boy."

He disappeared through the wide door, followed by his man. John Quincy reached the street in time to see him rolling off in a big car toward the docks.

Noting the cable office near by, the boy entered and sent two messages, one to his mother and the other to Agatha Parker. He addressed them to Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A., and was accorded a withering look by the young woman in charge as she crossed out the last three letters. There were only two words in each message, but he returned to the street with the comfortable feeling that his correspondence was now attended to for some time to come.

A few moments later he encountered the All-American Restaurant, and going inside, found himself the only American in the place. Charlie Chan was seated alone at a table, and as John Quincy approached he rose and bowed.

"A very great honor," said the Chinaman. "Is it possible that I can prevail upon you to accept some of this terrible provision?"

"No, thanks," answered John Quincy. "I'm to dine later at the house. I'll sit down for a moment if I may."

"Quite overwhelmed," bobbed Charlie. He resumed his seat and scowled at something on the plate before him. "Waiter," he said, "be kind enough to summon the proprietor of this establishment."

The proprietor, a suave little Jap, came gliding. He bowed from the waist.

"Is it that you serve here insanitary food?" inquired Chan.

"Please deign to state your complaint," said the Jap.

"This piece of pie are covered with finger marks," rebuked Chan. "The sight are most disgusting. Kindly remove it and bring me a more hygienic sector."

The Jap picked up the offending pastry and carried it away.

"Japanese!" remarked Chan, spreading his hands in an eloquent gesture. "Is it proper for me to infer that you come on business connected with the homicide?" John Quincy smiled.

"I do," he said. He took the newspaper from his pocket, pointed out the date and the missing corner. "My aunt felt it might be important," he explained.

"The woman has a brain," said Chan. "I will procure an unmutilated specimen of this issue and compare. The import may be vast."

"You know," remarked John Quincy, "I'd like to work with you on this case if you'll let me."

"I have only delight," Chan answered. "You arrive from Boston, a city most cultivated, where much more English words are put to employment than are accustomed here. I thrill when you speak. Greatest privilege for me, I would say."

"Have you formed any theory about the crime?" John Quincy asked. Chan shook his head.

"Too early now."

"You have no finger prints to go on, you said." Chan shrugged his shoulders.

"Does not matter. Finger prints and other mechanics good in books; in real life not so much so. My experience tell me to think deep about human people, human passions. Back of murder what, always? Hate, revenge, need to make silent the slain one. Greed for money, maybe. Study human people at all times."

"Sounds reasonable," admitted John Quincy.

"Mostly so," Chan averred. "Enumerate with me the clews we must consider. A guest book devoid of one page. A glove button. A message on the cable. Story of Egan, partly told. Fragment of Corsican cigarette. This newspaper ripped maybe in anger. Watch on living wrist. Numeral 2 undistinct."

"Quite a little collection," commented John Quincy.

"Most interesting," admitted the Chinaman. "One by one, we explore. Some cause us to arrive at nowhere. One, maybe two, will not be so unkind. I am believer in Scotland Yard method—follow only essential clew. But it are not the method here. I must follow all, entire."

"The essential clew?" repeated John Quincy.

"Sure." Chan scowled at the waiter, for his more hygienic sector had not appeared. "Too early to say here. But I have fondness for the guest book with page omitted. Watch also claims my attention. Odd enough, when we enumerate clews this morning, we pass over watch. Foolish. Very good-looking clew. One large fault, we do not possess it. However, my eyes are sharp to apprehend it."

"I understand," John Quincy said, "that you've been rather successful as a detective."

Chan grinned broadly.

"You are educated; maybe you know," he said. "Chinese most psychic people in the world. Sensitives, like film in camera. A look, a laugh, a gesture perhaps. Something go click."

John Quincy was aware of a sudden disturbance at the door of the All-American Restaurant. Bowker, the steward, gloriously drunk, was making a noisy entrance. He plunged into the room, followed by a dark anxious-looking youth. Embarrassed, John Quincy turned away his face, but to no avail. Bowker was bearing down upon him, waving his arms.

"Well, well, well, well!" he bellowed. "My o' college chum. See you through the window." He leaned heavily on the table. "How you been, o' fellow?"

"I'm all right, thanks," John Quincy said.

The dark young man came up. He was, from his dress, a shore acquaintance of Bowker's.

"Look here, Ted," he said, "you've got to be getting along."

"Jush a minute," cried Bowker. "I want y' to meet Mr. Quincy from Boston. One best fellows God ever made. Mushual friend o' Tim's. You've heard me speak of Tim."

"Yes, come along," urged the dark young man.

"Not yet. Gotto buy thish boy a li'l' drink. What you having, Quincy, o' man?"

"Not a thing," smiled John Quincy. "You warned me against these island drinks yourself."

"Who, me?" Bowker was hurt. "You're wrong that time, o' man. Don' like to conter—conterdict, but it mush have been somebody else. Not me. Never said a word." The young man took his arm.

"Come on, you're due on the ship." Bowker wrenched away.

"Don' paw me!" he cried. "Keep your hands off! I'm my own mashter, ain't I? I can speak to an o' friend, can't I? Now Quincy, o' man, what's yours?"

"I'm sorry," said John Quincy. "Some other time."

Bowker's companion took his arm in a firmer grasp.

"You can't buy anything here," he said. "This is a restaurant. You come with me. I know a place ——"

"Awright," agreed Bowker. "Now you're talking. Quincy, o' man, you come along."

"Some other time," John Quincy repeated. Bowker assumed a look of offended dignity.

"Jush as you say," he replied. "Some other time. In Boston, hey? At Tim's place? Only Tim's place is gone." A great grief assailed him. "Tim's gone—dropped out—as though the earth had swallowed him up."

"Yes, yes," said the young man soothingly. "That's too bad. But you come with me."

Submitting at last, Bowker permitted his companion to pilot him to the street. John Quincy looked across at Chan.

"My steward on the President Tyler," he explained. "The worse for wear, isn't he?"

The waiter set a fresh piece of pie before the Chinaman.

"Ah," remarked Chan, "this has a more perfect appearance." He tasted it. "Appearance," he added with a grimace, "are a hellish liar. If you are quite ready to depart ——" In the street Chan halted. "Excuse abrupt departure," he said. "Most honored to work with you. The results will be fascinating, I am sure. For now, good evening."

John Quincy was alone again in that strange town. A sudden homesickness engulfed him. Walking along, he came to a news cart that was as well supplied with literature as his club reading room. A brisk young man in a cap was in charge.

"Have you the latest Atlantic?" inquired John Quincy.

The young man put a dark brown periodical into his hand.

"No," said John Quincy; "this is the June issue. I've seen it."

"July ain't in. I'll save you one if you say so."

"I wish you would," John Quincy replied. "The name is Winterslip."

He went on to the corner, regretting that July wasn't in. A copy of the Atlantic would have been a sort of link with home, a reminder that Boston still stood, and he felt the need of a link, a reminder.

A trolley car marked Waikiki was approaching. John Quincy hailed it and hopped aboard. Three giggling Japanese girls in bright kimonos drew in their tiny sandaled feet and he slipped past them to a seat.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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JAPAN AND AMERICA

(Continued from Page 6)

economic fabric of the nation was changed. Prosperity created an independent and prosperous middle class, and a strong and restless labor class. Since the great change of 1868, the abolition of feudalism, Japan had never seen such a far-reaching change. The export of 591,101,461 yen—a yen is fifty cents gold in the ordinary rate of exchange—in 1914 jumped to the high-water mark of 2,098,872,617 yen in 1919. The revenue of the national government rose from 734,648,055 yen of the fiscal year of 1914-15 to 2,065,709,764 yen in that of 1921-22. The average rise of wages in eight years from 1914 to 1922 was from 300 to 350 per cent—in some cases 530.

But the changes in the intellectual life of the nation were even greater than those in the material world. The germ of liberalism which once made an attempt to sprout in the early days of Meiji and was put down by the strong hands of conservatives began to shoot up again. The World War was a great education. Statesmen, journalists and artists all spoke, wrote and painted desperately to bring their ideas and ideals before the people. A new note of emancipation was in the air and it reached the farthest corners of the Island Empire. Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Roosevelt all marched before the eyes of the Japanese nation. A sudden boom of democracy and liberalism came all over the country.

What does this word "democracy" mean? That was the question heard on every hand. Intellectual currents took a new turn and articles and speeches on that subject began to excite the interest of the nation. The fame of Prof. S. Yoshino, long a champion of democracy, rose by leaps and bounds. He had been one of the most popular professors of the Imperial University of Tokio; and now, riding on the new tide of democracy, he became a national figure outside of the four walls of the university classroom. Professor Nitobe, the author of Bushido and the idol of the young students of Japan, made nationwide tours disseminating the idea of democracy.

The conservatives got scared and tried to stem the tide by stamping on them the curious brand of "dangerous thoughts." But they little realized that the great issues at stake in Europe were surging into the Island Empire with irresistible force, and also that a great war always meant emancipation of the masses. By persecuting the liberals for sane and moderate views they were driving the sensitive subtle minds into still more dangerous channels of thought—socialism, syndicalism and anarchism.

New Tendencies Apparent

The heyday of liberalism and democracy in the realm of thought lasted only two years, namely, 1916 to 1918. From 1919 on the intellectual currents of Japan took on a more radical turn and went forward to socialism and syndicalism. It was the middle class, newly emancipated in an economic sense, that supported democracy and liberalism; but the rising tide of labor was not satisfied with this moderate and to them lukewarm theory and moved onward to agitate for socialism. Socialistic thinkers began to catch the ears of labor.

The leading spirit of the Yuaikai, the forerunner of the present Japanese Federation of Labor, which was liberal at the time of foundation in 1912, became gradually socialistic. In the year 1919 it became syndicalistic. The rule of syndicalism lasted until 1922, and in those eventful years strikes of a sensational nature followed one after another.

It was in those days that the foreign observers began to raise the question, "Is a social revolution coming in Japan?" In Italy, Spain, France and everywere else the clouds seemed to hang low, with ominous signs of violent storm from the disappointed and discontented people. The apparition of universal revolution emanating from Moscow was before the eyes of the world. In September, 1922, the leaders of syndicalist affiliation, however, were ousted from leadership and Japanese labor came under the sway of communist thinkers. Even the business panic of 1920 and the following years of depression and unemployment did not sober down the white-heated enthusiasts of the socialistic school. But the sobering came with the great national disaster of 1923. The earthquake and great fire of September 1, 1923, came upon the whole nation with a tremendous impact. The political and social history of

The Hon. Tsuyoshi Inukai, the Minister of Communications and the Leader of the Kakushin Club

Japan turned a new page on that momentous day.

Before we proceed to the study of the effects of the earthquake, it is necessary to give a glance at the life of the people before the disaster. The business prosperity of the latter part of the Great War gave rise to a habit of luxury among a certain class of people, and it gradually spread through all classes.

It also stimulated the purchasing power, and the cost of living went up with a geometrical progression. Even the business slack since 1920 did not change the situation. The habit once acquired is difficult to throw off.

This habit of luxury and extravagance was gradually sapping the strength of the nation by undermining the traditional spirit of thrift and industry. The taste of people began to change in the matters of dress, food and houses. Particularly, the colors of the women's dresses became richer and more striking. The pleasure-seeking spirit was superseding the old spirit of self-abnegation. It created new fashions of amusements. Western music spread like wildfire. Along with it came dancing. The *thé dansant* became one of the chief attractions of hotels and restaurants in big cities. It had a great effect on the psychological changes of women. They began to attire themselves more in Western dress, the taste of which was not always of the best. Greater freedom among the younger people drove them to greater extravagance not only in ideas but also in physical needs. Although the trade balance kept on running against us every year, life was going on merrily as ever.

It was the fourth day after Count Yamamoto had received the imperial command to organize a new cabinet; it was a hot summer midday, the sun blazing over the city. All Tokio was talking politics. My friend, who was a rising member of the House of Peers, and I were sitting in the study in the second story of my house. My friend began to map out the new policy for the cabinet which was in the process of organization:

"The best policy for the cabinet to adopt toward the House of Peers is ——"

Suddenly the whole house was lifted and then it came down. It again went up and again it came down. This was repeated. And then it began to shake horizontally. Things in the room rattled and the whole house began to creak with a terrific noise. An oil painting on the wall began to swing and cracks came on the wall. A standing screen fell and on it went a bookcase with heavy books, with a banging noise.

"An earthquake!"

My friend stood up and went to the window.

"Rather a severe one," I said, and went to his side.

Instinctively we felt that it was dangerous to make for the staircase. If the house came down we might be caught under the heavy things. By keeping near the window we had the chance of jumping outside the moment the house came down. My family was away in the mountains and I had only myself to take care of. The shaking and creaking went on a considerable time. The tiles were rattling down the roof and smash-smash-smash they went down to the garden. It stopped all of a sudden. It was over. And that was all I experienced of the great national calamity of September 1, 1923.

Tokio in Flames

The enormity of the disaster never occurred to me the entire day.

Quakes came back again and again during the day. At about three o'clock we saw white clouds sailing near the houses down the valley to the south. It did not occur to my mind yet that these were the smoke from the thousands of houses on fire. The sight of fleeing millions and burning and drowning thousands was still hidden from my eyes. The night came—that terrible night—and I realized from the reddened sky to the south and east that half the city was on fire.

"There will be an attack on our house tonight," said a member of my father-in-law's family.

My house stood in the same compound. No electricity, no water, no gas. It was a dismal night beyond expression. At about nine o'clock a limousine rolled into the spacious front yard of my father-in-law's house. A man came out of the car. I met the dark figure and recognized in the dim candlelight the face of a millionaire neighbor.

"I'm slipping out of town with my wife. There will be a riot and uprising tonight. My house is sure to be ransacked. I'm slipping off. Can't you spare a candle?"

A few moments later his car was swallowed by the darkness of night. We piled fagots and started a big fire in the front yard, kept a few large lanterns lit and kept watch during the entire night under pine trees. Everybody carried some kind of weapon, and, each face reflecting the red glow of burning fagots, the whole scene took on a medieval atmosphere. Throughout the dark night thousands and thousands were passing the street. Tramp, tramp and tramp, the ghostly shadows passed in front of our gate. To where? Nowhere! Some from south to north and some again from north to south. Men, women and children. The endless procession marched on.

The whole of Tokio burned for three days and homeless millions trudged about under the blazing sun in the daytime, without food and without drink. At night the shadow of hunger and death lay thick over these exhausted millions, stretched by the roadside, with a bundle or two snatched out of the fire. That was all they saved from the fruits of past hardship and labor. Riot? Plunder? Uprising? We, who did not lose houses, expected the worst every moment.

And yet day after day rolled on and nothing happened. We found out that we were mistaken. The much-talked-about

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The door of the Nurse House as it looks today with its 300 year old wrought iron handles and door nails

Here Lived Goodwife Nurse ~one of Salem's "Witches"

IT IS a July day in the year 1692. The ordinarily quiet streets of Salem, in His Majesty's province of Massachusetts, are astir with people all hurrying in one direction. They are going to witness the execution of Goodwife Rebecca Nurse, who has been solemnly tried and condemned for witchcraft.

Today this unfortunate old woman's house, built in 1636, is one of the sights of Salem. And as we stand before her door we may almost believe that she was indeed a witch and had cast a spell upon that door, so little does it show its great age. There is the iron door handle, the iron nails with which the door is studded—seemingly as sturdy as when they were new—three centuries agone. But it is no witchcraft that has so perfectly preserved this old ironwork. At least no other witchcraft than the natural longevity of wrought iron.

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social unrest of Japan had not changed the Japanese psychology. At the moment of distress and suffering the traditional spirit of old Japan revealed itself. The social heritage of the thousands of generations had not changed in fifty years

The great catastrophe did not smite the Japanese as individuals, but as a nation. The wiping out of one's whole property and the survival of his neighbor's intact did not strike the loser as a thing of enormous disparity in luck. He was impressed instead by the sight of the other millions who were suffering. He was impressed by the great damage done the whole nation.

He was impressed also by another thing He was concerned about the welfare of his dear ones. He was not unmindful of the loss of property; but his mind was more occupied with anxiety about his children, his parents and his wife. The sanctity of property right is not the ruling idea in the social scheme of Japanese life. The long tradition of family life, and the mental habit of looking upon the whole nation as a large family, blurred the sense of sharp distinction between individual properties. In his subconscious mind he felt that although he lost his house, clothes and furniture in the fire, he did not lose everything. He felt vaguely that they would come back—at least a part of them—sometime and somehow. But he must not lose his dear ones. Once lost they are lost forever. Thus was started the endless quest for wives, children and parents. North and south, the people walked amidst fire in the hunt for their dear ones. Each carried in his hand a board, a placard or a sheet of newspaper raised over his head. On this were written the names of the dear ones he was hunting for. And at night they all slept by the roadside.

Early Reactions

It was in these moments of confusion and misery that America came to our rescue. The whole outside world came in sublime sympathy and gallant rescue. In the record of Japanese history of twenty-odd centuries there had not been a single moment in which the whole nation felt the kith and kin of the great world as at these moments. The international mind of Japan responded to the international mind of all the nations of the world.

The immediate results of the calamity were the urgent need of public order and the still greater need of food. How could they get them? Practical knowledge and business efficiency. Not theories, but action. Newfangled ideas could not save them; nothing but hard-headed practical work. The army gave them protection. The navy rushed them food. The railways carried them out of the stricken area. Men of practical knowledge and training were sought for at all turns. It had a tremendous psychological effect on the people, and it at first looked as if we were all going back to the old idea of discipline and solidarity, with little room for liberalism.

Then there was another reaction. It was on the mode of life. During the weeks that followed the disaster people high and low in the devastated area lived on the simplest diet imaginable. They realized with a certain amount of shock how life could be maintained without much complexity. There was a decided reaction against luxury. It also revived the respect for the old virtues of thrift and industry.

The common suffering and common sympathy brought men and women of all walks of society closer together. In the darkest days immediately following the catastrophe people showed a tremendous spirit of service and mutual help. They realized that old virtues counted more in the crucial days of uncertainty.

The tendency to return to the old virtues and the old morals, of course, gladdened the hearts of conservatives. But there was also another side to the story.

The Manhood Suffrage Bill

During the dark days of confusion, when there was no light at night and no communication system in daytime, each block or street organized a vigilance committee and took law partly into its hands. In the heat of the moment some went beyond their limits of defense and protection and unfortunate persecution of the innocent occurred. Particularly they were severe toward radicals. At one time it seemed as though the vigilance committees were going to be used by the reactionaries to turn back the tide of progressive sentiment of the pre-earthquake days. This atmosphere was intolerable to both labor leaders and liberals. They both realized that they were not strong enough yet to advance their cause separately. It was gradually bringing them together in common sympathy and united action, when another event caught them unawares which accelerated the process greatly

In October the new cabinet of Count Yamamoto decided to present the Universal Manhood Suffrage Bill to the coming session of the Diet. It was like a bolt from the blue. It made a tremendous commotion among the ranks of labor. They had ruled parliamentary action out of their program and had been agitating for direct action along the syndicalist line of strategy. In their days of weakness and uncertainty came the new hope of popular representation. They perceptibly moved to the Right. After heated discussion within their ranks they decided in February of 1924 to create a new department for political study attached to the Japanese Federation of Labor. Thus they were moving from communism toward the reformist-socialist stand after the fashion of the British Labor Party. It will be a most interesting thing to see how far Japanese labor will move to the Right to meet the liberals of nonsocialist belief, whom they had despised as lukewarm and half-hearted. The crucial point in Japanese politics in the coming few years is whether the newly emancipated masses will come under the leadership of the socialists or the liberals. Not only the internal policies but also the

(Continued on Page 140)

Professor Yoshino, One of the Great Forces of Liberalism in Japan

The Pacific Northwest

"The richest people in the world" invite you to share their wealth

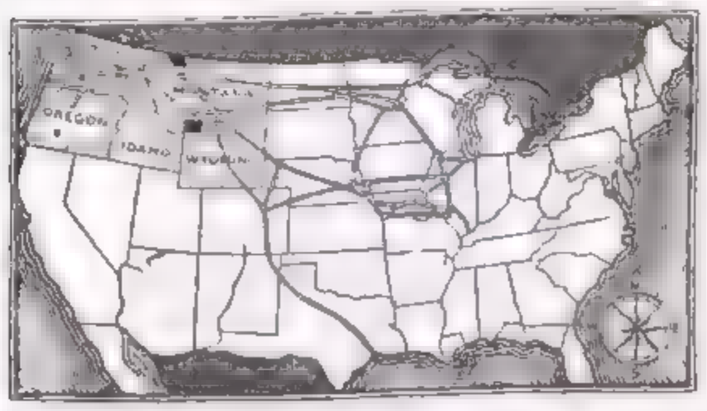
The people of the Pacific Northwest—the richest folks on earth! They don't all live in mansions—but they have a wealth of something far more precious than money can buy.

They have better health, a wonderful country to live in—and happiness. Life means *more* to them—not only because they enjoy it more from day to day, but because it offers them a larger chance to get ahead. And so they are more prosperous too.

These are REAL riches

People in the Pacific Northwest live in a natural wonderland. They have the mountains and the greatest scenic beauty in the world at their front doors. And they get out into it and enjoy it.

They have a delightful climate—or, rather, several delightful varieties of climate. On the coast roses bloom the year round. Inland the winters and summers are tempered by the mild Chinook winds and the cool altitudes. Wherever you go, you'll find a climate pleasant, invigorating and healthful.



The mortality tables rate the Pacific Northwest the healthiest group of states in the country.

There are no better schools anywhere. The roads are among the finest in the country. Pacific Northwest cities are models for cleanliness, sanitation, up-to-date planning. They have the best of homes, churches, theaters, libraries, hospitals—everything that makes life finer and better.

The larger chance

In the Pacific Northwest the per capita income is considerably higher than the average for the nation. Twenty-four per cent more of the people own their homes. More of them own automobiles. They spend much more per child for education. In the past ten years their savings deposits have trebled.

People are more prosperous in the Pacific Northwest because the chance to get ahead is greater. They must work for what they get, but their opportunity is larger. The great natural wealth of the Pacific Northwest, together with its swift growth, create this opportunity. Consider these facts:

In the past two decades the Pacific Northwest has grown more than three times as fast as the nation. Between 1900 and 1920 the population increased from 1,429,271 to 3,313,167. In other words, it *more than doubled.*

The Pacific Northwest has the greatest reserve of standing timber in the United States. It has more than half the nation's water power resources. It has millions of acres of the world's richest farm, fruit and stock lands. Its mineral riches are almost illimitable. Pacific Northwest ports handle more ocean commerce than all the rest of the Pacific Coast ports combined.

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(Continued from Page 138)

international policies of Japan will be affected greatly by the outcome

There was another thing; that was the effect of the earthquake on social and political affairs. It was its influence on the women's movements in Japan. Common suffering and common sympathy drove men and women out of their homes into the open streets to help others. Women of Tokio of all shades were united in a common cause and they realized that they were handicapped at all turns on account of their lack of political rights. The advocates of woman suffrage multiplied.

After the Universal Manhood Suffrage Bill is passed, the woman-suffrage movement will become the next political issue for the liberalism of Japan.

The activities of the women of highly intellectual type constitute a most interesting chapter in Japan's modern history. Madame Yosano, perhaps the greatest poetess of modern Japan, occupies a unique place in Japanese women's movements. Mrs. Kubushiro, the president of the Christian Temperance Union, is one of the foremost advocates of the woman suffrage. Baroness Kujo, the daughter of the Lord Abbot of Honganji, a strong Buddhist sect, with her personal charm and literary gift, stands out as a brilliant figure in the world of women's activities.

Baroness Ishimoto, the first titled woman to start a business shop in Tokio, never fails to attract the attention of the West. Mrs. Yamakawa's name will not be forgotten by posterity as an extraordinary case of an intellectual power fighting for the cause of socialism and women's emancipation. Of course, names like Mesdames Yajima, Shimoda Hatoyama and Atomi will be recorded with gratitude for their noble achievements for the women's cause, although in different ways from the abovementioned.

The names and activities of Japanese women have been known little by the outside world. The time will come before long, I think, when the whole world will wake up to the fact that woman has a place in Japanese national life and that she is not living subserviently in a doll's house clad in a beautiful kimono.

A Reconstruction Program

Reconstruction is the supreme task before the Japanese nation at present. On the fourth of September, 1923, while Tokio was still burning, Viscount Goto, the Minister of Home Affairs of the new cabinet installed in power on September second, mapped out his new plan for the reconstruction of the capital and its environments. He had long been identified with the new movement for clean and efficient municipal administration. It gave him a heaven-sent opportunity to carry out the dream of many years. He laid down four fundamental principles for the reconstruction:

1. Tokio should not be given up as the seat of government.

2. Three billion yen—$1,500,000,000—will be needed to rebuild the devastated regions.

3. A new city plan according to the most advanced ideas and practices of the West should be adopted for the benefit and dignity of the nation.

4. A determined attitude toward landowners was necessary in order to carry out the new city plan.

In the past, landowners had been getting all the benefit of city improvements without making the sacrifices demanded by equity.

He at once started to organize a new board of reconstruction in the cabinet and tried to summon all the talents of the country. He also rushed a cable to Dr. Charles A. Beard, who had been associated with him the previous year for a new city movement in Japan while the former occupied the mayoralty of Tokio. It is too long a story to be told here—the story of the fights over the new city plans of Tokio and Yokohama. The cabinet made one fatal error, however, in not calling the extraordinary session of the Diet before the ashes of the burned capital were cool. When the ministry finished all its preparations and faced the Diet in late November, it was already too late to make a new city plan at one stroke.

The marvelous spirit of self-abnegation was cooling down before the cold wind from the snow-clad Mount Fuji and people were beginning to think more about themselves than the welfare of the whole nation. Then the eternal politics came in, those days of endless, intermittent fighting over the budget for new cities. The upshot of the three months of fighting was that the new canal scheme to connect Tokio with Yokohama was to be temporarily dropped, but Viscount Goto's city plans were accepted with a few cuts in this and that street.

Mr. Toyohito Kagawa, Princeton Man, a Social Worker and Popular Writer, Who Caused Thousands of Japanese to Embrace Christianity Shortly After the Earthquake

But that was not the end of the fight. The struggle had to continue long after the Yamamoto cabinet went out, and two other cabinets succeeded it within half a year. The contest was especially keen over the condemnation of land needed for street widening and new parks, but liberalism at last won a great victory

There was another great issue involved in this conflict over the new plan of Tokio. It was the question whether the country farmers should bear the burden for the rebuilding of a city, even though it is their capital. This issue will become ever keener in future years in Japan; that is, is the center of gravity in Japanese economic and political life going to shift from rural to urban districts? There is another issue involved: that is, are the old-timers in politics, without any knowledge of the sciences and social problems, to continue in controlling the affairs of the state?

Universal manhood suffrage, on which the rising tide of liberalism had converged in the past four years, was not a very complicated subject requiring scientific knowledge or even administrative capacity to understand. But the question of reconstructing the industrial and commercial center of a nation needed a knowledge and grasp of modern science and social economy.

There the statesmanship of a new era was to have a test, and it had the test. Men of longer views and scientific turn of mind were simply disgusted with the way in which the old-timers in politics so shamelessly handled the situation that needed the supreme effort of the whole nation to salvage.

There arose a growing sentiment among the people in favor of a revolt against the professional politician. As they were tired of theorists of extreme views, so they were tired of realists of a cynical outlook on life. And then the need of comprehensive overhauling in the field of finance and economics came to their minds with tremendous impact.

The precarious days of paralysis of credit and finance were safely bridged over, thanks to the wise statesmanship of the Finance Minister, J. Inouye; but the blow was a severe one to all kinds of industries and business in general. When the question of food and order was solved, there came the great problem of housing. It meant purchasing of materials and their transportation. Purchasing meant a great drain on already impoverished national wealth. The balance of foreign trade went against us and for the first time in the recent history of Japan the yen went down from its normal forty-nine cents gold to forty, and even thirty-seven. The demand for call money sent the interest on current loans soaring up. Business became increasingly difficult. Foreign loans were looked upon as an inevitable alternative and they were resorted to. This naturally brought down the economic position of Japan to the prewar condition—that is, the credit abroad turned into debt. And yet the government had to provide an extra amount of $6,000,000,000 for reconstruction during four years, beginning with 1925.

The Johnson Act

But still the wages did not go down. Some went up. Some people were better off after the disaster. Those laborers needed for reconstruction work were paid much higher wages. And temporary demands for clothes and furniture sent the prices high. The restaurants that catered to these people did a prosperous business. Naturally, the cost of living did not go down. It took a contrary turn. And all pointed to one thing—a drastic overhauling of individual and national life. It needed a moral awakening of the national spirit. Leaders were urging the nation vainly not to forget the momentous days of the great disaster. But the awakening of the national conscience came in an entirely unexpected way.

The passing of the immigration law of America with its exclusion clause took place at this juncture. It landed on the Japanese mind with a bang. Every nation, as every individual, has a tender spot, and the immigration question is the tender spot for the Japanese. As Pericles wore a big helmet all his life to conceal his long head, the Japanese Government had a gentlemen's agreement to compromise its humiliating situation and keep it away from the searching eye of the public. It at least had the consolation that the de-facto ban of the Japanese from America was not forced upon her by any other country, but was practiced by the free will of its own government.

The action of the American Congress changed the whole aspect. It did not change the situation in substance at all, as Japan had given up the hope of sending immigrants to America when she entered into the gentlemen's agreement. There was no economic issue involved. Nor was there any legal issue, as no sensible and intelligent person in Japan doubted or questioned the sovereign rights of the United States Congress to pass any kind of law on purely domestic affairs. The question in Japanese minds was what was the real reason for brushing aside the agreement of long standing so summarily, when there was no substantial change involved. Many explanations were advanced, but none of them satisfied the Japanese public. It was not the substance of the issue, but rather the manner in which the issue was handled that hurt the Japanese; and it was this particular issue which constituted the tender spot of the Japanese nation.

There was a principle involved which had a deep psychological significance for the Japanese, for the ambition of the Japanese nation had been to be treated as an equal, and in order to attain that object she had gone through every strain and

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(Continued from Page 140)

sacrifice. She had zealously studied the Western civilization and reformed her country along the lines of modern improvement. She had spread popular education and cut down illiteracy to less than 5 per cent of the whole population. She had developed science and art and stamped out contagious epidemics among her people. She had created a decent government and kept order in the country so that no foreign lady would feel unsafe in going about the streets of Tokio at night. She had done all this in order to be admitted to the family of nations and to be treated as an equal and a sister by all the great powers of the West.

Japan had been given equal treatment by all the Western sisters except on one point—immigration. That was the one question on which Japanese statesmen had not wanted to open a controversial political discussion at home. The gentlemen's agreement had settled it and there they wanted it to stay. The sudden act of Congress had the effect of waking up the sleeping dog, and all Japan was instantly aroused.

The effect of the act of Congress was most marked in an unexpected quarter. It affected the internal conflict of social forces in Japan more than the diplomacy of Japan toward America. It was decidedly a great setback for the forces of democracy and liberalism in Japan. It gave a great plea to conservatives and nationalists in their fight for a stronger government with less individual liberty.

It was a terrific blow to the Japanese who had been patiently and courageously fighting for international amity and coöperation. Basing their theory on peace and not on war, they had fought for the reduction of the navy and army and the recasting of her policy toward China and Korea. In the rising tide of democracy and liberalism, they had been making a steady advance upon the citadels of conservatives who stood for vigorous foreign policies. Then abruptly there came this blow from the hand of their traditional friend, who had opened their country to foreign intercourse, had helped them to go through the dangerous channels of diplomacy in early days and had sent Christian missionaries to teach them the spirit of international brotherhood and peace.

The reaction on Japanese minds was twofold. It hurt their sense of justice. Rightly or wrongly, they felt that justice was not done to them, and particularly by a nation which had stood so long for justice in international dealings. In the second place, the *amour propre* of the Japanese nation was hurt, because the Japanese felt, rightly or wrongly, that so long as they kept loyally to the terms of the gentlemen's agreement no exclusion law would be passed.

Wounded Feelings

An international agreement and international law had a decidedly different meaning for the Japanese. Therefore, when the former was changed into the latter there was a great psychological shock to us. You may call it sentimental, but sentiment is one of the most important factors in the daily lives of individuals as well as nations. The Japanese felt that America in passing this law had written down on her statute books that they were not worthy to be given the same consideration as Poles, Rumanians or Lithuanians. It naturally tended to turn them back to Asia. The direct reaction of the blow was the feeling that they were deserted by the best of their friends in the Western world. Some felt as though they had been told that their proper place was in Asia and not in the world at large.

But it is not fair to throw the whole blame on America, as other nations had done the same thing. It must also be said that there was another side to the story. It quickened the national conscience. It made the Japanese nation realize her weakness as a world power. Not in the spirit of grievance or retaliation, but in the spirit of nobler sense of service, some took advantage of the situation and appealed to national conscience and patriotism to overhaul their life, so honeycombed recently with luxury and the pleasure-seeking spirit.

On the first of July, the day on which the immigration law went into effect in America, the students of Tokio held a parade for the cause of prohibition, urging the people to memorize the day with a new determination to make Japan morally a greater nation. The great calamity of the earthquake and the great blow of exclusion both contributed in a way to bring the Japanese nation back to the consciousness of the need of returning to their older mode of life, with its emphasis on simplicity, thrift and industry.

With all these changes and progress, where then are the Japanese heading? Are they going to pursue a course of aggression, or are they going to follow the path of peace and international coöperation? Now let me conclude my story by enumerating a few outstanding facts and national characteristics of the Japanese.

In the first place, the outside world has not taken the trouble to study the elementary history of the Japanese race. It does not realize that Japan holds the record of peace in having no internal or international war for three unbroken centuries, for up to the time of the opening of the country to foreign intercourse in 1854 Japan had lived in peace. It was in these days of peace and prosperity under the Tokugawas that Japan reached the height of cultural and political prosperity. Philosophy, the sciences, the arts and statecraft prospered in those days, and provided the foundation for the blossoming forth of the Japanese nation in the past half century.

An Outstanding Virtue

Japan knows by experience that nothing gives a nation a greater opportunity for developing her civilization and economic prosperity than peace, and also that peace can be obtained only by cultivating among the people the philosophy which has as its foundation the attainment of perfect peace of mind. This exterior and interior peace of the individual was the goal toward which Japanese civilization directed.

In the second place, the Japanese, with all his shortcomings, has one outstanding virtue which in no boastful sense I want to emphasize. That is the sense of individual responsibility. The famous hara-kiri, a method of putting an end to one's life, was the expression of this tradition. When a man failed to live up to the highest sense of responsibility and honor, he was expected to atone for the failure by putting an end to his own life. This sense of individual responsibility, which the custom of hara-kiri symbolized, led to another thing. It taught a person the seriousness of life; it tended to make him cautious. He would think three times before he took any reckless step.

This characteristic which has been developed in the Japanese has given rise to an erroneous notion that they are not frank in expression. However, as a matter of fact, it is not the lack of frankness, but is due to the fact that each person feels his responsibility for his words and actions. This psychological attitude of mind has had the advantage of stabilizing society and keeping order in the community. So the desire for orderly government is strong in the Japanese mind. This, in turn, is a safeguard of peace. Of all the nations in the world, the Japanese is the last to launch upon a reckless and adventurous enterprise of wanton warfare.

In the third place, the first code of morals taught to the Japanese from their childhood is *rei*. Now *rei* is not mere courtesy. It is the expression of a desire to keep decency, harmony and decorum of life in the community in which one lives. The outward expression of the philosophy of Japanese life is that life means a serenity of spirit which one can only attain by living in a decent community where one respects the feelings and the sense of honor in others. So in private life as well as in international dealings the Japanese will be the last to take an offensive or aggressive step unprovoked.

Moonlight, Seattle, Washington

Then again, the Japanese are very sensitive to outside changes. The recent events in the world have taught them one lesson—that is, the folly of a disastrous war. A modern war, won or lost, means chaos socially, politically and financially. The enormity of misery and suffering in Europe in recent years has impressed the Japanese tremendously. With the background of three centuries of unbroken peace, and with the object lesson of the disaster in Europe, all intelligent Japanese realize that Japan has everything to lose and nothing to gain by a foolish war. It would be a crime against herself, against her social heritage and against the whole world. She knows that she is now on a fair road to prosperity and progress, and also that the best and quickest way to forfeit the heaven-sent opportunity of continuous prosperity is to plunge into a disastrous and meaningless clash with a friendly nation.

In short, Japan is determined on peace with America. Just before I left Japan in July, 1924, I talked with hundreds of people in order to feel the pulse of the nation; and in intimate conversations with these responsible leaders in all walks of society I found out that without a single exception they knew what Japan's position is in the East and eventually will be in the world. They realize the responsibility that rests on Japan and also that that responsibility can only be discharged by maintaining peace in the East. Therefore the Japanese leaders are determined on peace with America.

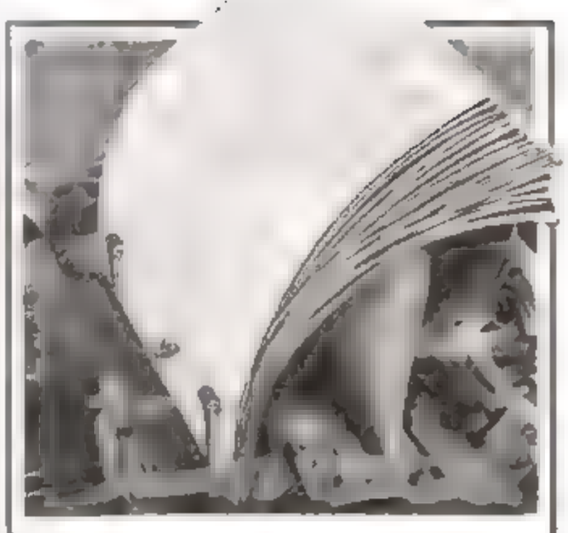
The Japanese are level-headed and are a race of common-sense people. We have not produced a great system of philosophy or religion, but we have been successful in maintaining the continuity of society and accumulating all the bounties of civilization by establishing an intelligent government. We sometimes talk vociferously and vehemently, but we never act in a reckless or irresponsible manner. Moderation is the keynote of Japanese life. Stop at 80 Per Cent is a maxim handed down by our forefathers. It means that one should never go to the last extreme of 100 per cent, but almost always stop at 80 per cent in our daily conduct. It is a plea for moderation. The most dangerous thing a person can do is to forget himself completely in the quest for material gains.

The New Ambassador

You can say anything against Japan and the Japanese, but there is one virtue from which we will never allow ourselves to depart—that is gratitude. To be called an ingrate would be the height of shame for a Japanese. Japan's moral debt to America is heavy since 1854. We have been helped all along in the path of diplomacy, religion, science, commerce and all kinds of humanitarian reform. We shall never forget the assistance bestowed by America in the days of our weakness and suffering. Small ripples over the vast expanse of water will never take the proportion of a wave, much less a tide.

Japan's ambition is to contribute to the great social heritage of mankind and through her unique gift to enrich the accumulated civilization of humanity. This can be attained only by the realization of the one hope in the Japanese mind—that is, the amalgamation of the civilizations of the East and the West. Japan knows that she is in a position best fitted for that task, and also that for the attainment of that glorious work the peace of the Pacific must be maintained, and she has a firm determination to keep that peace with her greatest neighbor, America.

Japan has shown her determination recently by sending to America one of the most distinguished sons of the empire, Mr. Tsuneo Matsudaira, who by his natural ability as well as family tradition stands for the best of the nation. America will realize through him and his charming wife that Japan is intent on keeping a permanent peace with the great republic across the Pacific.



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THE SURGEON EXPLODES A BOMB

(Continued from Page 5)

She just looked at them quite simply and said, "Haven't you made a mistake?" And nine out of ten of them would touch their hats and go right away.

Then poor old Henry died, and she felt entirely alone. That evening she went out and stood on a bridge for a long time. Not because she wanted to jump into the river, but because it was the only place near by where she could feel alone for a minute.

She was standing there wiping her eyes—for Henry, you know—when a car stopped, and a very arbitrary voice said, "What in the world are you doing here?"

"I just wanted to be alone."

He sat in the car and stared at her. "Alone?" he said. "And why should you want to be alone?"

"Don't you ever want to be alone?" she asked, with a small flash of her old spirit.

"What's that got to do with it?" he said roughly. But he was more polite after that. "Get in," he said, "and I'll take you back. This is no place for a girl at night."

"I'm not supposed to do that, am I?" she said, with the rule in mind, naturally.

And then he threw back his head and laughed. He had a rather nice laugh, although husky from want of use.

"Oh, damn the rules!" he said. "Get in and don't be foolish." He tucked her in really gently, with those surgeon's hands of his, and started the car. But before he did it he took a good look at her, under the arc lamp, and he said, "Upon my soul I believe you've been crying again!"

That outraged her, and I must say the drive back was not what one might call chatty. He asked her once if she was cold, and she said, "Thanks, I'm all right." And that was all. But the part that has to do with this story comes at the hospital itself. For he stopped there and helped her out; and Miss Brent was on the doorstep!

She went quite white, and she stood aside and let Anne pass her. But she did not speak a word; I dare say she couldn't.

V

ABOUT nine o'clock that night Miss Brent went into the head's little parlor. The head eyed her; she had been her day supervisor for ten years, and she knew about the shoes that hurt, and a great many other things. So she was generally kind to Miss Brent; she even mentioned her to the photograph now and then.

"It's really a tragedy," she would say when Miss Brent had particularly annoyed her about something.

"She's an old fool," said the photograph ruthlessly.

"But she can't help it."

"Nonsense!" said the photograph. "Falling in love is a purely voluntary act." Anne could have told it something about that, but she wasn't around.

So Miss Brent came in that night, and the head knew the moment she saw her that she was on the warpath.

"How is Miss Jones doing in D Ward?" said the head.

"Nothing," said Miss Brent. "I never saw such a medicine closet."

"And the probationer in A?"

"Personally," said Miss Brent, "I think she's flighty. But, of course, if you like her ——"

She eyed the photograph malignantly—it always seemed to watch her with cynical eyes—and then she went down the list. The diet kitchen was late with its trays; the engineer had not repaired the sterilizer; and so on. All in all, it was clear that the hospital was in an extremely bad way.

So the head waited, because she knew the signs, and at last Miss Brent said, "There is something else. I hardly know how to speak about it. It's about Miss Rutherford."

"What about Miss Rutherford?" inquired the head rather dryly.

"She's been out driving with Doctor Raleigh."

The head stared at her.

"Are you sure of that?"

"I was on the steps when he brought her back tonight."

There was agony as well as triumph in Miss Brent's face, but there was truth also. The head's small world rocked about her.

"Thanks very much, Miss Brent," she said quietly. "I'll look into it."

And she did look into it, but she took a wrong method, which was unusual in her. You see, she knew she had a weakness for Anne Rutherford, and she didn't quite trust herself. So she spoke to R. C. himself about it, and the fat was in the fire for sure.

"Oh!" he said with a cold smile. "So that's it! I'm not to take your precious nurses joy-riding!"

"I didn't use that word, doctor, and I am sure there is some explanation. I only ——"

"Is there a rule to that effect?"

"It is an unwritten rule."

"Well, it's a darned-fool one," he said. "As a matter of fact "

But somebody came up just then and interrupted them. And it shows the sort he was that the more he thought over the thing the rest of that day the angrier he got, and the more pleased he was that he hadn't explained.

He had seen Miss Brent on the steps, too, you see, and he saw her fine hand in it.

He was very cool to her that day, and that night when he went home he ate hardly any dinner. His old butler—it was strange, perhaps, but his servants adored him—was quite anxious.

"There's a caramel custard, sir," he said. He knew that the doctor loved caramel custard.

But the doctor only looked at him and said, "There are a lot of hypocrites in the world, Briggs."

Maybe he was thinking of Miss Brent, breaking a rule herself and coming to see him. Maybe not. One did not know always what he was thinking.

HE SLEPT very badly that night, but don't get the idea that Anne Rutherford had anything to do with it. She was a small and unimportant figure who hardly entered his consciousness at all. He was simply overworked and tired, and egocentric, if you know what that means. It is a poor combination.

He wakened out of humor too. And the soap fell out of his shower bath and went under the tub, and his eggs were too soft. Anyone can see here the makings of a tragedy. Men have been murdered for less. And he worked hard all day, and a child he was fond of seemed to be worse, and nothing more to do that he could think of. So by the time he reached the hospital there was something in the very way he banged the entrance door that made the colored man there roll up his eyes.

He marched straight to the superintendent's office, thud, thud, and marked himself in on the register. The superintendent was a man, and he was used to medical men. He knew just how many paying patients they sent in, and how many operating-room fees the hospital received through them.

So he smiled benignly over his glasses and said, "Nice day, doctor."

It really was, too, but that's neither here nor there. "Look here," said R. C., fixing him with a baleful glance, "what's this about nurses not being allowed in staff cars?"

"There's no such rule," said the superintendent cravenly.

"Then if I want to ask one of your nurses to go for a ride, it's all right?"

"I wouldn't go as far as that," said the superintendent more carefully. "There's no rule, but it's an understood thing. Discipline ——"

"Discipline hell!" said our unregenerate in a loud clear tone. "I pick up a girl who's alone where she oughtn't to be, and bring her back here, and you'd think I'd abducted her!"

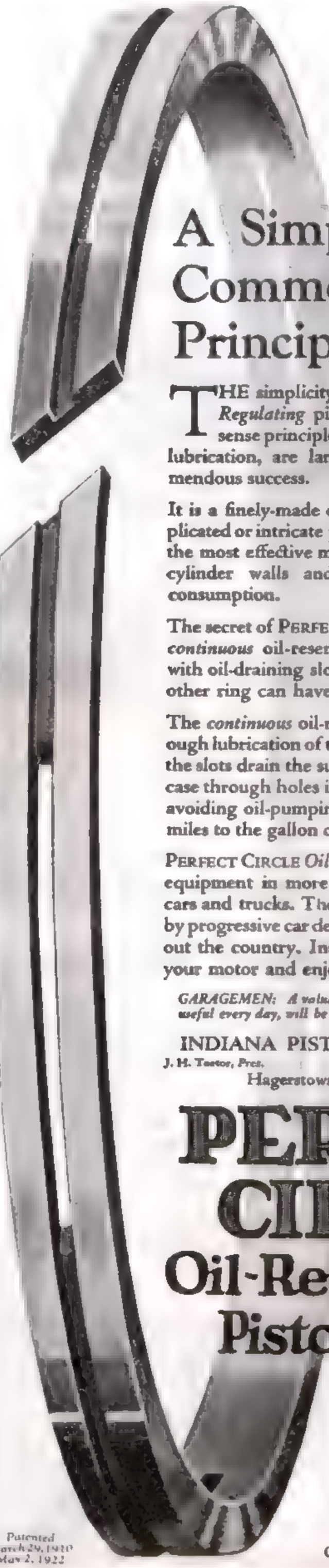
And then the superintendent made his mistake. Everybody was doing it.

"Why don't you tell the board that?" he said. "I'm sure ——"

"The board!" roared Doctor Raleigh. "D'you mean to say the board's got it?"

"It leaked out somewhere," said the superintendent, eying his desk. He only had a brass-edged ruler, but if it came to the worst at least it was something.

But there were no blows. R. C. marched out of the office to the elevator, thud, thud, and told the elevator man to find Miss Rutherford and send her down to him. He



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bit off a piece of his thumbnail, and the rest might have gone, too, but then Anne came down the stairs ready for her walk, looking rather pale with anxiety, and saved them.

"Do you want me?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "Will you come with me, please?"

He hardly saw her, you understand. His inner eyes were fixed on the board meeting the next day, and the bomb he was going to throw into it. She was really looking quite lovely, but she might have been a bit of dust that had got into his eye, for all he saw her.

She was puzzled, but she didn't greatly care one way or the other. Things were that way with her that day. She knew something was wrong, but she didn't know just what. So she followed him out the door, to his automobile, and he opened the car door.

"Get in," he said.

"Why?"

"I'll tell you about that later on," he told her. And he looked at the hospital windows, especially the board room. There was nobody in sight except the superintendent, and he seemed to be supporting himself by a window sill.

Then he lit the fuse. That is, he got into the machine beside her and stepped on the gas, and they shot down the street. He kept her out for one hour. And all the time he hardly spoke to her.

Once he said, "Are you cold?" And she said she wasn't.

And another time he almost ran into another car, and she said, very politely, "If you're going to kill me, would you mind explaining first?"

"Explaining what?" But he knew, of course, perfectly well.

"Just why we are riding around like this. Do you want to be arrested?" Which was no way to speak to the staff under any circumstances.

He slowed up at that, somewhat, and he smiled at her. She had never seen him smile like that, and it went to her head.

"Maybe I thought you needed fresh air."

"If I did I could raise my window. It would certainly be safer."

He even laughed a little, then. He had made his point, you see, and maybe the fresh air had helped him. It was a long time since he had taken a ride for a ride's sake. But finally he stopped—it was in front of a rural grocery store—and he told her.

"I'm no bad child," he said, his anger rising again when he thought about it. "I slave for their old hospital; they couldn't get along without me. And then they bring me—me—before the board!"

"And me," said Miss Rutherford. "Maybe you had forgotten that?"

"If they put you out we'll go together," he announced grimly.

"That would help me a great deal, of course," said Anne Rutherford. Oh, believe me, she was bitter! There was acid in her voice. Anyone can see that these two were not really heroic characters at all. It is rather hard to write a romance about them.

But it was, in a way, a good thing for her, that ride and all, because she knew then and there that she did not love him at all. She detested him. And he knew it too. It is a curious fact that he had never noticed her, for herself, until he saw how she detested him. And because he was not used to being *persona non grata*, if you know what I mean, he became very sulky, and spent all the time going back justifying himself to himself, as any man will.

Anne walked into the hospital with her head high, and she saw at once that things were very bad indeed. There were, here and there, faces turned toward her, but nobody spoke to her except the pharmacy clerk. He was lounging in the door of the pharmacy, and he nodded to her.

She went straight up to her tiny bedroom to put on her uniform, and under the door was a note on the pharmacy stationery, in the handwriting that was on all the bottle labels: "B: He got you into this. Make him get you out."

Half an hour later Miss Brent tapped at her door. She was quite white, and her eyes looked cold and dead.

"You are excused from duty tonight," she said. "Miss Swift will take your place." Then she went away.

One cannot follow the two of them through that night, in detail. The girl sat at her window until nearly dawn, but the man went to bed. You'd know that he would. But to be fair to him, he didn't sleep. He kept seeing the girl, who looked like a nice little thing. There at the end she had looked like Lady Diana Manners in a temper—only he had never seen Lady Diana Manners in a temper. Toward morning, however, he had a bright thought, and that cheered him greatly.

"That ought to settle them!" he said, and grinned. Then he turned over and went to sleep like a child. Oh, he was a great fixer, all right.

VII

NOW a hospital board is a terrifying thing. It deals largely with dollars and cents, and deficits. And it cherishes a fond belief that its doctors and nurses may record fevers on their charts, but that personally they never vary from the 98.6 degrees of the normal temperature, nor by a heart throb from seventy-six.

But this particular morning this board had been shaken out of its financial coma.

Old Mr. Blackstone sat at the head of the table, where he had sat for thirty years, and surveyed the room gloomily.

"It's the first time it has happened in all my experience," he said.

That was the trouble, you see. They had no precedent.

"Then I understand that the question before the board is ——"

"The girl must go, of course. Evidently she has trapped Raleigh somehow, and——"

The superintendent opened the door and stuck his head in. He was looking very uneasy

"He's coming now, gentlemen," he said, almost in a whisper, and dodged out as if somebody had been about to attack him from the rear. Which wasn't entirely unlikely, either.

Well, he was coming. He was coming along the hall, thud, thud, and he walked into that board room like a king, and slammed the door behind him.

Then he glowered at the board and said, "I understand this board wants to see me."

They didn't, at all, as soon as they laid eyes on him. They wanted him about as much as they wanted the smallpox. They wanted peace, and to expel Anne Rutherford, and then to go comfortably to lunch at the club.

Mr. Blackstone cleared his throat.

"A very unfortunate situation has arisen, doctor. As a matter of discipline "

"Oh, to hell with discipline!" said Doctor Raleigh. "I took the girl out. She had nothing to do with it."

"She knew it was not permitted."

"But I took her, I tell you."

"She went," said Mr. Blackstone, and looked at the rest of the board for approval.

Things grew really terrible after that. The board was frightened, but it had taken its stand, and no one had the courage to suggest a diplomatic retreat. There are people who say that R. C. threw an inkwell, but I imagine this is a mistake. He probably only upset it. They wouldn't accept his resignation, although he offered it three times at the top of his voice, and he was still in and Anne was out after a half hour.

Then he exploded his bombshell, not exactly the one he had meant to explode the day before, but it answered.

He was very cool now, and suddenly ironic.

"So far," he said, "I have been fighting for a principle. If I have failed to convince this board, it is probably because principles are not directly in its line."

The board stiffened.

"There is, however, another angle to this matter. Not moral. One might call it sentimental. Even in hospitals, you see, the microbe of—er—affection cannot be successfully fought."

Oh, believe me, they sat up then.

"It may make a difference in the status of—er—the young lady"—he had actually forgotten her name for the moment, but then he was excited, for all he seemed to be so cool—"when I say that I have every intention of asking her to be my wife "

They were stunned, actually stunned. Mr. Blackstone was the first to recover.

"In that case, of course ——" he began ponderously

"I know what you are going to say," said R. C. blithely. He was beginning to enjoy himself. "But our plans are still vague. I have no intention of taking away a nurse so proficient as"—he had to think—"as Miss Rutherford. She will finish her training."

(Continued on Page 149)

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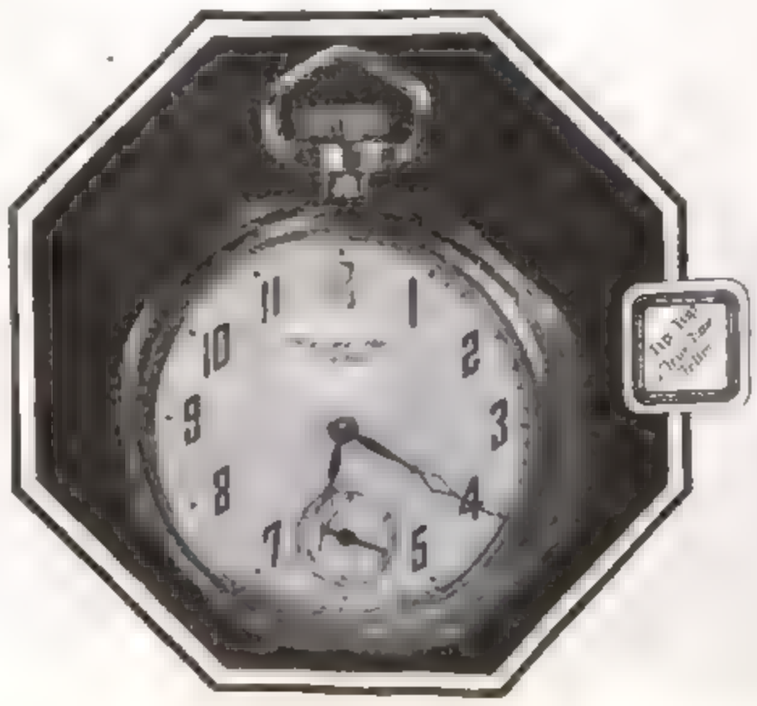

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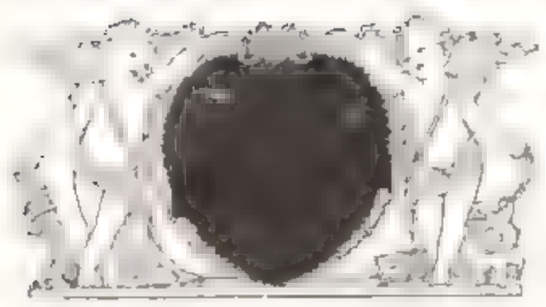

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(Continued from Page 146)

He made a magnificent gesture. One could see a wedding in it, and ushers, and the whole staff sending presents, and the board itself in morning coats and carrying top hats, creaking up the aisle of a church. Oh, he was thorough.

The board got up and went away. It shook his hand as it went out, and got into its automobiles and drove off, still dazed, and left him standing there.

He had fixed everything. He was so pleased with himself that he was whistling as he went out and ordered Miss Rutherford sent down to him in the board room. The board wouldn't talk; it had expressly suggested silence, because of discipline. And now all he had to do was to explain to the girl, and everything would be all right.

Anne came in. She was quite calm and in her going-away clothes, as one may say, and she looked ridiculously pretty and most unpleasant

"Well?" she said. At least she didn't have to be civil to him any more. What was the staff to her now?

"Well, yourself!" he said cheerfully. "I've fixed it, my dear."

"I loathe being called my dear," she stated flatly, and eyed him.

"Still, under the circumstances, some term of affection is implied."

"What circumstances?"

So he told her. He expatiated a bit, perhaps, on how well he had managed, and all that, and that now everything was all right, and he never noticed the queer look in her eyes. It was distinctly a dangerous look. She had grown up quite a lot in the hospital, and she was nobody's floor mat now, if you know what I mean.

"So now, you see," he finished, "you can go up and take off your hat. It's all fixed."

"But is it?" Anne asked, smiling strangely. "You haven't done what you agreed to, have you?"

He remembered then and laughed a little. Oh, it was a great joke.

"Of course!" he said. "Miss Rutherford, will you marry me?"

And Anne just gave him a long cold look.

"Yes," she said, most distinctly, and then she turned and went out of the room.

VIII

ONE really feels like drawing a veil here for a while. Better just to leave him there, I imagine, staring at that door and muttering "My God!" under his breath.

There are those who remember that he acted very strangely all that day, however. Every now and then he would stop what he was doing and stare for a while at nothing at all. And he was gentle. Some of the nurses thought he must be going to be sick, or something. He didn't bang a door once, and when he found his bottle of glycerin and rose water empty he didn't throw it on the floor, as everybody expected.

But he did mutter to himself every now and then. His lips were seen to move as he walked down the corridors.

He didn't see Anne at all that day. As a matter of fact she was lying face down on her bed most of it, telling herself how she hated him, and that she was perfectly justified in paying him back.

"He needed a lesson," she said. "If I just have the strength to carry it through."

It was he who sat up that night, walking the floor and smoking himself to death, and Anne who went to bed.

She had got the strength by that time, and if she lay awake it was to think of ways to make him suffer.

"I'll teach him!" she said. "Ordering me out with him, and then acting as if he'd saved my reputation!"

There is no record of Miss Brent at this time, but it is fairly safe to assume that she was lying awake also. She undoubtedly considered that Anne had trapped R. C. And when you think about it, she had indeed.

Anne went on day duty the next morning, and then began a really dreadful time, each one avoiding the other like poison, and the hospital watching and waiting, they didn't know for what.

When they did meet, it was R. C. who looked conscious; Anne had more poise. She would give him a dazzling smile and go on. But there they were, really engaged, and the seal of the board on it. Believe me, he saw her now, all right.

He thought she would weaken after a while, but she didn't at all. And finally in a fit of desperation he cornered her in a hallway and said, "Can I speak to you for a moment, Miss Rutherford?"

And she looked up at him sweetly—oh, very sweetly—and said, "I'm sorry. I'm frightfully busy just now."

She wouldn't have said that to the staff, and he knew it. She was deliberately presuming on what he thought of as their damnable relationship.

"Damn the girl!" he said helplessly, and it shows the state of his mind that when once he was walking absent-mindedly along a street and saw a tray of engagement rings in a jeweler's window, he shied away from it like a scared horse.

One perceives that if there had been a time when she never entered on his horizon at all, she now practically shut off everything else. But if things were hard for him, they were not easy for Anne either. The school had learned something; she didn't know what. It watched her and whispered. It watched him and whispered. But it couldn't watch them together, because that never happened.

After a while it began to dawn on them that Doctor Raleigh was constantly making occasions to see Anne alone, and that she was dodging them. Once he found her in a linen room, and went in and slammed the door. But the next minute it opened and Anne came out. He stayed there a while, pretending to want to smoke a cigarette, but when he came out his face was frightful.

The general belief was that they met outside, but a probationer put on to follow Anne reported that she simply went and stood on a bridge.

She had met nobody.

Then one day Mrs. Blackstone came to have tea with the head, and after she had gone the head rang her bell.

"Send Miss Rutherford here," she said. Somebody seemed to be always ordering Anne about those days, one perceives. But before Anne got there the head appealed to the picture.

"What am I to do?" she said helplessly. "He's such a violent man."

"But he is a man," said the picture. "And she has character. She'll gentle him. He's changed already; he doesn't slam in the way he used to."

As a matter of record, he didn't either. He came in like a galley slave being scourged to whatever it was.

The total result of that interview will never be known. It is said that Miss Brent, going in later to report an orderly for smoking on duty, found her curled up in her chair apparently helplessly weeping, but that it turned out she was laughing hysterically.

"It's a queer world, Miss Brent," she said. "A very queer world."

Miss Brent went to the pharmacy for some aromatic ammonia, but when she returned the head was herself again.

IX

THEN there came a time when Anne, going out after chapel for her evening walk, found R. C.'s car parked uncompromisingly in front of the hospital, and R. C. himself waiting on the step.

"Now!" he said. "Please—let's take a ride and talk this over."

If he had bullied her she wouldn't have gone, but he didn't. And she knew the porter was listening, so she said, "Why, of course. How nice!"

He looked at her suspiciously, but she was smiling blandly. Oh, she had learned a lot in these past months. She got in and powdered her nose carefully, and then she smiled at him delightfully and said, "Just imagine! This is the first time we've been alone together since—it happened!"

"Oh, see here ——" he began. And then words failed him. He stepped on the gas, and the way they shot up the street was a crime. Because he could stand a great many things, but not being played with. He said nothing whatever until they found a quiet street, and then he spoke.

"Look here," he said, "I lied to save you from a bad situation. If you think it is funny ——"

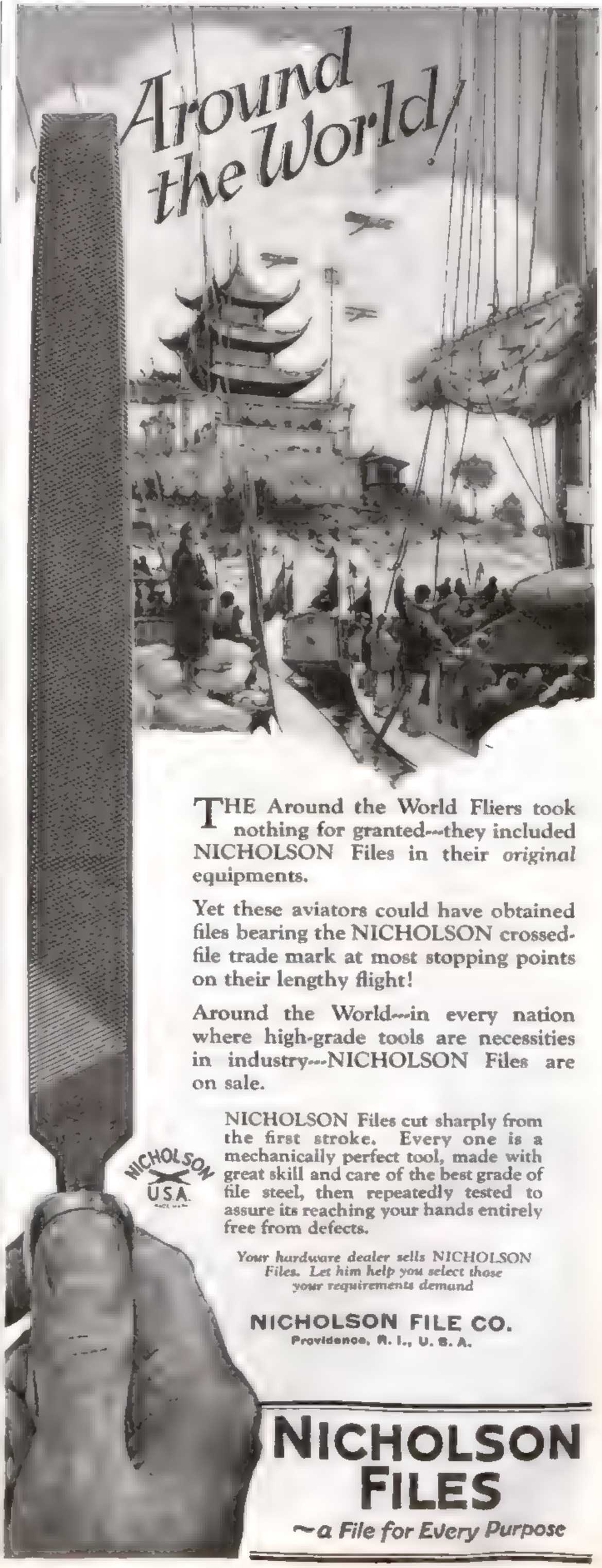
"You got me into the situation. And I don't think it's funny."

"I'm a busy man, Miss Rutherford." He knew her name all right now. "And I'm not a particularly mild man."

"I'll tell the world you're not," she said, but he pretended not to hear.

"This this nonsense," he began severely, "it can't go on. It upsets me. God knows when some of those old fools will tell their wives, and ——"

"They have already," she put in relentlessly



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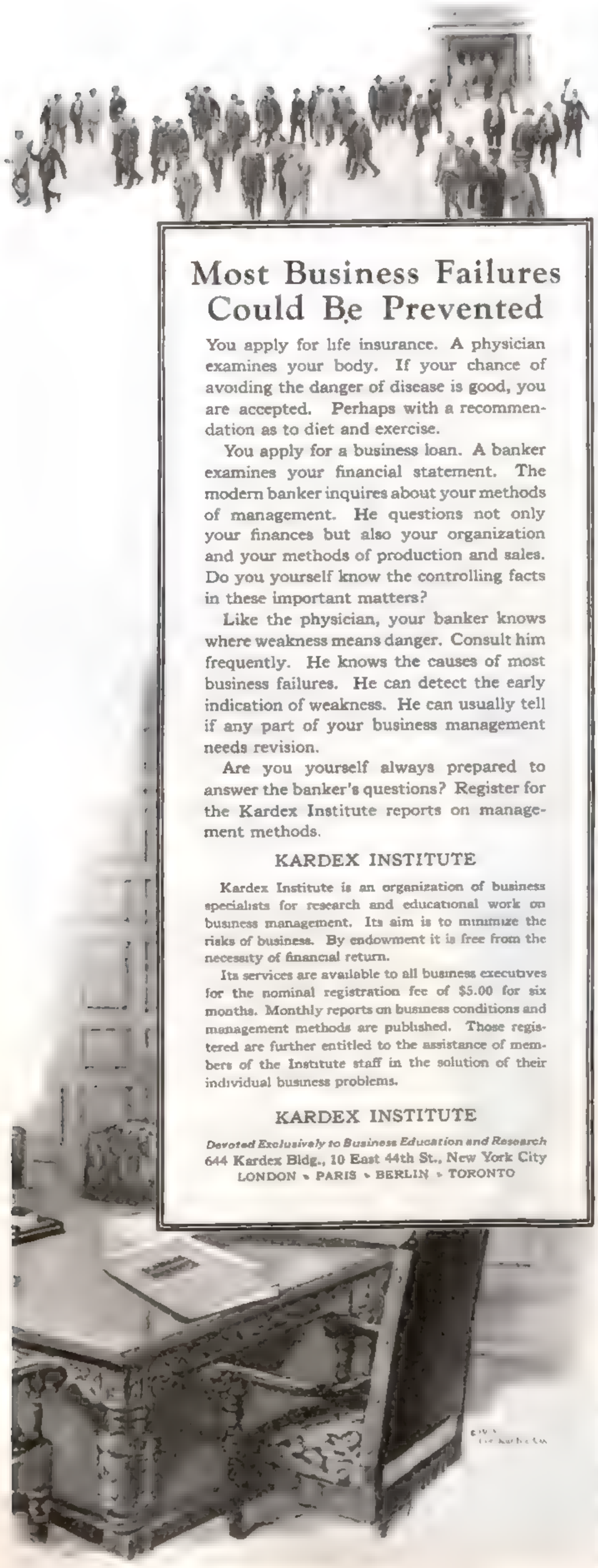

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Well, the way he carried on at that was something awful, and at the end all she did was to say in a quavering voice, "Don't tell me you want to break it off. I couldn't bear it."

That simply finished him. He started the car again and took her back to the hospital, but he never spoke another word. What could he say?

It was just three days after that that he met Mr. Blackstone on the street, and Mr. Blackstone pinched him in the ribs and said he was a lucky fellow. He—Mr. Blackstone—had seen the young lady.

"If she's as nice as she is pretty ——" began Mr. Blackstone, heavily jocular.

"Oh, don't be such an ass!" said Doctor Raleigh.

But as there was a truck passing at the moment, Mr. Blackstone did not hear. He smiled pleasantly and went on.

x

THE situation was, of course, entirely absurd; Doctor Raleigh used to pace the floor of his library and remark aloud that it was the damndest-fool thing he had ever heard of, and he wouldn't have it for a minute. But what was he to do?

It is unlikely that he figured this out, but he certainly began to be very kind to Miss Brent after that. He would look at her fresh cap and her feet, if Anne was anywhere near, and say, "We're looking very smart today, aren't we?"

And Miss Brent would fairly twitter with happiness. Anne considered it sickening.

"Good heavens!" she reflected. "He's actually trying to make me jealous!"

She was, too, as a matter of fact. But that's neither here nor there.

Of course one has to remember certain things in discussing R. C. at this time. Here was Anne, without any background at all except the hospital, and that didn't count. You can't really tell much about a girl until you have seen her people, can you? Many a perfectly promising affair has been spoiled by father in his evening slippers, or mother's diaphragm—which is what one used to call the stomach.

And here was our hero—although nobody can really call him a hero—of a long line of noble ancestry, if he was a surgeon. His whole house was hung with very bad paintings of important but not handsome forbears. One of them had been a state treasurer and been indicted for taking the public funds, but he still hung. He should hang, of course.

But the point is that in the evenings, when he retired to his library, having eaten nothing worth mentioning, those pictures did their bit to make things worse.

Granduncle Thomas was particularly opposed. He hung over the mantel.

"What do you know about the girl?" he would demand.

"Nothing at all. And I don't want to."

"But you're engaged to her."

"Oh, fiddle-de-dee!" he would snort. "I do my best to get her out of trouble, and she takes me up on it!"

But he was fair, too; for once he assured Granduncle Thomas that she was intelligent, and showed breeding.

"So does a good horse," snarled Granduncle Thomas, who used to own a racing stable.

It is rather shameful to have to record the things he did, after that fairness of his. There seems to be no doubt that he flirted shamelessly with poor Miss Brent in odd corners, during the next few days, and that he chose those corners with an eye to Anne. Or that it finally got on Anne's nerves. Although she herself probably believes that, having taught him his lesson, it was time to clear things up.

As a matter of fact, though, much as she hated—or loved—him she didn't know him yet. He didn't have that jaw of his for nothing.

So one day, after a scene very carefully played for her benefit, she waited and then spoke to him.

"May I speak to you, doctor?" she said primly.

"At last!" His voice sounded triumphant. It was his turn now, you see. He'd played her floor mat for long enough.

He came in and closed the door. "Well, my dear?" he said, looking down at her.

"Don't you think it's time this ridiculous nonsense should stop?"

"But I don't call it nonsense."

She looked a trifle alarmed, but she went on.

"Of course it was only a joke. A stupid joke on my part," she said breathlessly. "There is no engagement, of course. There never was, really. I ——"

"But there was. There is. If you are trying to give me my congé, I refuse to take it."

"Oh, don't be funny!" she wailed. "And for goodness' sake open that door. Miss Brent's probably outside, watching."

But he didn't open the door. He came very close to her, and he looked exactly like a bad boy who knows he is bad and rather likes it. There is simply no excuse for him.

"You asked for this," he said, and he caught her to him and kissed her.

The next minute he was walking down the corridor, telling the junior surgical interne what cases he would see next.

He was very triumphant when he left the hospital that day. He'd shown her he was not to be fooled with. Two could play at that game! And all the rest of it. Every man knows what he said to himself, to keep his spirits up.

But it is a strange fact that he stopped in front of the jeweler's window on his way down the street, and stood there for some time.

It is all perfect nonsense to believe that people fall in love first and kiss afterward. Everybody knows that very often people haven't an idea they are in love until they have kissed somebody. And then there they are!

xi

IT WAS Anne who staged the next scene, you may be sure. She made eyes at the junior surgical interne until he lost his head entirely. There was one awful day when R. C. said to him, "Where's the order book?"

And young Phillips was staring at Anne and never heard him.

"Order book!" yelled R. C. at the top of his lungs. "And if Miss Rutherford is distracting your attention we can call somebody else."

It was really awful.

For a week or so things went on like this, each of them perfectly furious at the other, and neither of them sleeping very well, he jerking himself past that jeweler's window, and Anne working herself to death, and putting on a really terrible scowl the moment she heard his footsteps behind her.

She never went into the linen room without propping the door open with a chair. He saw the chair one day and smiled disagreeably. She needn't worry, he told himself. He wouldn't go in there.

But the way he hated the sight of that chair was funny. He kicked it once as he went by.

"What the hell's that chair doing there?" he demanded.

Anne was not there at the time.

And that was the way things stood when Anne was moved to the operating room. As the head said to the photograph, "It's got to be settled one way or the other. And she's due there."

"There's only one way to settle it," said the photograph. But it did not say what.

Anne wasn't keen about it. It meant seeing him every day, and wanting to slap him or pat him. Every woman knows that feeling, and how wearing it is. But of course she went, and her very first day there he almost killed her.

It happened like this: He had been upset at seeing her there. In the operating room he liked to feel like a god, dealing in life and death, and Anne upset his pose, if you know what I mean. He liked to park his emotions downstairs, too, with his street clothes, and have his feelings as—well, as sterile as his white operating suit. And whatever his feeling was for her it certainly wasn't downstairs in a coat pocket.

Then there was something about the way she handed him his towel after he had scrubbed up, something so coldly professional that it simply enraged him. And there was that fool, Phillips, ogling her over the instrument tray.

He did a fine operation, but as I have said, he nearly killed Anne. It was a dirty case, and when he had finished with a knife he held it out for Doctor Phillips to take, and Doctor Phillips was looking at Anne.

He threw the knife at the pan, and it struck Anne's hand and cut her. Oh, not much; he didn't even know he had done it. But there was a staphylococcus on the knife—maybe a million of them; one never knows, and she got it.

She went to bed with it three days later, and Miss Brent notified the senior surgical interne, who was engaged to a girl back home. He put some iodine on it, and then forgot about it.

(Continued on Page 153)

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"WILL it last?" This should be the final question of the maker, the first question of the buyer, of a useful product. Longer life of any article gives added value to the material and labor put into it—and human energy is no more to be wasted than wood or iron. Ingenious manufacture is not to be exalted above dependable manufacture. Our industrial reputation depends on holding these aims together. Products that are surfaced to endure—as by the use of paint and varnish—bring daily satisfaction to their users—daily praise to their makers.

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(Continued from Page 150)

But it kept getting worse. It hurt a lot. It jumped and ached, and she drank considerable water in the long nights, but she put the iodine on it and lay in her bed, not much caring. There wasn't a ring in the jeweler's window that would have fitted her then, poor child

But R. C. didn't know about it. Somebody had asked him to go and shoot ducks, and he had gone. He shot a great many; he felt like killing something. Maybe young Phillips; nobody can tell. But he came back one day and did a lot of operations. Wheeled tables came in, one after the other, and the voice of the anæsthetist in the outer room said "Breathe deeply, please," over and over

"Operating room ought to pay a dividend this year," said the pharmacy clerk, downstairs, as he sent up his cans of ether

When it was all over, R. C. washed up, and said nonchalantly, "Miss Rutherford left us?"

"She's sick, I believe," said the nurse.

He took his towel and dried his hands carefully; then he put it on a stack of new dressings, where it had no business to be, and went out.

What the devil had made her sick?

The way he shouted around when he found Anne, was really shocking. And what he said to Miss Brent was—well, it was sufficient.

"Stop blubbering," he finished, "and get the operating room ready. Take off those shoes and get something you can run in!"

Well, that was that.

But don't think it is finished. It isn't at all.

When it came time to operate, he couldn't do it. It made the most amazing lot of talk at the time. He walked the floor outside the operating room while they took her in, and his hands were shaking so that he was afraid to pick up a knife.

Even then he hadn't the slightest idea why. He thought he must be going to be ill or something. And all those internes and nurses waiting inside, and Anne herself, watching the door for him.

She was so sure it would be all right when he came! When the message came in that he had been called away, and that another member of the staff would be up in a minute, she just closed her eyes.

There are varying accounts of what happened afterward, gathered from different sources. For instance, the superintendent claims he ran into the office like a crazy man and summoned the entire surgical staff by telephone. And we have the pharmacy clerk's word that he staggered in there and shouted, "Give me some *spiritus frumenti*."

But Joe says that when it had been poured out he never took it, but rushed out again and held his finger on the elevator bell while it came down five floors. But the pharmacy clerk also says that before he rushed out he said, "I've been a damned fool, Joe."

The pharmacy clerk also maintains that he said in reply, "Yes, sir"

But this is doubtful.

There is, however, no dispute as to what happened next. He walked into the operating room, pushed the other surgeon aside without a word, and did a beautiful piece of work.

He had about finished when there was a noise outside, and the rest of the staff trooped in. They thought there had been a train wreck.

XII

BUT nobody knows exactly what happened in Anne's room later.

He had been quite shameless about things the night before. He had gone down to the head's room and fairly beat his breast, if you know what I mean. He knew by that time that he was responsible, you see. And the photograph, watching him, seemed well satisfied.

"He's through," it said. "He'll not go slamming and banging through life any more. You'll see."

"He will always be a violent man, my dear."

"Not to her," said the photograph. "Not to her."

But the plain truth was that he was evidently not going to be anything to her. For Anne herself, waking out of the anæsthetic and seeing him beside her, had said, "Oh, please go away. You just worry me."

In ether *veritas*. He knew that, and he went away. But he used to hang around outside her door, not caring a whoop what the hospital thought, and being perfectly abject to the man who had taken over the case. He was really pitiable. But Anne never knew this.

She didn't even know that he had operated and saved her life. Or that when he wasn't hanging around her door he was wandering down the street looking in jewelers' windows. Not that he had any hope, you see; it was just a plain obsession.

Probably he was doing just that when she slipped away. The stepmother had tired of the Riviera and was back home, and on the first day Anne got out of bed a very handsome limousine stopped at the hospital, and they bundled her into it.

The head helped her in herself, and Anne's last words were for her please to give her address to nobody.

"Isn't that a bit foolish?"

But Anne only shook her head.

There was no explosion when Doctor Raleigh heard she had gone and "there is no address." He wasn't exploding any more. He did his work as well as ever after that, but a little of the excitement had gone out of the hospital day. The nurses missed it; they thought he was losing his grip.

For ten days or so this strange peace hovered over the hospital. No doors ever slammed. The operating room was busy, but dead, if you know what I mean. And Granduncle Thomas at home was very anxious.

"Liver, probably," thought Granduncle Thomas. "Needs to get a good horse, and ride."

"He's not eating at all," said the old butler to the cook. "He never even touched this squab."

"Set it there and I'll eat it," said the cook. She was a creature of no sentiment whatever.

And in another house, a very fine house, there was a change also.

"I thought you'd come to your senses," said Anne's stepmother. "Now you can come out, as you ought to."

"I'm not coming out, if you don't mind," said Anne.

But the stepmother got in a social secretary, and made ball lists. She was that sort. She just had to have a list around, to be happy. Whenever she came into Anne's rooms she brought a whiff of the best French perfume with her, and she never knew that it sent through Anne a perfectly sickening longing for the smell of the hospital lysol and formaldehyde and soap and all of it, mixed together into something indescribable.

It meant him, if you know what I mean.

Now one has no idea whether Providence actually steps in and helps us poor mortals, as individuals, or not. Certainly Providence provided the grape seed or whatever it was, and Nature did the rest.

For one morning Anne's old nurse, who was her maid now, and brushed her hair, and had put away those terrible hospital clothes with a groan of relief—the old nurse wakened with a pain, and it was probably appendicitis.

Anne was scared out of her wits. She had only one person to love her, and that was the old nurse. And it is possible she suggested Raleigh to the family doctor to operate. She has denied this, but I think myself she did.

And Raleigh came. He went in and saw the patient, and when he came out, there was Anne in the hall. She looked very lovely, but her voice was queer; naturally enough, the way her heart was going.

"Is it appendicitis?" she said.

"Anne! Anne darling!"

"Is it appendicitis?"

"Oh, damn the appendicitis! It's me!" he said, and put his arms around her.

The stepmother came out and found them there. She nearly fell down the stairs, but nobody noticed her.

They claim at the hospital that they knew, before he told anybody. He came stamping in, slamming the big front door behind him, and when the man in Twenty-Nine said: "Doctor, this bed is damned uncomfortable," he replied, "I don't give a whoop how the bed feels. How are *you?*" and looked around for approval!

Then he went up to the operating room, thud, thud, and howled because the catgut was cut too short. And when somebody was slow in handing him something or other he yelled, "What the devil's the matter with this place? Everybody asleep?"

Probably the picture in the head's room was right, and he will always be a violent man. But not to her. Not to her.

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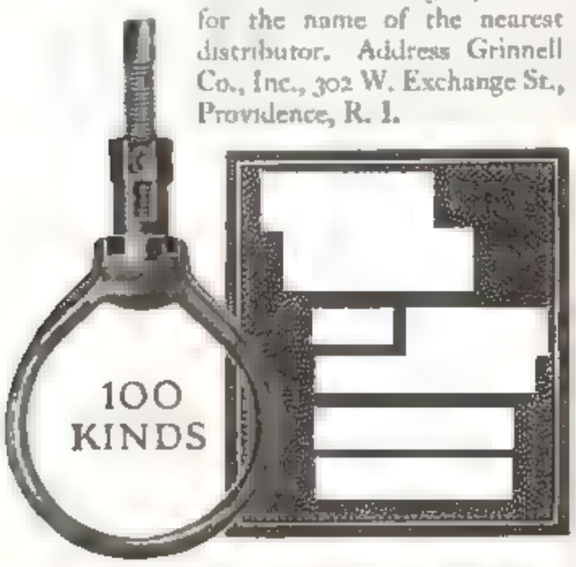

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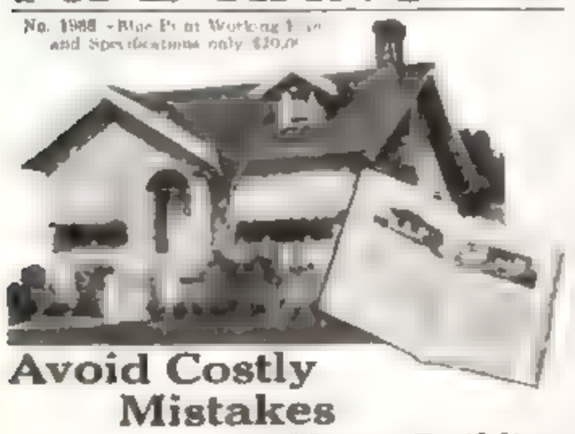

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GIVE A MAN LUCK

(Continued from Page 19)

"Ninety thousand dollars," he said. "Ten per cent! Seeing who it is, we'll wait for it until a cab can get here. He's to protect us if the shares go off, and we'll sell him out when they're down two. Get me? Good-by."

The matter escaped my mind in the press of business, and it was not until late in the afternoon that I approached my employer and said, "Oh, pardon me, Mr. Beakes. By the way, sir, Reade & Beekman has requested you to send them a check for ninety thousand dollars—rush it around, as it were, sir."

"Ninety thousand dollars!" he said, much impressed. "What the devil for?"

"For the stock, sir," said I.

"Get me that letter," said Mr. Beakes with great calm.

The office copy he meant, of course, though he had put it inexactly, as was to be expected. The letter itself, as I said sometime since, or as I had proposed to say if I omitted saying it, had been sent precedently to our Wall Street correspondent.

"Get me that letter!" he said again, but this time with real violence. I got him the office copy; I had no intention to refuse it to him. Violence was uncalled for, if you follow me.

"I'll be jiggered!" he said, coloring profusely.

"Ten thousand shares—a million dollars! Get me Reade & Beekman—no, no, get me nothing. Keep away from me! Go away before I lose control of myself."

"But really, sir," I said, soothing him, "you need not call up Reade & Beekman, sir. I have already confirmed the order, sir. I spoke to them this morning. Or was there—was there any mistake in the letter you gave me to copy? That would be quite too bad, wouldn't it now? Not that I'm reproaching you, sir. We're all liable to make mistakes, sir."

Mr. Beakes sprang up and pointed rigidly at the yawning doorway and said emotionally, "Get out! Get out!"

I saw that he wished to be alone, and I therefore took my hat and departed, wishing him a very good evening. It was nearly five o'clock, for that matter, so I decided to respect his solitude for the remaining few minutes and I went to the furnished room which I had engaged in West Thirty-fourth Street not far from the old Manhattan Opera House.

During the half hour in the evening which I had resolved to devote to meditation upon the business affairs of the day—and which half hour, I may say here, I did devote upon that particular evening to the purpose specified—it occurred to me that Mr. Beakes' extreme emotion could not have been entirely assumed. It was the suddenness wherewith he had changed the hue of his countenance that convinced me. Having been not more than bright pink, or, at best, a cerise, it had mounted almost at once to crimson. Mr. Beakes then was genuinely angry; and putting two and two together carefully, and recalling his eagerness to talk with our Wall Street correspondent, it occurred to me that Mr. Beakes' excitement was caused by the discovery that he had obligated himself in the sum of one million dollars. Perhaps he could not find such a great sum, even with thirty days and three of grace. That was hardly my affair, and I could just handily have stood aloof; but if one has a delicate sense of business honor one does not relish the thought of having been accessory to the commitment of another to an impossible task; and I felt that I should deceive myself if I thought that Mr. Beakes did not consider me accessory. To put the matter concisely, Mr. Beakes' predicament, and in particular his likely ascription of a part in it to me, weighed upon my mind long after the allotted half hour was spent, and I resolved, quixotically perhaps, to stand back of him with all my resources and to see him out of his difficulty at least this once.

I was awaiting him in the office at eight o'clock the following morning, and I may say to his credit he was not tardy upon this occasion. His resentment at me had passed with the opportunity for sober reflection, and he was even smiling irresistibly.

"Mr. Beakes, sir," said I, referring to that matter of the shares, may I ask you if it would be a source of embarrassment to obligate yourself to the extent of one million dollars?"

He ceased smiling then and took snuff and sneezed with fierceness. He frowned at me.

"Because if it would, sir," said I, following up, "I shall stand behind you. Something in your manner last night told me that you were put out with me; pardon me, won't you, if I seem to presume? Here, sir," said I bluntly, though with perhaps a trace of regret, "are my savings, totaling twenty-one hundred dollars. If you feel that I have done anything tending to embarrass you financially, say the word and I shall make over the whole amount to you, taking an appropriate receipt, and permit it to abide the issue of the affair with our Wall Street correspondent."

I laid my savings-bank book upon the desk.

It was the handsome thing to do, and he appreciated it. He took me by my shoulders and he looked into my eyes and he said, "Young fellow, did you see the paper this morning?"

"I did indeed, sir," I said, following his humor; "in the Elevated train this morning, sir. Was it any particular item, sir?"

He released me and sat at his desk and took snuff. Then, over his red handkerchief, he looked at the entries in my bank book.

"If I didn't think you were a half fool, Arthur," he said menacingly, "I'd kick you out of this office and throw this book after you."

"Exactly, sir," I said, though, I am free to say, I did not follow his mental process at all.

"I don't believe you saw the paper," he said.

"Sorry, sir," I said.

"Interurban Traction Extension," said he, "was offered for public subscription yesterday morning at 100. It closed last night at 106."

"Ah, I see," I said diplomatically. "At 106, sir? Surprising, wasn't it, in a way, sir?"

"Do you know what that means?" he said loudly.

"Well, sir, not entirely," said I. "Did you lose much, sir, may I ask?"

"I made sixty thousand dollars!" he shouted. "I sold out at 106!"

"Is it possible, sir!" I said congratulatingly. "Then you will not require my coöperation, and I must say I'm glad of it, sir."

"Sixty thousand dollars!" he said, feeling about for his snuffbox. "That's not my money, Arthur, and I'm double-goshdinged if it's yours!"

"Whose then, sir, may I ask?" I said attentively.

"Take your book," he said, throwing it at me to catch. "Twenty-one hundred dollars, wasn't it?" He drew his large check book to him, made a rapid and possibly accurate calculation, and drew a check to my order in the sum of twelve thousand six hundred dollars. "There," he said, tendering it to me.

"Is it for me, sir?" said I with natural surprise. "Dear me!"

"What was that last?" he said sharply.

"Sorry, sir," said I, recovering my poise. "May I put this sum in the safe, sir, until the luncheon hour?"

"Not for ten seconds," he said. "You're not employed here any more. You're too good for me, Arthur. I can't afford to employ a man of your genius in this office."

"Oh, but you can, indeed, sir, though it is handsome of you to say that," said I. "The wage is quite agreeable, sir."

"Well, I won't, at any rate," said he determinedly. "It never strikes twice in the same way, and the next time it would knock me galley-west. You're through here. Get out that door now and get that check certified as fast as God will let you, because when I come to my senses I'll stop it."

Thinking rapidly, I saw the force of his suggestion. His type is rash and headlong, given to extravagant projects and sudden repentances. I banked the check on the ensuing day, following my half hour of meditation.

"Rather sure than sorry," said I.

It was currently reported that I had gained some unimaginable sum—a million dollars, said one press account—and a number of persons hurried to me to sell me a variety of items, all absurdly underpriced and certain to make me rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

"Nothing succeeds like success," said I.

However, the heated term being now upon us, and I having seen in Mr. Beakes' office a glowing testimonial to the merits of a resort called Hermit Island, I determined to go thither for a few weeks of rest and recreation. My departure from the city was hastened by the fact that I had agreed tentatively to buy a thousand acres of citrus land in Florida, and to permit a boulevard in a fashionable suburb of Muscle Shoals to be named for me, and to endow an extensive system of laundries in China so that the natives might no longer be tempted to emigrate and to embitter international relations. I had so agreed because I knew nothing about Florida or about Muscle Shoals, or about China for that matter, and it would have been a piece of impertinence for me to assume to criticize the projects. Nevertheless, I had no million dollars in hand or in immediate prospect; and casting up, I saw that about a million dollars would be needed if I were to do the right thing by these three localities. I left Thirty-fourth Street in the early dawn, walking to the Pennsylvania Station and refusing to take a taxicab despite the burden of my equipage, fearing, perhaps groundlessly, that the driver would engage me in negotiations for the purchase of his vehicle, negotiations which must have proved utterly fruitless.

My itinerary, as culled from the testimonial in Mr. Beakes' office, required me to leave the train at a quite ordinary place named Bunker Pound. I did so, and was then taken charge of by a hackman, who ushered me into his conveyance upon being apprised of my wants and carried me swiftly to the end of a deserted pier and left me in the presence of an angry expanse of salt water—a bay or estuary, but more active, if I make myself clear. Before departing, he had a dollar of me and then informed me that the boat left this very pier at ten A.M. sharp every Thursday morning for Hermit Island. The hour was then 9:45 A.M. and I should not have had long to wait had it not been for the aggravating circumstance that the day was Wednesday.

"Now this is awkward," said I.

Over an adjacent shack was a sign speaking in laudatory terms of the chowder to be had therein. I knocked upon the door and it was opened by a bearded native, to whom I said, "I wish to go to Hermit Island."

"Ten dollars," said this chowder person in a voice that was rusty from disuse.

He shut the door of his residence again, but reappeared almost instantly in shining yellow garments and proceeded to clamber over the side of the pier and to vanish. Thinking to aid him if he had fallen into the water, I went to the edge of the pier and saw that he had descended into a diminutive motorboat. He turned a wheel about, causing alarming explosions, and then he gestured to me, inviting me to embark on his vessel, which I did, and was encompassed at once by the wearisome odor of Mr. Beakes' establishment in Greenwich Street. Fish, if you follow me. The engine now fired quite a salvo, and we were out upon the bounding main.

"We are quite comfortable here, are we not?" I said, shifting to evade the waves which were striking me where I sat.

"Set right where you are," said he, pulling me back without apology. "Can't get a jump spark wet."

I did not oppose him, and indeed felt rather light-hearted as the shores of Long Island fell away into the distance. However, I was never much of a tar; and seeing the growing looseness and disorder of the waves, I thought to apprise the chowder person of his responsibility, and I said to him, "I can't swim more than fifteen feet, you know."

"You got five feet to spare, young fellow," he said. "Water's just ten feet deep around here for miles and miles."

That was a puzzling rejoinder. It confused me only for a moment, and then I perceived the fallacy. Clearly, a person might swim from the bottom to the top of the water and still be far from safe. Doubtless he supposed that a rescuing boat would be at hand, so, to let him perceive his error, I said, "But how would one save oneself hereabouts in the wintertime now, for example?"

He reflected, puffing his short pipe.

(Continued on Page 157)

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№1 New heavy oil good quality
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№4 Correct grade HAVOLINE OIL
HORSE POWER DEVELOPED AT REAR WHEELS
10 HP
SPEED—MILES PER HOUR

Chart shows how one car performed with four different oils in the crank case. The curves show comparative development of horse-power at the rear wheels from slow speed up to fifty miles per hour. What a difference from a simple change of oil! Free booklet—"Oil is more than oil—it is Power"—explains tests fully. Send for it.

1. The wrong grade of oil is power-*less*

An oil that is too heavy, regardless of quality, is a power extinguisher. Look at the curve marked No. 1. Only 10 horse-power.

2. Cheap oil is power-*less*

Even though it may have correct consistency to start with, a cheap oil will always fail to develop maximum power. Look at curve No. 2. After several hundred miles, dilution reaches a point that kills both power and lubricating quality.

3. Old oil is power-*less*

Your crank-case oil becomes diluted through use. The habit of adding a quart of fresh oil at intervals does not offset this, for you still have the dirt and foreign substance in your crank case. Curve No. 3 shows how diluted oil cuts off power.

4. Havoline is Power

A fine oil instead of a cheap oil; a fresh crank-case filling to replace the dirty, diluted oil; the right grade instead of too heavy or too light a grade, and you have *power*

Drive around to the Havoline dealer in your town. He knows the power value of oil and he will select the right grade for your car. You will know him by these *Signs of Power*.

Dealers—Send for the Havoline "Oil Power Guide"—a new kind of lubricating chart that has grown out of a year's study of Wasson Motor Check Test records. New data are given not found in any other chart. All passenger cars listed. *For Dealers only*

Ask for the Havoline proposition for 1925. Below are a few of the attractive signs that we furnish to identify every dealer's store as headquarters for oil-power

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, Inc.
Lawrenceville, Ill

Above—Weatherproof out door sign featuring Havoline F, the best-known oil for Fords

case

Left—Interesting window display card. Tells the Motor Check Oil-power story—a story exclusive to Havoline.

case refill

Havoline is a 30c oil, slightly higher in Western States and Canada.

This price sign is furnished to every Havoline dealer. Also the red spot trade mark sign shown above

(Continued from Page 154)

"Dig soft clams," said he. "That's how most folks save their lives around here in the winter. More lives are saved around here by the soft clams than by the hull blamed United States Coast Guard service!"

"Follow me, please," said I with patience. "I am supposing that a person fell into the water here in the wintertime, miles from the shore, and nobody around to help him, and he couldn't swim more than a very few strokes——"

"And he couldn't walk neither?"

"Now, sir," I said, hardly able to restrain a smile, "what earthly good would it do him to be able to walk when the water is ten feet deep? I dare say you are intelligent enough to grasp the problem, if you will bend your mind to it. Try, won't you, my good fellow?"

"Done me good," said the chowder person obstinately. "I was out here in my boat, spearing eels, and I fell into the water, I did. And I couldn't swim. Well, sir, I seen right off that I'd be drowned if I stayed there, so I walked ashore. Yes, sir."

"You walked?" repeated I with a broad smile. "Come now, how far was it from shore?"

"Three mile and a quarter. And I took off my wet clothes and rubbed me down good with goose grease, and I walked back to the boat and pulled a wagonful of grub behind me too. That's just what I done. Right over there is where I fell in. See it for yourself."

"You walked back again? You mean you swam. That is, if ——"

"Couldn't swim, I tell you. Walked back, climbed aboard the boat and hoisted sail for home. Then I looked around for the hole where I fell in to fetch me my spear——"

"The hole! Come now, pull yourself together."

"How do you suppose I could spear eels less'n there was a hole?" he said. "Bay was froze over tight, and this here boat I'm telling you of was an ice boat. Well ——"

"Oh," said I, perceiving the blunder into which I had fallen because of his inability to recount an experience intelligibly. I was put out, and I said petulantly, "Still, if you had brains you'd have got into your boat in the first place and sailed home, instead of walking to and fro over the ice."

I had him there, and he was forced to admit it.

"That's the very point I was making, young fellow," said he. "There ain't nobody outsiden New York got any brains worth mentioning."

A silence fell upon us with that. We sailed up and down upon the waves and shattered an odd one quite to fragments, when positive sheets of water drenched us. My fears were of the gravest when I perceived through the mist a low-lying piece of land ahead. I should have requested the chowder person to make for this land, where we could at least be castaways, but I dreaded to agitate his peculiar mind and possibly to inspire him to further reminiscence. But of his own motion he confided to me that this land ahead was Hermit Island, and now I perceived houses of a sort upon it and the forms of the native inhabitants. We sailed without mishap into a land-locked basin of perhaps a hundred feet square, and made a very neat landfall, as mariners quaintly have it, alongside a pier. A young male native laid hold of me and drew me out upon the planking, where I lay as wet as a fish, and because of my unremitting care for the chowder person's jump spark, with hardly more ability to rise and walk.

"You've come to buy the island, haven't you, mister?" said the young native, bending over me.

"Must one?" said I, temporizing.

It seemed like an imposition. Seafaring is a matter foreign to my experience, at least theretofore; but I had not supposed that one need buy an island if one would escape from the perils of the deep.

"It's the only way," said the young native obdurately. "You can't rent it, you know."

"But I may have a look about first, may I not?" said I cunningly.

"Don't rush him, Harry," said one of the two other natives. "He's probably a stranger here."

"Yes," said I to myself, "and very sensible of me too." I was not prepossessed, if you follow me.

I rose to my feet and looked attentively at these three denizens who were so ready to sell out

They were impressive-looking fellows, smartly got up and of excellent address. Rather urban types, if you will. The young one who had captured me—that seems about to express it was tall and sickly, "spindling" is the word, and very neatly attired in a white linen jacket, white knickers, tufted stockings, and low-cut outing shoes of buckskin with thick composition soles. His shirt of white silk was open at the neck, exposing silk underwear. The third of the group was rather such another young buck, except that his costume was of an English plaid, and that he was short and rosy. The individual who had remonstrated with my captor wore tortoise-shell spectacles and a small brown beard, giving to him an aspect of age and learning that was, as I discovered with penetration, rather unwarranted. They were all three of much the same age—twenty-four, twenty-five—and had been college chums only very recently.

The person known as Harry—and whom I, to expedite my story and to save unnecessary verbiage, shall take the liberty hereafter to denominate by the same appellation—introduced me to the company. The person in the small beard was presented to me as Counselor Faunce; the third, who seemed to be somewhat of a make-weight, was offered to me as Bill—Bill, merely "Meet Bill." They surrounded me and conducted me quickly to a handsome residence that stood back from the shore among a grove of small and not too flourishing willow trees, evidently a recent plantation.

They led me across a wide porch and into a very fine living room. The chamber was about thirty-five feet long and some fifteen feet wide, with an open fireplace in one end in which a log fire was burning with yellow flames. There were six comfortable armchairs and a divan under the windows on one side. There was a gun case with several shotguns in it; over the chimney breast, fishing poles were crisscrossed. The room was paneled in oak, topped by a plate rail, or Dutch shelf some six feet from the floor. Photographs in sepia were framed in the panels between the shelf and the chair rail. These were photographs of the surrounding bay, and of the surf tumbling on a beach, of pleasure boats sailing, of hunters crouching in hiding places, of the launching of a lifeboat toward a stranded steamer, of men in raincoats holding long strings of fishes. We seated ourselves in this chamber.

Harry lit a cigarette and thrust out his long legs, and said to me, "What is your idea in buying this island, Joy?"

"To be perfectly candid with you, sir," said I, "and meaning no offense whatever, I should rather not buy the island at all."

"Don't ask too many questions, Harry," said Counselor Faunce.

"Let's have a powder before talking business," suggested Bill, with a wink to the others that was not lost on me for a moment, so alert was I.

He arose and went to a cabinet and returned with whisky in glasses. The project to have powders seemed to have been tacitly abandoned. Lest a misconstruction be put upon my action in this regard, permit me to say that I do not care for whisky in any manner, shape or form, and least of all as a beverage. It intoxicates me; and though I do, indeed, experience a certain elevation of spirits immediately after imbibing, the ultimate effect is unpleasant and upsetting.

However, I was in no position to be arbitrary; and realizing that this was Harry's abode, I drank the whisky. I didn't care for it; nor, indeed, in view of the increasing denudation of my scalp, did I find in perfect taste the toast directed at me by Bill prefatory to his drinking.

He said, "May all the hair fall off your head"—words to that effect. Quite unnecessary, I thought it.

"This God-forsaken dump cost my uncle one hundred and sixty thousand dollars," said Harry, evidently to me.

"Who would have thought it?" said I.

"This house alone cost him thirty-five thousand dollars," he continued in a vein of pensive reminiscence. "Then there's the basin, fifteen thousand; and the bulkheading, twenty thousand; and the sixteen bungalows; but the bungalows don't go with the island, you know, Joy."

"No, indeed, they stay here," said I, nodding shrewdly.

"Oh, no, they're going," said he. "Don't make any mistake about that."

"But not with the island," said I, holding fast to what I could of this extraordinary conversation.

"Now you've got it" he said. "This house goes with the island, but not the bungalows. They're going over to Bunker Pound."

"And where ——" began I gropingly. But then I saw that I had better not ask him where the island went or he would say something that I couldn't overlook.

"I wouldn't live here if you gave me a hundred thousand a year," he said. "I'm frank with you. My uncle was an odd fish, and he thought he was going to make a summer resort out of this place. He paid a good price for it, but I think he was touched in the head."

"Hereditary?" said I, delicately suggestive.

"Oh, no, he bought it; thought it would make a wonderful summer resort."

"So it would," said Counselor Faunce, frowning at him. "Make a crackajack summer resort. With the bay all around and the ocean within a mile, and a fine eight-mile sail from Bunker Pound—why, it's ideal, Mr. Joy! This is my first time here. We came out last night to look the place over and to straighten up, and I must say I'm stuck on the place. It's perfectly ideal, to my mind. If I had a hundred thousand dollars, I'd buy it tomorrow. It would look better if we had had more time to straighten up. We weren't expecting you until Thursday, you know."

"You've been expecting me?" I said.

"Oh, yes, we knew you were coming. Come up on the roof and look the island over."

We walked upstairs and saw four good bedrooms, and then we climbed a ladder to a species of observation platform. Counselor Faunce pointed out the several points of interest, including the Atlantic Ocean, the mainland of Long Island in the distance, the bay, and the white sails of ships.

"All yours" he said, "and at a purely nominal price. Harry doesn't want any of it." He smiled at me knowingly, and said confidentially, "You're thinking of shooting, aren't you? Are you one of the group, or do you just represent them? Do you ever shoot, yourself? This is the very place for it."

I moved away from him a bit—what a question.

"No, I never shoot myself," I said.

I should have supposed charitably that he meant shooting wild beasts; but there could be none upon the island, unless they were secreted in the sixteen bungalows. The island was some dozen acres in extent, and quite flat and unwooded. I could see every yard of it. Most of it was overrun with rank grass, and the entire center of it was a pond or swamp—no cover for any sorts of brutes requiring shooting. I could see now that the island was surrounded on all sides by water, by the bay, known locally as the Great South. About a mile away was other land, extending indefinitely east and west, but very narrow and margined on the farther side by the Atlantic Ocean I have mentioned heretofore; and this other land, Counselor Faunce had said, was the Great South Beach.

"You will," he said with conviction, "wait until the winter, Joy, and you'll grab a gun and blaze away." He led me down below again, and when we were all seated, he said, "Now for business. Harry wants eighty thousand dollars for the island as it stands, except for the bungalows. Are you ready to pay that price, Joy?"

"Sorry," I said.

"Let's have another powder," said Bill, after a pause in which I could sense some unpleasantness.

Again the powder was dispensed with—unless, as it may be, the expression was a euphemism. Now that may be, come to think.

"This house alone should rent for twelve or fifteen hundred," said Counselor Faunce, "when you find the man who wants it. Those bungalows rented for three hundred dollars apiece for the summer season alone. Three times sixteen is forty-eight hundred dollars; plus twelve is six thousand. And there's room for fifty more bungalows—just to show you what can be done here. What's your price? Make us an offer."

"Make me an offer for the whole works," said Harry, putting himself into a state of preparedness.

I've never been the sort that permits himself to be badgered into a decision—I'm exceptionally hard-minded; but I felt that I owed these people some expression, in common courtesy. I hesitated. I know quite a lot about houses and lands. Throckmorton Wilks—who married Belinda Joy,

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You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

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To typewriter users and typewriter buyers we wish to offer this practical suggestion: Before you decide on any machine, compare the Woodstock point for point with typewriters of every make. . . . Then *let your judgment be your guide.*

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WOODSTOCK

my cousin-german—had bought, precedently to the episode now under narration, a six-room house at Pelham Manor that was not more than a rude shelter in comparison with this house on the island, and that was yet valued at fifteen thousand five hundred dollars. It stood upon a sixteenth of an acre—lands in the suburbs are commonly sold in terms of acreage—and the agent had told him that the land alone was worth five thousand dollars, and that he would have to pay not less than five hundred dollars if he wished to acquire another lot of the same size adjoining at a very rare bargain. This because it had an exceptional view of a pumping station. A water view adds immensely to the value of property, makes agents quite rabid.

"Sorry, gentlemen," I said, "but I have only twelve thousand dollars."

"You can't buy this island for any twelve thousand dollars," said Counselor Faunce.

"I should hope not," said Harry, rising and beckoning to Counselor Faunce.

"What do you suppose?" said Bill witheringly; and he followed on.

They had a discussion outside that waxed warm, and finally Harry came back with an effect of breaking away, and he said, "Can you make that fifteen?"

"Sorry, sir," I said; "but I can't, really. It's twelve, you know."

They returned then and argued with me, explaining to me that the property was fairly worth one hundred thousand dollars, and I was never so embarrassed in my life.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I don't really care for buying this island, you know. I know it's a tremendous bargain, but I don't want it. I feel perfectly awful about this. Would you mind letting the subject drop?"

"Oh, let him have it," said Harry, jumping up and looking at me without a trace of friendship. "I tell you I'm sick and tired of the darned place. He knows he's dealing with a bunch of greenhorns."

"You want to sell it to him?" said Counselor Faunce.

"Yes, draw the papers and take his money, and let's get out of here and back to the United States," snarled Harry.

I may say here, lest it seem that I took advantage of him, that his deceased uncle's estate was a matter of some six or seven millions of dollars.

Counselor Faunce went to scratching with a fountain pen on a blank instrument from his brief case, and then he handed me the pen and said, "Sign there, and let me have your check for five thousand dollars."

"Don't you mean twelve thousand?" said I, bringing out my new check book.

"This is the contract," he said. "You'll pay the other seven on closing. Thirty days? All right, at my office in New York."

He gave me a copy and shook me by the hand.

"You've got a wonderful bargain, if you have any use for it," he said. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Really, sir," I said, after some rapid thought, "I do not know."

"Keep your own counsel," he said. "You'll tell me on closing, I suppose. Coming over to Bunker Pound with us? That's our boat down in the basin."

Harry called sharply to him and whispered to him.

"Nonsense!" I heard Counselor Faunce say. "He wouldn't stop the check now. Why, he's got a wonderful bargain—if he has any use for it!"

But Harry was insistent, and they all went upstairs, coming down again with suitcases, and then they went out the front door and down to the pier. I, feeling myself somehow under a cloud, did not intrude upon them; but when I heard the vigorous rataplan of an engine in the basin, I was overcome by that nostalgia and yearning for my kind which is the chief terror, I have been given to understand, of life upon desert islands, and I ran out and waved to them rather frantically. Counselor Faunce, if it was he, shouted something about a sailing craft, and then they drew rapidly away, leaving me with moisture in my eyes.

And so, in the course of not more than three hours at the uttermost, I had consummated an extraordinarily advantageous purchase. I shall accept credit for only one feature of the affair, and that is the lightning decision I displayed, quick grasp of essentials—executive ability, in a word. The hardest thing a man can learn to do in business is to say yes; any shilly-shallying fellow can say no and stick to it for fear he'll get the worse of a deal, and so he lets numberless opportunities escape him.

If something of doubt smote me as I turned back to my door, it was no more than afflicts the most strong-minded of us after the taking of an irrevocable step. It seemed to me that, absorbed in the question of value, I had not weighed sufficiently the use of the property to me nor the chances of finding a buyer at a good advance in price. I could hardly stand about and wait for another unfortunate to be cast away upon my shores and thereupon proceed to entangle him in negotiations for the purchase of my island while he was still in a state of weakness. That seemed to be the custom of the country, but it didn't appeal to me as precisely hospitable. And I was not in a position to continue Hermit Island as a summer resort.

I was now alone on the island, quite a Robinson Crusoe sort of chap, master of all I surveyed; the bungalows had not been rented and were standing vacant. I had improved not a few idle hours in reading works about desert islands, never thinking for a moment that I myself should ever come to be so environed. Hermit Island was not quite in the accepted tradition, not being excessively remote from trade routes various vessels, large and less, were voyaging on the bay; and there was a native in shallow water only a few hundred yards from my shores and walking about behind a small boat on the chance that he would step on a clam and not on a broken bottle; but I felt that Hermit Island did very well to start with.

I did sincerely hope and trust that there would not prove to be in any of the bungalows by any chance one of those females insufficiently grounded in the elements of morality who appear so commonly on desert islands and proceed to inveigle the castaway into questionable proceedings; I should be very severe with such a one. And there was not a tree about which could bear my weight and which I might ascend to view the horizon, even if there had been any sense in so doing. There was water at the kitchen sink, and no necessity to dig for it. As for taking a gun and seeking edible beasts, there were provisions enough of Christian sort in the pantry; and I must confess that I have never grasped the viewpoint of men who render themselves dirty and dilapidated in shooting game when better meat and more of it may be had in the nearest butcher shop with a vast deal less trouble. Still, isolation is a nerve-racking thing; and to prevent my mind dwelling on my situation, I went into the kitchen and improved the better part of the afternoon in washing heaps of soiled dishes.

With the descent of darkness, indeed, came uneasiness. I had a tasty supper of Norway herring in tomato sauce and some asparagus and a few slices of *salami* on hard bread; and then I lit a great roaring fire and sat down to a good book and to a cigar which I had bought for five cents in Bunker Pound and which lacked something of true excellence. The house was very still, and the stairs gave out startling sounds at awkward moments, and the night outside was replete with cries. I knew from my reading that wild creatures are extremely proficient at hiding themselves from observation, and I could not reasonably suppose that the guns in the rack near by had been provided without thought of protection from something.

I took the lamp and went upstairs to have a look about; and then, leaving the lamp by good fortune on a dresser, I stole cautiously to the head of the stairs to hearken to a noise I thought I had heard in the regions below. There proved to be upon the upper landing a piece of a broken fishing rod, and I placed my foot upon this, causing it to roll, and thereupon I fell down the stairs with a truly unnerving volume of sound. The noises outside ceased at once and the stairs gave over complaining; I had quelled them by my unexpected action. I could hardly undertake to repeat the performance at intervals, however, so I went rapidly upstairs again and locked myself in and put a chair under the door knob and retired

When I awoke the sun was shining brightly, dissipating the terrors of darkness, and I went below stairs again and had a bite of breakfast; and then I started forth to explore my domain, taking with me the poker from the fireplace. I did not take one of the guns, because I doubted my skill as a marksman, never having had occasion to discharge a gun in my life.

Quite as I had every reason to anticipate, I was not offered violence by any manner

(Continued on Page 160)

DOUGLAS FIR —with the Long-Bell Trade-Mark

Douglas Fir lumber and timbers are being produced in the Long-Bell manufacturing plants at Longview, Washington. The same high standards of production governing Long-Bell manufacture of Southern Pine, California White Pine, Southern Hardwoods, Oak Flooring and other Long-Bell trade-marked lumber products, are being carried out in the manufacture of fir. Buyers of Fir lumber and timbers will find maximum value in material bearing the Long-Bell trade-mark on the end of the piece.

Beautiful Oak Floors

Floor value in the modern small home is important. Oak flooring is popular because of its beauty. *Carefully manufactured* oak flooring, however, must be used if the builder desires permanently satisfactory floors. Long-Bell trade-marked Oak Flooring is carefully manufactured. It is economical to lay and finish and gives beauty and durability to the home. A valuable booklet, "The Perfect Floor," will be mailed on request.

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Long-Bell all-white-pine doors, made throughout of California White Pine, give universal satisfaction. They are beautiful in appearance—take any finish—do not check or split—and cost less to fit, mortise and hang. Ask your lumber dealer.

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All Long-Bell timbers are made on special order. From the selection of the tree to the finished product, every attention in manufacture is centered on the purpose for which the timber is to be used. For many years Long-Bell trade-marked timbers have been used in railroad and industrial construction. Long experience enables us to supply timbers of dependable quality, an important consideration for every buyer.

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Quite as essential, when a family's investment must be protected, is the *permanence* of these things in a home.

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From the felling of a tree to the finished product, Long-Bell manufacture is intent on the one aim of putting maximum building value into lumber. Every possible safeguard in production assures this value.

Lumber so carefully manufactured has the trade-mark "Long-Bell" on the end of the piece, not only as a means of identification, but as a signature of one of the world's largest lumber manufacturers on a product it has *made for the satisfaction of the user*.

Your lumber dealer knows the value of Long-Bell lumber products. Consult with him about your plans and have the benefit of his counsel in the important matter of selecting the quality of lumber that will build permanence into *your* new home.

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Begin whole wheat today!

That extra energy!
And precious golden years!

Wheatena has a wonderfully delicious, rich, whole-wheat flavor. Millions eat it for its goodness every day. And every day, this substantial nourishing food is also sending perfect nourishment to every muscle, bone and tissue, helping Nature to give extra energy for work or play, and to add golden years to their lives.

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Wheatena

Out of the wheat field cometh strength!

(Continued from Page 158

of creature; and, indeed, though I looked very closely about, I saw no wild life on the island except for some inconsequential little crabs that were scuffling in the grass. No one was in the bungalows. I came upon the sailboat on the shore at the easterly end of the island. It was a large and heavy vessel, all of eighteen feet in length, and when I strove to move it I saw that it was beyond my power. I understand perfectly the principles upon which the operation of sailing craft depends; but I had never undertaken to navigate such a vessel before, and had I succeeded in launching it, I should have been rash to intrust myself to it upon the deep.

I was still absorbed in my efforts to launch this craft when I saw that a large motorboat had clewed up—if I have the nautical term aright—to my pier and was discharging part of its personnel. Even as I gazed, it cast away from the landing and sailed out of my basin for its other ports of call. I returned rapidly to the vicinity of the basin and saw there five gentlemen of eminently respectable appearance, and among them my late employer of Greenwich Street.

"Good morning, Mr. Beakes, sir," said I with obvious pleasure. "Welcome to my island, sir."

He looked at me sharply, lowered his brows and had even a sharper look, and then he felt hurriedly about his person for his snuffbox. He took a very large pinch of snuff, removing his eyes from me for not an instant, and then, subsequent to a loud sneeze, he said, "Well, I'll be jiggered! It's Arthur!"

"Arthur it is, sir," said I affably. "And very glad to see you indeed, sir. Would you care to step up to my house, sir?"

"Your house?" he said, not precisely in the way of congratulation; and he turned to the other gentlemen and said in a doleful tone, "Something is wrong here."

"Is this Mr. Shalcross?" said one of them.

"Arthur is the name, sir," said I genially. "I am the owner of Hermit Island. Would you care to step up to the house, sir, and have a look about from the observation deck? The view is charming I do assure you. No trouble to show it, sir; no necessity to buy, sir."

"But that's just what we came here for," said Mr. Beakes, evidencing excitement. "We came here to buy the place."

"What seems to be the difficulty?" said another of the group.

"I don't know," said Mr. Beakes, moving his arms about; "but I know this fellow. He has a perfect genius for balling things up. I don't know how he got wind of the fact that this place was for sale. That broker must have talked out of his turn."

"Do you own this place now?" said someone.

"I've been led to believe so, sir," said I with natural diffidence. "A Mr. Harry Shalcross was here yesterday with Counselor Faunce, and I gathered that they were selling the island to me. That was my impression, sir."

"Did you put up your money?"

"Five thousand dollars, sir."

"You may keep it," said the gentleman in question, turning his face stonily away. "Don't tell me, Beakes—I understand this thing perfectly. The broker told us what the inside price was, and we said we'd take it if it stood inspection, and this clever party rushed in and grabbed it, thinking he would hold us up for a raise. I say, not a ten-cent piece. I might have gone a little higher under other circumstances, but now I say sixty thousand dollars is the absolute limit. Let him keep it, now that he's been so clever. Let him grow cranberries on it. He'll never sell it to anybody else than us in God's world. No, no, I'm all through. When does that boat come back?"

"But, sir!" I said with humiliation. "I do assure you that I did not know you were seeking to buy the property. I supposed from the literature that I read in Mr. Beakes' office that Hermit Island was a summer resort, and I came here for rest and recreation. And I am quite positive that Mr. Harry Shalcross did not think himself a party to an attempt to forestall you. He could not have heard from his broker, or surely he would not have consented to sell me the island for twelve thousand dollars."

"Twelve thousand dollars!" they exclaimed unitedly.

"You've put your foot in it, Merriman," said another to the gentleman who had spoken at some length.

"Let me handle this," said Mr. Beakes with an impressive air of authority. "Let's look the property over first and see if we want it at all. Come on up to the house."

They yielded to his intercession, and after a cursory survey of my residence, they disposed themselves about in the living room. It was my impression that they were familiar with the island from past experience and wished to acquaint themselves with the house.

"Now, Arthur," said Mr. Beakes, speaking rather muffledly because of the firmness with which he held his nose within the folds of his red handkerchief, "you've acted like a contemptible sharper, and if I didn't know you I wouldn't talk to you over the long-distance."

"Sorry, sir," said I, quite abased by his rebuke.

"You see before you," said he with more clarity, "a committee representing the Great South Bay Gun Club. We've been negotiating through a broker to buy this island, proposing to use it as a shooting lodge. There are other islands, Arthur, and we haven't got to have this one; but it would suit us very well. It's got a good house, and it's got a nice piece of fresh swamp, and we like it. Perhaps you know it's one of the best spots for ducks and geese on the whole south shore."

"I've seen thousands right here," said someone.

"There's no question about the shooting," added another. "If it was corned in the fall ——"

I was naturally anxious to make a sale, but I would not have them deceive themselves.

"Gentlemen," I said with acute disappointment, "I regret to tell you that there are no ducks and geese upon the island whatsoever. You have been shamefully misled. Counselor Faunce spoke to me in similar vein, making false representations such as have evidently been made to you; but I had a look about first, and I am sorry to tell you there is not so much as an edible sparrow hereabouts."

"We'll take our chances on finding them," said Mr. Beakes, with incredible wrong-headedness for a man who had made a measurable success in business. "It's good of you to tell us, though, Arthur. Now how much do you want for this place?"

"For you, Mr. Beakes," said I, "there is no such thing as price. You may have Hermit Island for anything you care to pay."

"Will you take fifty thousand, in spite of what you've heard Merriman say?"

"Perfectly agreeable, sir," said I; and, indeed, my expression was not all politeness. The prospect of making a profit of some thirty-eight thousand dollars was agreeable, highly so.

"It's a deal," said he; and they arose and stood about me, and said that it was a pleasure to do business with me.

Mr. Beakes has been sportsmanlike and has indulged in no recrimination, though I know he must have been sorely put out on discovering that I had told him the absolute truth about Hermit Island. We went aboard the motorboat when it returned and we signed papers in a lawyer's office in New York before nightfall.

Mr. Beakes, acting from motives that, I think I may say without unkindness, did more credit to his heart than to his head, refused to intrust the proceeds of the sale to me and insisted upon investing the entire sum in an annuity. It pays me about two hundred and fifty dollars a month, and I live very comfortably on it. I have, in fact, odd sums every month to invest in speculative securities in Wall Street. My success in this new field has not been quite what I could wish; I have lost with a regularity approaching monotony. My brokers have suggested to me that if I could enlarge my operations by investing greater sums, my chances would improve. I have passed the suggestion on to Mr. Beakes, who has some manner of control over the annuity, but he does not seem adequately impressed. It is his custom when so approached, to take snuff and to sneeze and to glare at me with the greatest animosity and until I explain that I was not utterly serious.

He is fond of a joke. One of his best is to invite me down to Hermit Island for the shooting. He is dry—oh, very!

"Ha-ha—very neat, that!" I say invariably, seeking to cheer him by a pretense of merriment. "But it is sporting of you, sir—it is, decidedly."

EVERYTHING DEPENDED ON WHAT SHE FOUND

Suddenly and without warning it had come!

IN THE brief space of half an hour, a happy little family of three was reduced to a grieving one of two.

"His girls," he had always called them. And now he was called away, without so much as a good-bye kiss. There they were, mother and daughter, with the great big world to face together. The situation was all so new. But—they must go on.

How were they fixed? How had he provided for them? Bills were coming in as usual. And bills must be met. Then, the inventory that every widow knows so well. That tense ordeal of search and examination. Everything depended upon what she found among his papers. Everything!

* * * * *

That's the wonderful thing about insurance. The safeness of it. The peace of mind. The knowledge that money worries need not be added to grief over the loss of a loved one.

Consult the Phoenix Mutual representative. A man who by character and special education is competent to advise the form and the amount of protection needed. Don't leave so vital a matter to chance decisions. Talk to him as you would talk to your family physician or your lawyer. And do it now!

Among the many forms of insurance arranged by the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company are policies which pay a fixed and sure income to wife or daughter, or both, as long as they live. What a comfort to leave such protection as that—especially to women untrained in the handling of funds.

But only a trained insurance specialist can advise you as to the particular insurance you should have.

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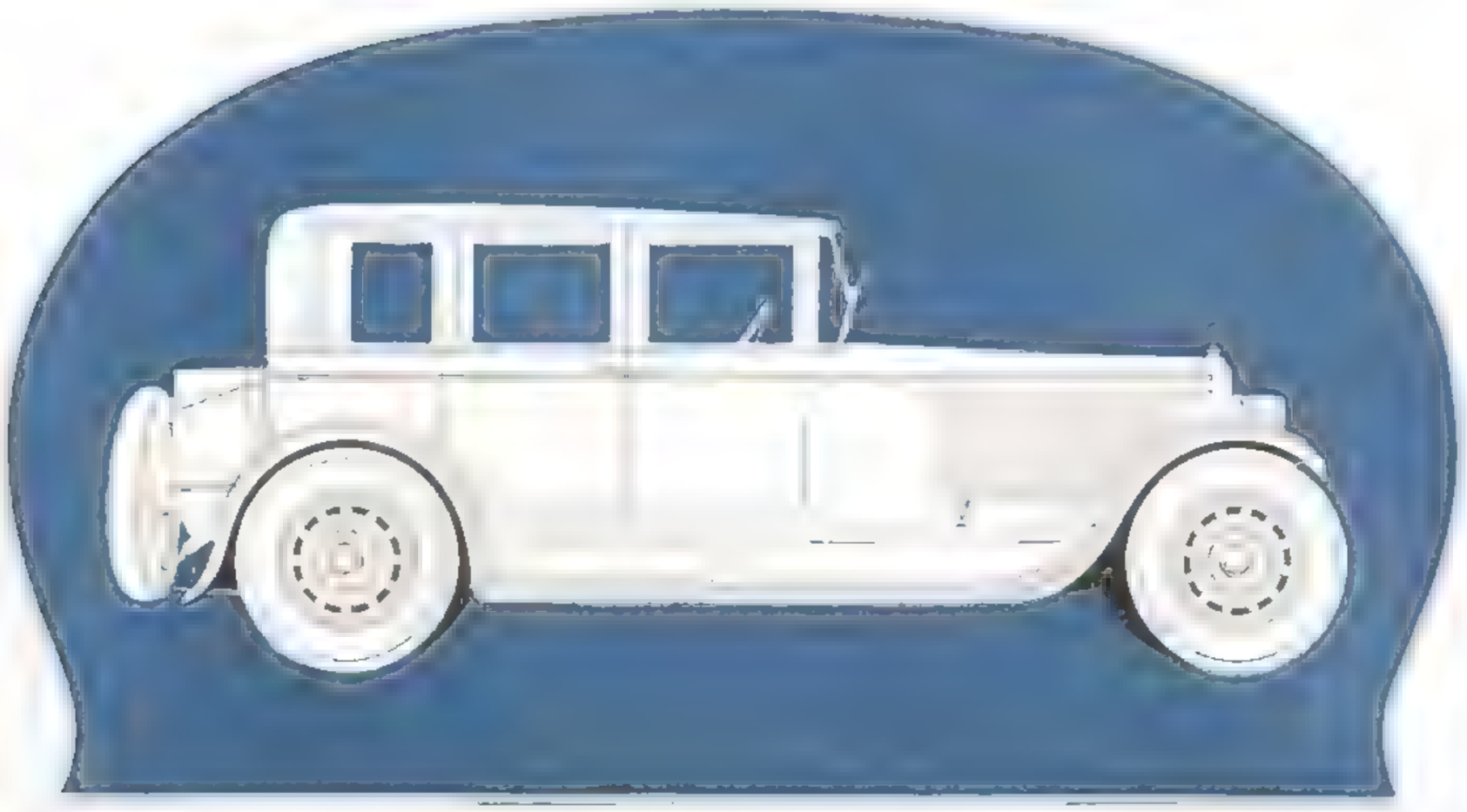

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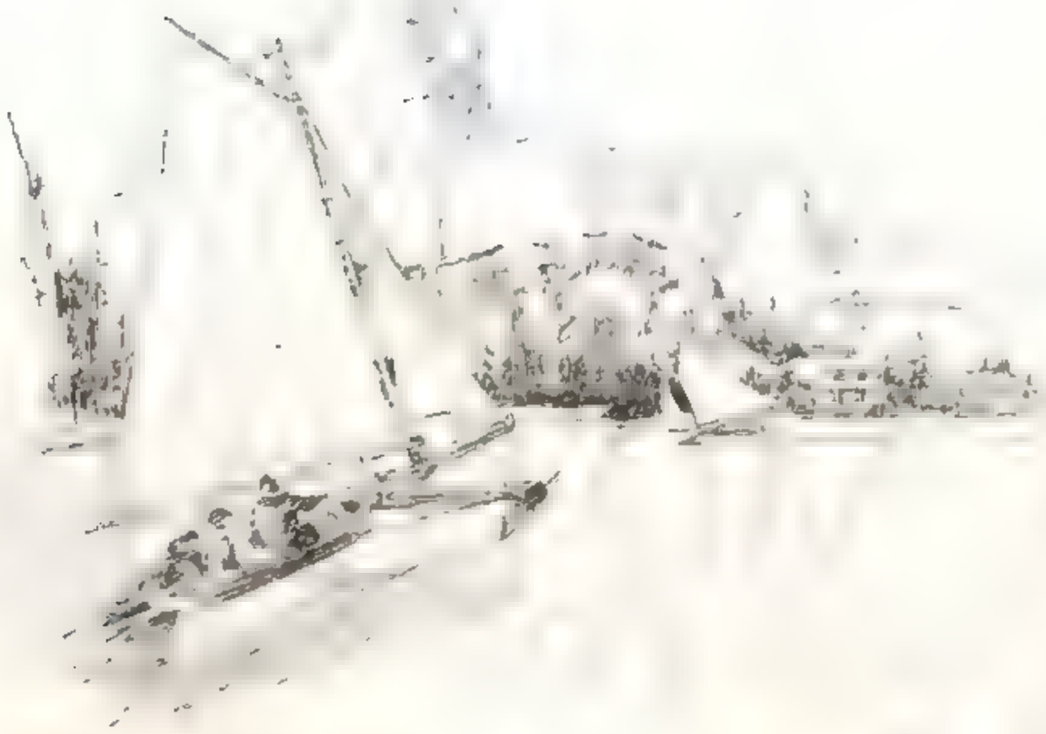

A charming somebody in a white fox coat—the sparkle of sunlight on a solid silver lake—a flying flake of whirring white—hours of tingling, exhilarating joy—a great fire waiting—and the day not over yet.

JORDAN

WHAT A DEMAGOGUE KNOWS

(Continued from Page 29

certain very difficult political and economic questions have been raised as to how, when and if it shall be paid—and there I stop, much to his relief. I stop because it is evident, first, that I am making him uncomfortable; second, that to his mind the subject of war debts is astronomical; and third—this is the point—that it is impossible for me to state the complete problem in terms of his comprehension. It need not be a question of capacity. Simply, no economic understanding had ever been put into him. No astronomical understanding either, you say. Of course not. But the difference is that an economic problem becomes political, and this average man to whose mind the terms are incomprehensible is in our scheme a sovereign political unit. He may have to vote on it, yes or no."

"Yes. In the Dark Ages what?"

"In the Dark Ages the affairs of the world presented a very simple aspect to the average mind. People got born, grew up, reproduced themselves, waxed old and died where they were born, in the faith they were born with, or else they were hanged. Plagues and visitations for their sins. A king's war now and then. Another crusade to rescue the tomb. Everybody knew what to believe. Everybody could conceive what was going on and relate himself to it emotionally. But now—well, you said it yourself. There is no subject so simple but it takes two columns of fine print to bound the facts. In one issue of a newspaper there are more facts to be dealt with than the average man of the Dark Ages encountered in a lifetime. It is too much. He still has to get born, grow up, reproduce himself, wax old and die. All this natural business of becoming, being and discontinuing takes as much time as ever. No ordinary man has enough over to keep up with the amazing cumulative complexities of the modern world.

"There is more news than he can read. There are more new ideas than he can assimilate. New knowledge pursues and overwhelms him. Much of it is in debate. Experts contradict one another. What shall he believe? Forces of which he has no conception, much less understanding, touch him all around; the imponderable forces of inflation and deflation, for example. They affect his welfare, even alter his way of living, and he does not understand them. What it is that happens is as mysterious as the plague and cannot be so naïvely explained. He knows it is not a supernatural visitation. But what is it? You need a mind trained in economics to understand the processes of inflation and deflation."

Man's Race With Progress

"I'm thinking," said the public man whose mind has an imperious way with facts. "My grandfather never went to school. My father went to school four years. I went to school eleven years. My boy will be at school seventeen years. Yet I wonder. After seventeen years at school, will my boy be generally as competent to act upon his environment as his great grandfather was without having gone to school at all? I doubt it."

What shall one know?

How shall one know it?

Each day it is more difficult to say, because each day there is so much more to know, to believe and to disbelieve. The capacity of the human mind to receive impressions, so far as we know, is constant. It probably has not changed in five thousand years. Yet in one lifetime the size of a newspaper has increased tenfold. That is only one form of the daily demand upon the faculty of attention. The mind is obliged to defend itself. It cannot give everything due attention. Hence specialization. Hence also the headlong flight from the confusion of facts into caves of refuge—movies, fiction, radio, jazz.

Three hundred years ago a man might say, "I take all knowledge to be my province." One who would say that today would be laughed at, even by the ignorant. The body of knowledge is so great, so rapidly augmenting, that the most powerful mind may hope to master only one small department of science. As to all that exists outside his own ambit, he is obliged to take other people's conclusions for granted. He will not have time to verify them by research or experiment. Thus the economist must take his biology on faith and the biologist his economics on faith; and having done so, each may be disgusted suddenly to discover that a third, one-half, perhaps the fundamental part of what he has taken on faith is said to have been made obsolete by new knowledge. Has it? Under the load of new knowledge every department of science is continually breaking down into smaller departments, each with a literature, a language and a dogma of its own.

Knowledge has increased faster than wisdom, and far beyond it, since there is no positive evidence that the sum of human wisdom has increased at all.

Knowledge has transformed the environment of life in an amazing manner, suddenly. Within that environment, what is living toward? What is it about? There is no time to inquire. Each day new magnitudes, new velocities, original things, changed ways with old things, and in consequence unforeseen problems. Never was so much living without experience.

Lack of Economic Understanding

The works of new knowledge are mainly physical, tending to multiply the earthly wants of mankind and providing at the same time the ingenious means whereby they may be satisfied. From this it follows that our most imperative problems are of an economic character. Hence the importance of economic understanding. Without it the individual member of a society primarily concerned, as all modern society is, with the production and distribution of wealth is as the leaf of a tree, sustained by a principle of reciprocation he cannot comprehend, contributing that which he can neither weigh nor measure rightly because he does not know how a tree lives. He differs from the leaf wherein he is a political person with the potential power collectively to wreck what he does not understand—namely, the tree as a whole.

And what is the case? The case is that economic understanding is rare. There is not enough of it in the whole world to solve the major problems. It is rare notwithstanding the fact, perhaps precisely because of the fact, that the materials of economic knowledge have been widely disseminated. And no kind of knowledge has been more garbled in dissemination. It is as if a language, incomplete to begin with, had been broken into fragments and cast over the world, with no common grammar. Everybody has a little of it, and makes the sense to suit the case. You have only to listen. In every serious discussion or statement touching the weal of people, their way of living, man's relation to wealth, economic understanding is implied or asserted; but the conclusions thereby supported may be anarchistic, communistic, socialistic, capitalistic.

What was said of new knowledge in general in relation to wisdom may be said in another way here. Economic knowledge, the mere matter of it, has increased much faster than economic experience on the present scale and plan of human circumstance. That is why economic understanding is so rare.

Those, like the public man in the introduction, who find themselves frustrated in the effort to expound economic truth upon a symmetry of facts, complain of the average man that he is inattentive, that he will not stop to hear the facts, that he is more easily moved by a bald assertion parallel to his prejudices than made to reflect upon the data; and that having learned for the sake of his livelihood to use his mind in a logical manner in a specialized way, he will not take the trouble to train it in like manner upon those economic problems which concern him deeply.

Clearly it is more important that people should be commonly equipped with economic understanding than that anybody should know everything, which is impossible; much more important that the mechanician should have it than that the professional economist should understand the principle of an internal-combustion engine. There is no political awkwardness in the fact that a professional economist has no mechanical skill, but there is a significant dilemma in the fact that the mechanician may have no economic understanding, for he is a coequal political person, with power of yes and no over things he does not comprehend. When the professional economist takes his car to the garage he says, "Fix it," and leaves the rest to specialized ability; but if it is an important public question in the domain of economics to be settled, that must be referred to the mechanician

Grant what ought to be. In the modern state of society economic understanding ought to be universal, like arithmetic; and as between those economic principles which stand proved in experience and all that vast body of economic theory which is unproved, there ought to be the same distinction that exists between arithmetic and speculative mathematics.

But now regard it from the average man's point of difficulty. He may suppose, to begin with, that there is a science of economics. That is forbidding enough. But if you speak of the science of economics, what do you mean? Economics of what? History, morals, government, revolution, banking, industry, prohibition? It is a word of dispersed meaning, like "technology," only more so. Generally it signifies a certain aspect of things and events. Almost nothing that is or happens is devoid of this aspect. The Crusades had a tremendous economic phase, though probably nobody was aware of it at the time. The arrival of a consignment of gold at the port of New York is recognized at once as a financial event, primarily economic; but the arrival of a celebrated singer by the same ship, obviously an artistic event, has also an economic aspect.

Well, suppose when the average man has made out there is nowhere one delimited science of economics, but a series of economic sciences, that he presses on. Suppose he has the good judgment to pass by various schools of economic thought, each one plausibly proclaiming itself to be the last anointed. Suppose he says to them, "You represent theory and dogma. I may examine them later. The ground principles, the arithmetic of the subject—that is what I want first."

Things as They Are

Suppose all this, and what will he find at last? He will find that the business of the world is governed by principles, axioms and systematic ideas derived and rationalized from specialized experience. Based upon these principles, axioms and ideas, he will find a series of imponderable mechanisms, such as banking, and he will discover that these mechanisms are operated, tended, repaired and generally kept going by men, like the mechanician in the garage, who have specialized their minds.

Those who conduct the banking mechanism, for example, know the principles of banking exactly as the mechanician knows the principles of an internal-combustion engine, not by deduction from scientific theory, but in a practical way. It is the trade by which they live—an extremely complicated trade—and they have learned it by apprenticeship, by working at it, by experience, by intelligently observing the repetition of phenomena. Any of them might have been mechanicians or engineers instead; in that case they would probably know nothing at all about banking

And he will realize—your average man in search of economic understanding—that in order adequately to comprehend what happens to him in his daily living, the rise and fall of prices, unemployment, the meaning of what appears in his wage envelope and how that division of product has been arrived at—to comprehend these few commonplace experiences he will need to know the functions of gold, the principles of banking, the uses of credit, the difference between fixed and liquid capital, the elements of statistical method, the forces of speculation, cost accounting, the laws of production, the laws of interest, depreciation, rent and amortization. All these things not as they ought to be ideally but as they are. And then to be able to act intelligently as a political person upon public questions, in which things are taken either as they are or as they ought to be, or in both respects at once, with no precise distinction, he will need to know much more than the outline of various economic sciences—economic history, economic theory, the sciences of social economics. If you suppose that he persists and does all

(Continued on Page 165)

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(Continued from Page 163)

this, the example fails by becoming nonexistent, for in that case he ceases to be an average man. He is presently one of the few, anxiously wondering by what means economic understanding may be impressed upon the average man.

Certainly it is too much. The length of a day is arbitrary and inextensible; mental energy is a precious quantity; the average man is any of us; and the economic problems of the world not only multiply in number by something like the rule of three: they are of manifold complexity. The only way is the way we go.

The capacity of the mind probably cannot be enlarged at all. We do not know. But its power may be intensified with astonishing results by delimiting the field. That means specialization. To know something about everything is to know nothing, really. To know all about something is to be efficient.

It is not only science that is continually breaking down into smaller departments. The same is true of the professions, the applied arts, even the trades. Specialization of thought, of research, of experimentation, of artisanship; specialization of the mind and of the hand—it is all the same thing. It is a method, and it works. Without the method of specialization, all this new environment in which we live, knowledge notwithstanding, would instantly collapse.

Economically it works. Politically, as concerning the people's business, the method is rejected. The distinction between economic and political problems is partial or unreal. There is no economic problem that is not also in some degrees political, and no political problem that has not also an economic aspect. Yet the atmosphere of government is hostile to specialization, to the idea of it, to any form of thought in fact which cannot be expressed in the common language. Secretary Hughes has recently said what every thoughtful person knows to be so. The great difficulty with democratic institutions is to secure free play for expert ability.

This difficulty does not diminish with the growth of knowledge. On the contrary, as knowledge increases in sum and complexity, it seems only to become more grotesque. For observe that although the language of knowledge tends more and more to be alien, and although the most urgent problems are economic and require for their solution the understanding of specialized minds, yet the language of the demagogue is as simple today as it was in the time of Jack Cade.

Expert and Demagogue

The expert does not sell his facts. The more he knows the less dogmatic, the more cautious he is, since an essential part of his knowledge consists in knowing where the known ends and the unknown begins. You will seldom be able to make him answer the most elementary question yes or no, without some qualification, or if, or that is to say. He is like the pilot taking a big ship out of a crowded harbor. He looks directly at nothing. He seems always a little uncertain, as if he were groping, not seeing clearly, whereas it is only that he sees much more than you can see. His decisions when they come are abrupt and final and at length by many ifs and deviations he brings her safely to the open sea.

The demagogue would say, "Where's the mystery about that? All you do is back her up, point her nose downstream, toot the horn and give her steam."

Whatever else, the demagogue is positive. He is not embarrassed by many facts. His stock of them is light and selected for his purpose. He has the extraordinary advantage of being able to make a complex matter seem as lucid as a sawbuck. He gives it clarity, simplicity and strong edges. It may not be his intention to represent it falsely. He may not know any better. But neither do his followers know any better; and the difficulty of telling them better is that in place of the homely sawbuck you have to set up a complicated idea for which there is no associative symbol in their experience. If the state of their knowledge is such that they are unable to see anything wrong in the demagogue's representation, it is certain they will be unable to decide whether your complicated structure of facts is right or wrong. And if they cannot decide, what will they do? Naturally they will hold fast to the sawbuck. That they can understand. Besides, they wish it to be a sawbuck. They are prejudiced that way. Moreover, you are not so positive as the demagogue. You confess doubts and make ifs and leave much in suspense. People are straightforward. They want to know what's what. They want a man to be sure. Then it seems he knows what he is talking about.

Take the matter of freight rates. A railroad freight rate is what is paid to get a certain weight of a certain thing hauled by rail from this place to that. But it is a great deal more if you begin to puzzle your mind about it. How does it happen to be what it is—just that? Why is it more for one kind of thing than for the same weight of another kind of thing in the same direction between the same two places by the same road? Is it too high or too low? By what scale of comparison shall its highness or lowness be determined? And who pays it—the producer or the consumer?

These are rudimentary questions. But consider what an amount of specialized knowledge and experience it would take to answer them. The last one—who pays the freight?—you might take to be the easiest one of all to answer. Well, but the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, who have nothing else to do and have studied this one question particularly, cannot say yet who pays the freight. They are divided in their opinions, which is to say the commission as a whole is in doubt. And this is important, because the farmers are moving politically to get freight rates reduced by law, thinking thereby to get more for their produce. That is to say, they think they pay the freight.

Not So Simple

The demagogue tells them so. He knows. He knows more than the Interstate Commerce Commission. He proves it simply.

"Everybody knows," he says, "that the price of wheat on the farm in North Dakota is the Minneapolis price, less the freight."

And from this it is supposed to be proved. But if you merely reverse the form of the statement and say the price of wheat at Minneapolis is the price on the farm plus the freight rate, the whole question is open. The controversy is chronic, waxing very hot at times, with always the possibility of grave political consequences.

Would a reduction of freight rates increase the farm price of agricultural commodities? Would the farmer get more for his wheat if the railroads hauled it for less?

That ought to be an answerable question. The fact is we have not enough economic wisdom among us to answer it positively. Experience might tell, only it is very hard to bring the pure experience to pass, because always so many other factors come in. Last spring the Interstate Commerce Commission entertained an application from agricultural shippers for a horizontal reduction of grain rates.

Grain prices were very low, there was much unhappiness and economic distress for that reason, and the farmers believed what the demagogue said—that if freight rates were reduced they would get more for their grain.

Several of the railroad executives were for granting the lower rates as an experiment, to prove once for all that lower rates would not increase the farmer's price; but they were voted down by the other executives, who feared the lesson would be too costly; and the Interstate Commerce Commission, for reasons of its own, declined to make lower rates. Afterward, with rates as they had been, grain prices advanced in a theatrical manner, owing to a combination of economic circumstances, some of them obscure. But of course if freight rates had been reduced, the demagogue would have said and the farmer would have believed that from that cause alone prices rose.

This is all to show how complicated and full of difficulty such matters are. But the demagogue is never perplexed. How clear he makes it! He says to the farmer:

"When you take your wheat to the local elevator, what does the man do? He looks at the Minneapolis price, deducts from that the freight rate and gives you the difference. Who pays the freight? Don't let the predatory Wall Street bloc fool you with this idea about the consumer paying the freight. You know who pays it!"

Two pictures, one fact and a subtle device of flattery all in one verbal design. The farmer sees himself at the elevator selling his wheat, and he sees whatever image it is his imagination has fixed as a symbol of the predatory Wall Street bloc—perhaps a

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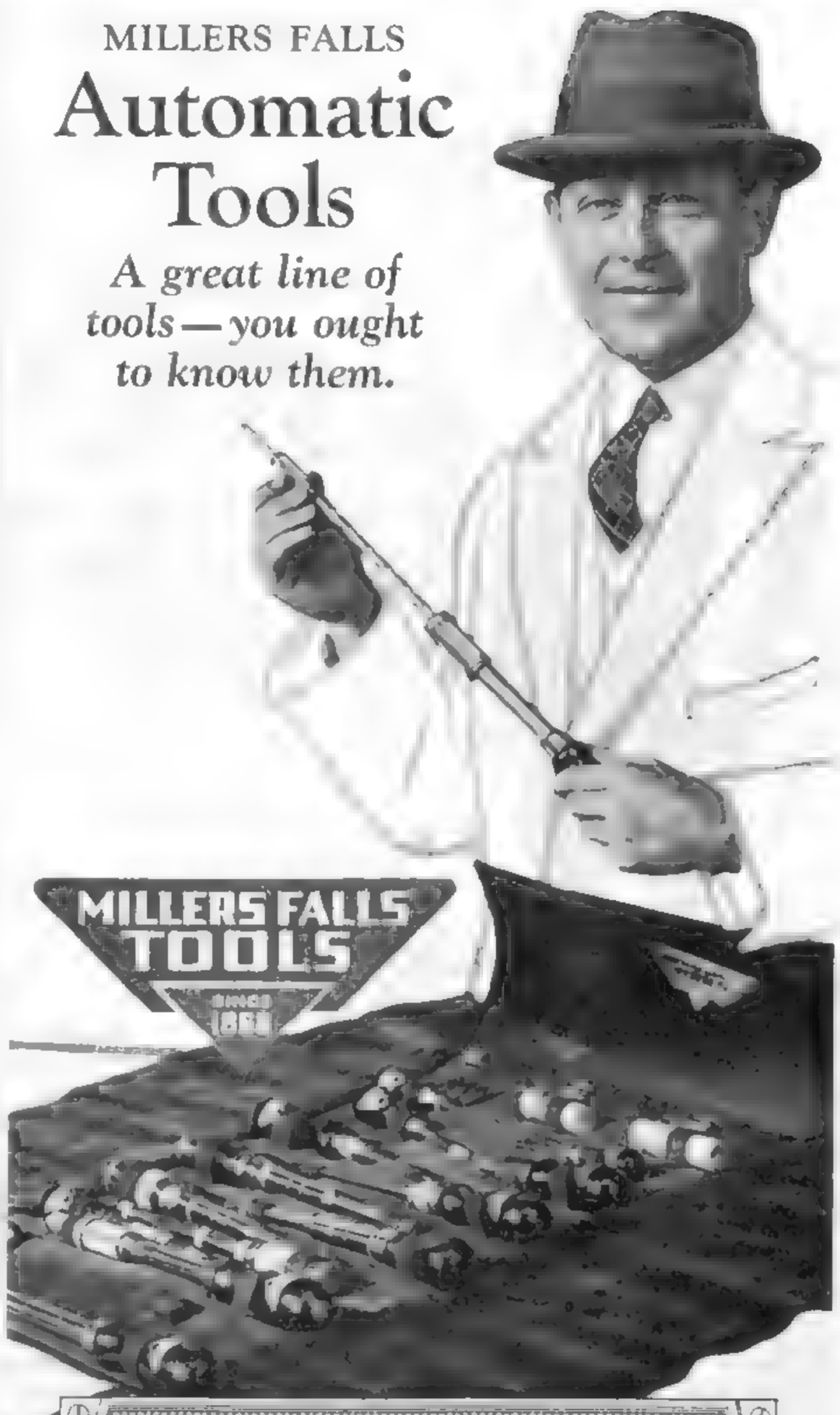

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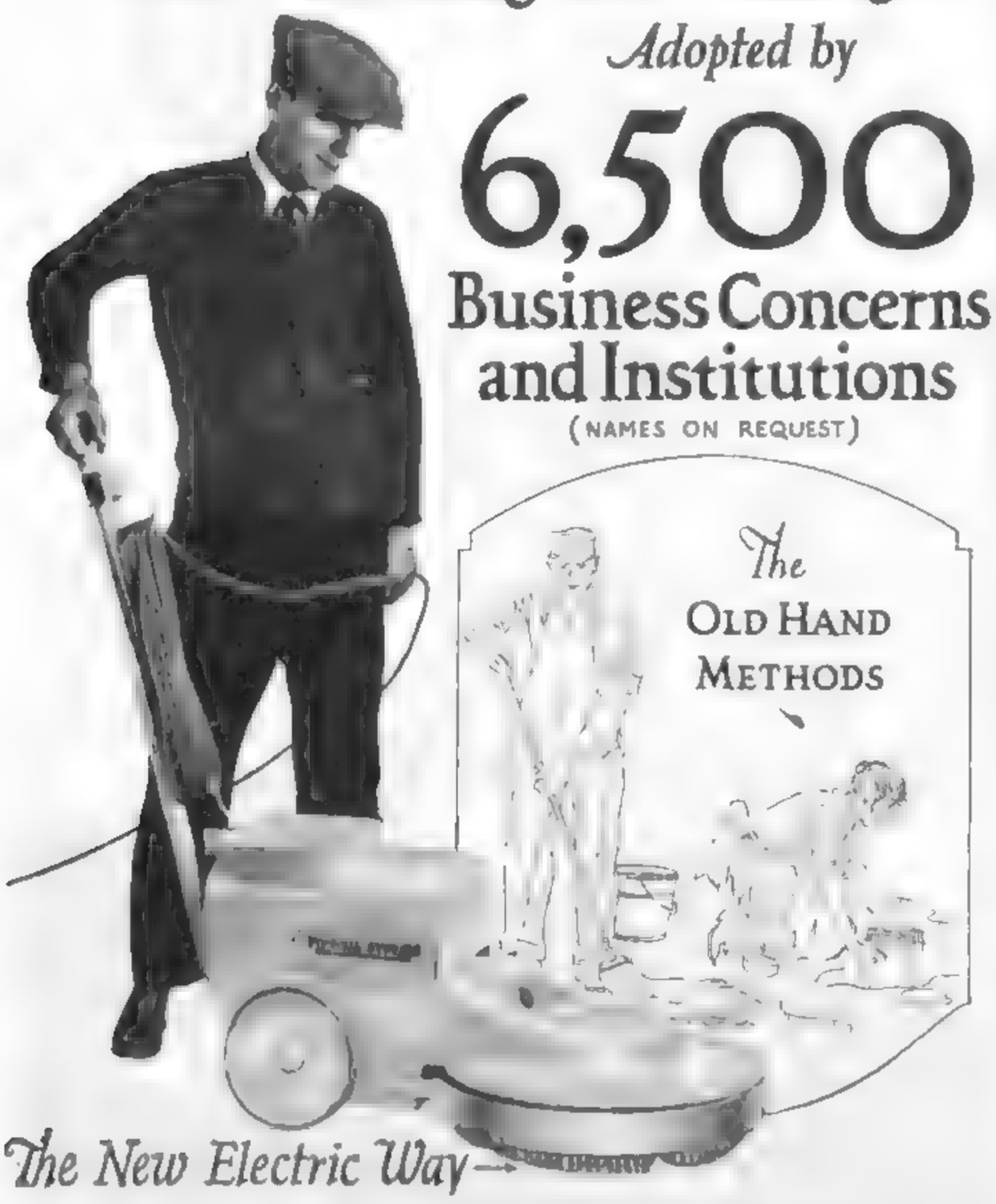

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group of men in the form of swine with distorted human heads, wearing clothes covered with dollar marks, their feet on the Capitol dome. The one fact is that the elevator man does look at the Minneapolis price, deduct the freight rate and pay the farmer the difference. That does not prove anything. The flattery comes at the end, as flattery should. "You know," says the demagogue.

Another instance, this also in the field of economics. There is a Federal law, called the Transportation Act, which says that the railroads are entitled to a fair return on the value of their property and that the Interstate Commerce Commission shall decree rates with that end in view. The Interstate Commerce Commission has decided that 5.75 per cent is a fair return. If a railroad earns more than 6 per cent, it has to surrender the excess. One-half must go to a reserve fund which the railroad is obliged to set up under government supervision; the other half is paid directly to the Government for purposes of a general emergency fund. Now the farmers' demagogue, seeking always some plausible argument for bringing Federal aid to agriculture, first makes an interpretation of this arrangement which is subtly false and then applies it as an irritant to the farmers' gloomy discontent. He says, "The Government guarantees a profit to the railroads. It refuses to guarantee a profit to the farmer. Why?"

Perfectly simple. Everybody gets it. A false statement, an idea, a mental picture, one fact and a sinister inflection in eighteen words and one interrogation mark. The one fact is that the Government does refuse to guarantee the farmer a profit. The false statement is that it guarantees the railroads a profit. The idea is that what it can do for the railroads it can and ought to do for the farmer. The mental picture represents the railroads receiving preferred treatment from a supine Government at the expense of the farmers. The sinister reflection is in the little word "Why?"

The Tiresome Truth

The mind of the Western farmer is thereby inflamed. Everywhere you hear it. The Government guarantees the railroads a profit. Why shouldn't it do as much for the farmer? Whatever argument you bring to bear against price fixing by the Government for the farmers' benefit, or against the McNary-Haugen Bill, which would oblige the Government to dispose of the farmers' surplus, or against any such scheme, is met by this dogged iteration—the Government guarantees the railroads a profit. Why shouldn't it do as much for the farmer?

Now, fancy yourself in opposition to the demagogue before an audience of average farmers. How will you meet his bald assertion to disprove it? You may say to begin with, it is not a fact that the Government guarantees the railroads a profit. That statement will be received with some interest. Denial is exciting. They wait for you to prove it. You are then confronted with the trial of laying down the premises of an economic thesis in the common language. You proceed, saying:

"In the first place, when we speak of profit it is important to know what we mean. Many books have been written to define profit. We have no time tonight to go into the nature and theory of profit. Let us for the present speak not of profit but of return—return on the investment. You know what that is. It is what you have left after having paid everything you owe. Now, it is true the law says the railroads are entitled to a fair return on the value of their property; it is true also that freight rates are governed in general by this policy. But that is not a guaranty; not as you understand it. You must know what happened before and why it was necessary to come to this arrangement. When the Government took control of railroad rates it took control also of railroad earnings. First Congress gave the Interstate Commerce Commission power to fix rates. Having done that, then of course it was necessary for the Government to say in some way what return the railroads were entitled to earn in order that the Interstate Commerce Commission should know how much to let them charge. Therefore, what you call a guaranty of profit is in fact a limitation of earnings. Instead of guaranteeing the railroads a profit, the Government sets a limit on what they may earn. Do you see the distinction? Suppose the Government in the same way said to the farmer ——"

What has happened to your audience? Most of it has vanished; what remains is suspicious, restless, pugnacious. The difference between profit and return is indefinite, perhaps imaginary. A profit is a return and a return may be a profit. Isn't that so? You admit it. Well then, as for the difference between a guaranty and a limitation, that is very subtle. You seem to them to have turned the thing upside down just to bother their minds. You have sophisticated an elementary fact. The Government says the railroads shall have a fair return, doesn't it? And sees to it, doesn't it? You admit it. Then, they say, let it do as much for the farmer.

Triumphant rude symbol of the sawbuck!

Dramatized Facts

They want the Government to make agriculture profitable by law. Therefore they want to believe it does this for the railroads, for that, if true, would justify their case.

Though he may have no economic understanding, the demagogue knows his business. This is a fact to bear reflection. He is a specialist. His art is to dramatize a few selected facts together with facts that are not so, load them with suggestion and take them down to where people live. He succeeds, and he has power because he intends his mind to this *mala-fide* purpose. He knows better than anyone else how to move the minds of others. This is a kind of knowledge, very important, older than astrology. Has science perhaps neglected it in a scientific age?

The language of scientific knowledge cannot be the common language. It becomes always more technical and harder to translate into the language by which we express our emotions, our prejudices, our intuitions, and generally contrive the felicities of existence. Nor is there any scientific method of translating it. Ignorance is relative. And because there is no scientific method of translation, human ignorance relatively to the sum of total knowledge tends in this day to increase.

This may be said not only of the hasty multitude; it is true also of the expert himself, for the language of scientific thought breaks into separate tongues. The expert seldom knows more than his own. One of the most brilliant minds this country has produced in the field of biology—one of the fields of biology—was infantile in the domain of economics and as easily moved emotionally by the words of the demagogue as the mind of an illiterate person with a vocabulary of only a few hundred words.

The demagogue as such is inextinguishable; the whole truth will not abide in him. But is there not a true principle in his method? Why not a science of demagogy?

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CIVIL AND COMMERCIAL AVIATION

(Continued from Page 14)

already laid plans for the watering of the arid regions, but instead of using sand they will use minute grass seeds, which, after they produce the rain, will fall to earth and grow luxurious meadows where thousands of cattle can graze. They also have figured out what the damages would be in case towns or bridges were washed out, and how this would be handled. Though this is far in the future it is well within the bounds of possibility.

A great deal has been done by the Air Service in the elimination of insect pests, particularly locusts. A remarkable instance of this happened last year in the Philippine Islands. The locusts, which had been feeding high up in the highlands of Mindanao, consumed all the verdure, and it was necessary for them to find new pastures to abate their hunger, so they descended in swarms on the fertile sugar-cane fields at lower altitudes. There were so many that they actually darkened the sky. The appearance of the fields after they had passed was pathetic. Where the tall cane had stood a few hours before, there was nothing left except little short stubs and tattered remnants.

Herding the Locusts

The Air Service sent a couple of planes and their crews with what is known as dusting equipment, which is a method of throwing out a solution of arsenic and other drugs into the air and down on the ground which, although poisonous to the locusts, does not affect the crops. Immediately millions of these locusts were killed. They were raked up in great heaps. They became so afraid of the airplanes that when they heard them they would fly away, and in this way many were driven into the sea and drowned. Aviators reported that they could actually be herded and driven in any given direction by the airplanes. Within a few days the pest was stopped.

Other instances have occurred where orchards which were being destroyed by insects have been entirely cleansed. So far, no adequate method has been found to eliminate the cotton boll weevil, for chemicals that kill the insects also injure the plant or are dangerous to animals and human beings.

The Air Service has been used extensively for medical control in certain places. Siam, for instance, has a very efficient air service, but is very deficient in land communications, so it has inaugurated an air-transport system throughout the kingdom. There are a great many poisonous snakes that take their toll of lives annually. In Bangkok a splendid Pasteur institute for the treatment of snake bites is maintained, and persons bitten by snakes or other poisonous reptiles are transferred there by air. All these lives would be lost if they relied on the ordinary ground or water transportation, as it is necessary to treat cases of this kind immediately. Airplane ambulances are being used more and more in all parts of the world.

A distinction has to be made between civil and commercial aviation. Civil aviation is the aviation that is used by the civil departments of the Government. This kind of aviation does not come into competition with the carriers on the ground, and therefore the expense as compared with railroad travel or ocean travel is on a different basis from strictly commercial aviation. Commercial aviation has, however, to compete on a basis of dollars and cents with existing carriers and, in order to be self-supporting, has to show a positive economic gain. It is just beginning to be realized by the people of our country what a marvelous thing our Air Mail Service has become. They now demand its expansion all over the country and, after that, will demand its expansion to other parts of the world. A service of this kind is especially valuable to the banker, as the time element is the one great cost burden on business transactions. Every added hour in the transit of articles adds to the cost of business in man hours of work, interest-carrying charges on commercial paper, and consequently in additional capital assets. As banking deals to a great extent with interest payments, and as interest depends on the time element, the shortening of the time of transportation from one place to another results in a very great saving. The establishment of a central gold fund and the flood of daily telegraphic clearances brought about by the Federal Reserve system worked such a change in banking methods as to reduce the clearance time by half, which means a daily release of 50 per cent of what is called the float, exceeding five hundred million dollars. It is figured that in the city of New York alone at least one billion dollars in capital is daily in transit in the form of checks

What has held up commercial aviation, of course, has been the great cost of operation and a lack of knowledge of the articles that can be carried profitably in the air.

Anywhere, Any Time

Our Post Office Service between New York and San Francisco has proved conclusively that a regular, safe and continuous service can be established and maintained in the air. Flying can be done both by night and by day on lines of this kind. High or low temperatures and bad weather do not prohibit the establishment of air lines. Airways, consequently, can be established virtually any place in the world. The New York Merchants Association believes that the air mail will cause an average saving in time of from twelve to fourteen hours from the cities doing a maximum amount of business with New York. It is said that Cheyenne, Wyoming, estimates a release of three hundred thousand dollars a day in float between that region and Chicago and New York, by cutting the time of the present mail deliveries in half. Kansas City has

PHOTO. BY U. S. ARMY AIR SERVICE PHOTO. SCHOOL

An Airplane "Dusting" a Field and Killing Locusts

May Breath Free

Mail coupon below

Here's sweet breath in your purse!

You carry scientific protection with you wherever you are, whenever you need it

—this new way

HERE is instant breath sweetness *when you need it* . . . . and you never know when that will be.

May Breath is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form; a scientific purifier, not a mere perfume for that only suggests concealment

You carry them with you wherever you go Let a single tablet dissolve in your mouth—that's all Your breath will breathe the fragrance of Maytime

A common offense

Bad breath is a universal offense.

The causes are many and hard to avoid

Certain foods cause it. Smoking is another cause decaying food in the mouth another, stomach disorders, etc

No one is immune. Few realize they have it Careful people guard against it This is fairness to themselves and their friends

. . . .

The object of May Breath is to provide *constant* protection that you can carry with you always

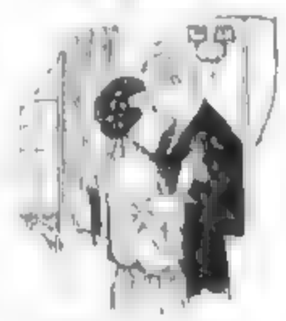
Now millions have thanked us for this new way. It comes in thin tin boxes that you carry with you. No matter what the cause of your bad breath—mouth, stomach, tobacco, food or drink—it corrects it

Never go to a dance, theatre, any social gathering never risk close contact with others, without first taking this simple precaution.

A box free

Let us give you a box to try. You will be delighted Simply use the coupon.

Cigar odors
Quell them before

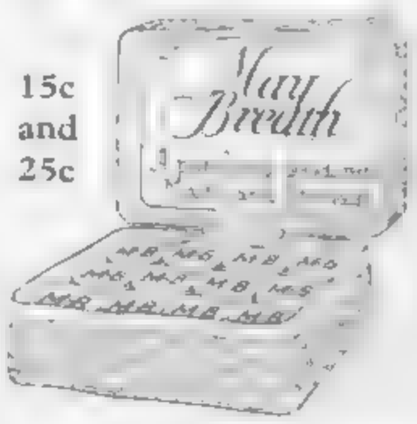


Home coming
Bring to every greet

Every word
Should carry pleasing odors with it

May Breath is now on sale in Canada

15c and 25c



M 142

Good for a Regular Size Box

Fill in your name, mail to address below for a regular size box of May Breath free

Name

Address

MAY BREATH COMPANY
1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Canadian Branch: 191 George St., Toronto
Only one box to a family

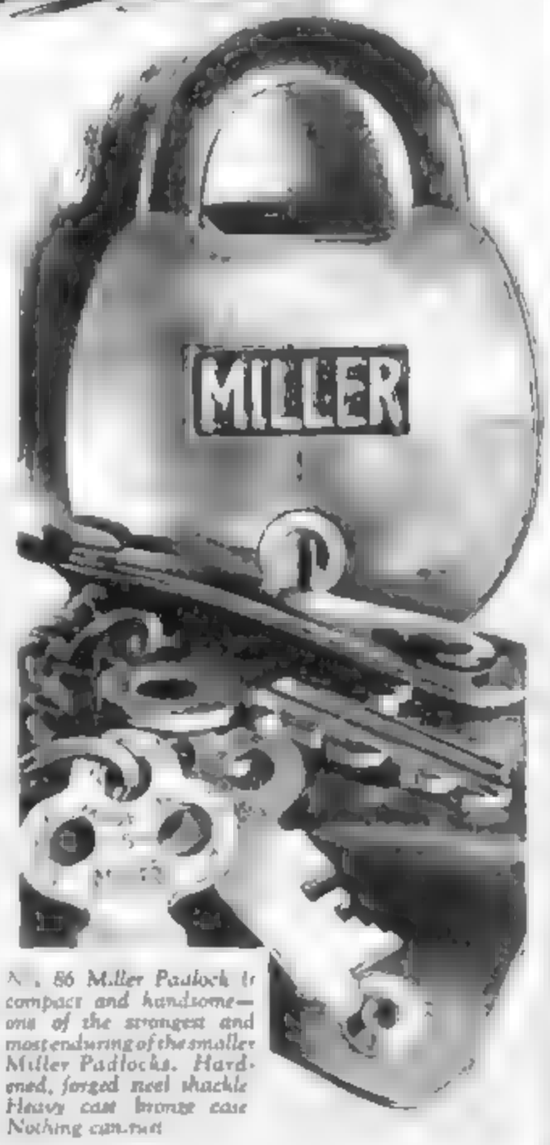
Snap a safe lock on that door for peace of mind!

WHEN you lock up your car—or any other property—you want to feel that it is protected from the careless as well as from the ill-intentioned.

Your possessions represent too many days of effort and labor to be left unguarded by any but a dependable padlock.

Your car, your tires, your tools, your golf clubs, your valued possessions can all be entrusted to the safe guardianship of Miller Padlocks, strong, well-made, dependable. If you want, you can have the further convenience of master-keyed sets, so that a single key will give you control over all the padlocks on your property, with separate keys for each individual lock.

When you buy Miller Locks from your dealer, we sincerely believe you get the most lock value that can be bought for the money.



No. 86 Miller Padlock is compact and handsome—one of the strongest and most enduring of the smaller Miller Padlocks. Hardened, forged steel shackle. Heavy cast bronze case. Nothing can rust

MILLER LOCK COMPANY
Established 1871
Padlocks—Night Latches—Cabinet Locks
Philadelphia, U. S. A

MILLER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
LOCKS

fifty-nine banks in the Tenth Federal Reserve District, with four thousand four hundred and sixteen banks with a business daily clearance of two million four hundred thousand dollars. Nearly 60 per cent of this business is with New York, Minneapolis, Denver and Dallas. Enumeration of these things can go on all over the country. I have mentioned them only enough to show the great saving that will accrue, due to air methods of transportation, in financial activities alone. Think of the result of an air mail service between the centers of population in Asia and America which will cut down the time from four or five weeks to from sixty to eighty hours!

All the existing air lines have used old war equipment or its immediate followers as their vehicles. No essentially new commercial aircraft have yet been developed. It is therefore very hard to figure out what the actual cost of air transportation is, because the value of the equipment, its deterioration and loss, have often been figured on the basis that it was of no further use to the Government, so it was either put down at a very low cost figure or was practically given away by the Government to be used by the operating companies.

Time Gains on Long Trips

It appears that it costs about as much to carry a pound of freight one mile in an airplane as to carry a ton of freight one mile in a train, or about two thousand to one. The tractive effort necessary to pull an airplane through the air is more than ten times as great per pound of gross weight as it is to pull a freight train on land. The train will coast on a 2 per cent grade whereas an airplane requires about a 20 per cent grade. The unit fuel cost is about ten times as great for the airplane, and this proportion may be even greater, because a locomotive burns very low-grade fuel, and an airplane very high-grade gasoline. The crew of a freight train, carrying hundreds of tons of freight, is five or six men; the crew of a weight-carrying airplane averages from one to one and a half men for each ton carried.

At the present time airplanes are no faster at distances less than five hundred miles than the existing railroad systems, with the time taken to and from the average airdrome, which is usually an hour's drive outside of a city, and the delays incident to embarking and debarking considered. If transportation terminals could be constructed where steamships could dock at wharves alongside of railroads and the whole place roofed over to make an airdrome for airplanes, this feature would be eliminated and the time shortened. Aërial transportation terminals will have to be constantly expanded as the demand grows. A night service for passengers between certain points is a necessity. A good instance is traffic between New York and Chicago. If airplanes flew only in the daytime there would be little saving, because it requires a night and part of a day at the present time on a railroad train, the daylight portion of the trip being almost as long as the time required by air. If, however, passengers could get into an airplane in New York in the evening and be in Chicago in the morning, ready for business at nine o'clock, the saving over railroad transportation would be very great. Night traffic is necessary for distances under from five to seven hundred miles, otherwise practical competition is difficult with existing land services. For over-water services these distances can be about halved, because steamers are slower.

As to carrying passengers, the cost appears to be anywhere from eighteen to seventy-five cents per passenger mile with full loads. Safety of operation along properly administered and installed airways is as great if not greater than for means of transportation on the ground. In military aviation there will always be a certain number of accidents, because the military service has to have the fastest pursuit ships, the greatest weight carriers for the bombers, and maximum performances of all sorts, which cut down the factors of safety. They have to act in large bodies where the danger of collision is always present. Military aviation is designed to inflict the greatest loss possible against the enemy, and the dangers incident to this have to be sustained. In commercial aviation, however, every measure has to be taken for the safety of the passengers and crews, so that already very great safety has been attained and the future promises to hold out still more. Most of the accidents to commercial aviation occur during storms or fogs. Instruments now make it possible to maintain safe flight through fogs. The radio telegraph warns of storms, so that either landings can be made or the storms avoided if they are too severe.

In speed the airplane excels and will continue to excel, in increasing proportion, all other means of transportation.

The development of strictly commercial types of aircraft will gradually cut the cost of operation and maintenance down. Experimentation along these lines, however, is very costly, and the governments have to take the initiative in order to demonstrate how these things can be brought about. In Europe a very heavy system of subsidizing is in vogue. They all operate somewhat along the following lines: If a company desires to go into the airplane-transportation business between two localities on the government airway, an investigation is made to find out if the company is a reliable one. Then the government assists the company by paying about half the price of the airplanes and equipment. This equipment is subject to government inspection frequently, to insure its being kept in good condition. Practically all types of airplanes used so far can be converted to military uses. Pilots and mechanics have to pass government inspection so as to insure the aircraft's being operated by reliable men. Companies get a certain subsidy for the number of pilots and mechanics they maintain. Last of all, they are guaranteed a certain net income per year, usually 5 per cent. If the profits are below this the government makes up the difference. If they are more than this, the companies keep what they make and the government pays nothing

A system of this kind not only develops commercial aviation but also helps to maintain the airway crews and equipment at only about half of the cost that the government would have to pay if it maintained them all itself. The underlying motive in these services is military, and the commercial part of it is entirely secondary.

Great nations, however, seeing the coming of air transportation in the future and knowing its potentialities, are laying plans for monopolizing this means of transportation.

In America no system for the development of commercial aviation has ever been developed. As only a few small airplane ventures pay, little has been done along that line as compared with the airplane lines for passengers and freight plying between London, Paris, Brussels, Berlin and other parts of Europe.

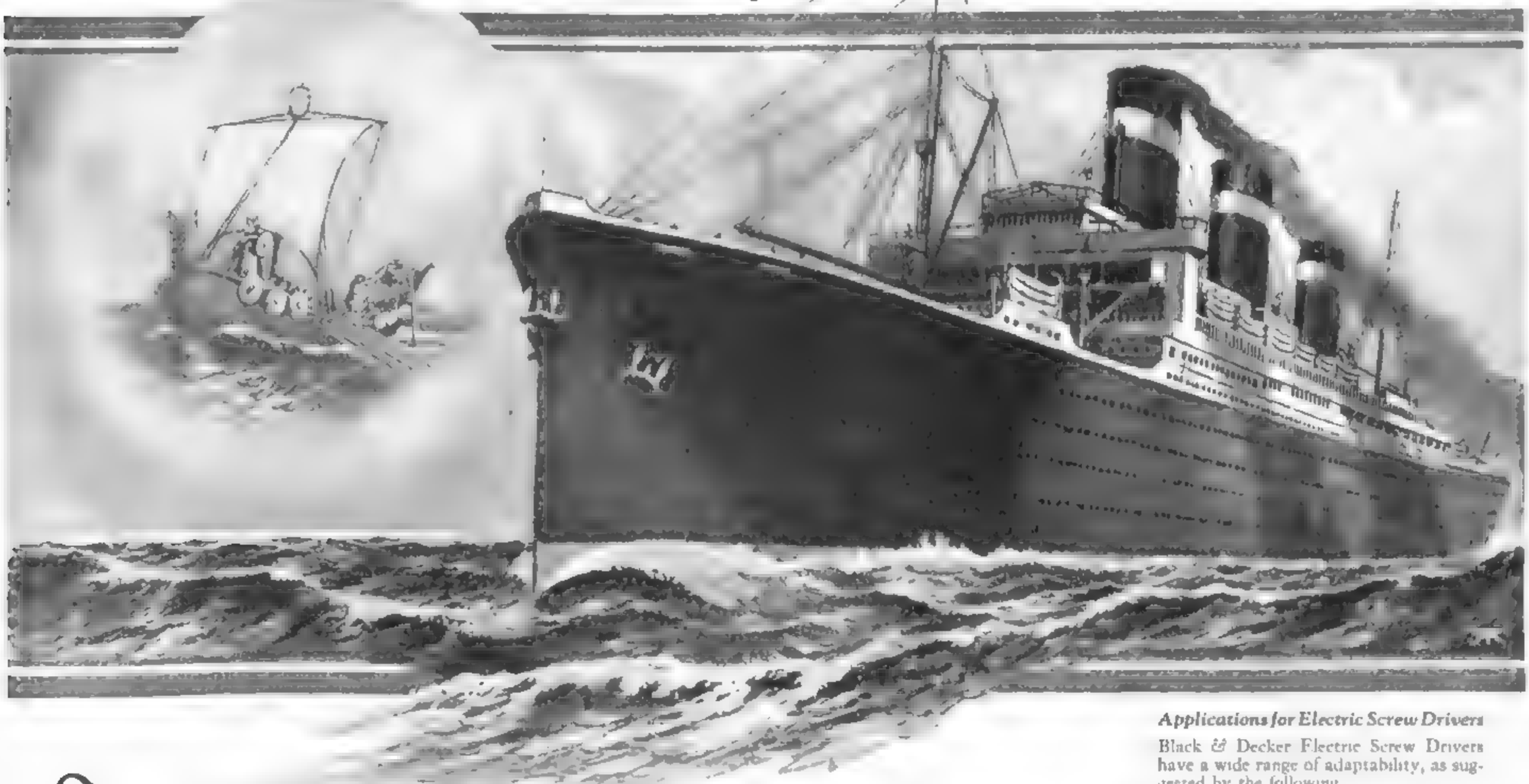
Up to the Government

It would seem logical in this country that a corporation should be organized by the Government to do the pioneering in the development of commercial air transportation. Such a corporation could establish commercial airplane lines along the existing postal airways, and carry express, freight and passengers. Accurate cost accounts should be kept and the expenses incident to this kind of traffic and the best equipment essential for commercial flying should be made public, so that whenever a civil corporation desired to begin operations on its own hook it could do so with the assurance of what its outlay would be and what the returns might be. While this was being done a commercial survey of the country to determine what articles can be carried at a profit through the air should be made. The Government really is the only agency in our country that could do a thing of this kind, as it involves a great deal of expense and investigation. If such a system were adopted there is no question but that the United States would soon lead in commercial aviation. After lines had been established throughout the country other routes could be established to South America, Asia and Europe.

An entirely new development along long-distance routes will be the study of the air currents. There are trade winds in the upper atmosphere, just as there are trade winds near the ground. We know that the atmosphere extends up to fifty-five miles and that in all probability aircraft can be made to navigate in most of it. We are not certain what the conditions are at the great altitudes, but we do think that we can make greater speeds in the rarefied atmosphere and that with these greater speeds, if we take advantage of strong air currents that blow continuously, we can cut down our time of transit very greatly from continent to continent. A real meteorological

Continued on Page 173

Contrast the old Norse Galley with the Modern ocean Liner



What Electric Drive has done for Human Progress

LONG before the time of Columbus the Vikings of old crossed the Atlantic Ocean in their galleys propelled by oars, using sails occasionally when the wind was favorable.

Contrast the old Norse galley with the modern ocean liner, the latest development of which is the **"electric drive".**

The progress of the world has not eliminated the rowboat, which is still used to good purpose under some circumstances. But today no one would think of crossing the ocean in a rowboat.

The advance in transportation methods—the progress of the mechanical world—has gone hand in hand with the development of the tools and machinery which have made our great mechanical achievements possible.

Just as the usefulness and speed of the earlier boats have been vastly increased by the electric motor, so has the electric motor increased the usefulness and speed of hand tools.

The hand screw driver and hand socket wrench will always have their places, just like the rowboat, but we are entering into an era where the mechanic, whether in wood or metal trades, will no longer drive hundreds and thousands of screws or nuts by hand.

When Black & Decker found that their dreams were being realized—that the Portable Electric Drill was becoming one of the most widely used of modern tools, it was quite natural for them to apply the motor drive principle to other tools requiring a rotating motion.

There were many problems to be overcome, but Black & Decker had the advantage of their experience in producing Portable Electric Drills, and not least important of the ground work upon which they have built the Electric Screw Driver and Electric Socket Wrench is that first great improvement which they originated:

"The Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"

For they have found that *control* is one of the most important requirements for an Electric Screw Driver or Electric Socket Wrench.

For those who are interested, a special Data Book has been prepared containing detailed information regarding Black & Decker Electric Screw Drivers and Electric Socket Wrenches and their adaptability to a wide range of uses.

A copy of this Electric Screw Driver Data Book will be supplied upon request.

Applications for Electric Screw Drivers

Black & Decker Electric Screw Drivers have a wide range of adaptability, as suggested by the following

These are only a few of hundreds of classes of work in which this tool plays an important part:

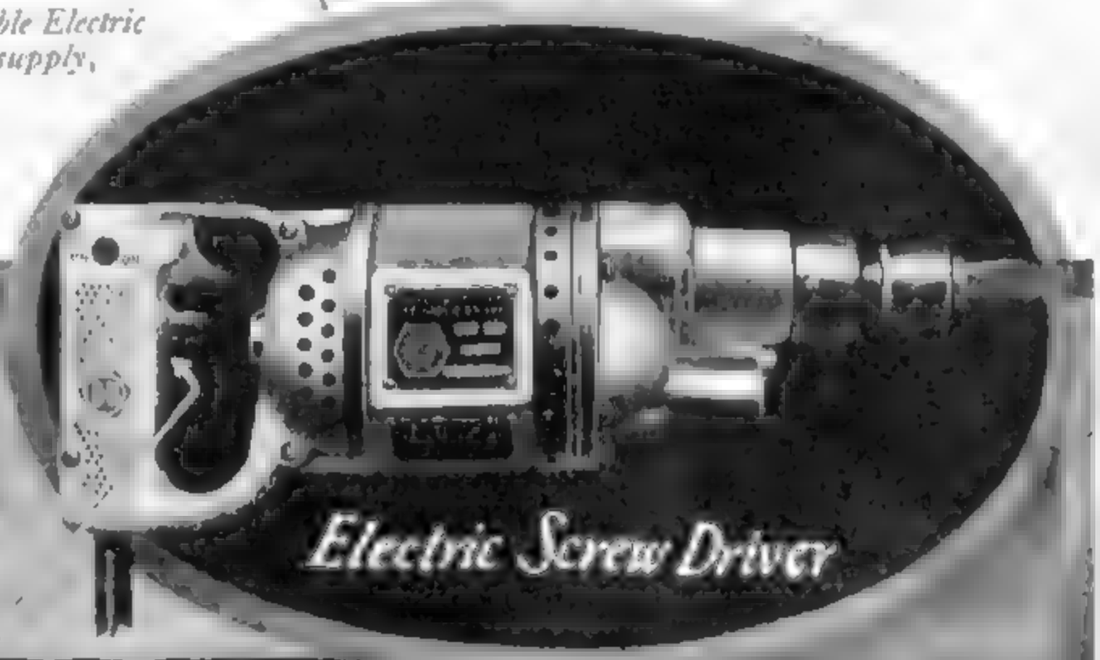
Ships	Phonographs
Pullman Cars	Pianos
Automobiles	Refrigerators
Automobile Bodies	Packing Cases
Furniture	Toys

Office Equipment

Black & Decker Electric Screw Drivers, Electric Socket Wrenches, Portable Electric Drills and Electric Grinders may be obtained from the leading mill supply, machinery, automotive and electrical supply houses.

The BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.
TOWSON, MARYLAND, U. S. A.
Canadian Factory—Lyman Tube Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

BLACK & DECKER
With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch



"This Is WWJ"

Radio with the Detroit News is a tradition—a tradition based upon more than a quarter of a century of experimental work inaugurated by the late James E. Scripps, founder of the News itself.

The News began broadcasting away back in September 1920. Today Radio the world over, admires WWJ for the clear, even, mechanical perfection of its message. And the Detroit News Orchestra is everywhere an accepted standard of sound, musical excellence. Hear it, at its very best, through The Superspeaker

"COAST to Coast on the Loudspeaker" is your ultimate hope from a modern Radio Set.

But this is 100% performance and needs the 100% loudspeaker—The Jewett Superspeaker, nothing less!

The throat is as straight as an organ pipe. No extra batteries are needed.

Compare It—You'll Buy

Jewett Radio & Phonograph Co.
5684 Twelfth Street • Detroit, Michigan

The Superspeaker

Trademark Registered

(Continued from Page 170)

survey of the world at altitudes up to seven or eight miles above the earth should be completed.

The Germans, before the war, did more than any other nation in the development of transportation by air. They had perfected their dirigibles, or Zeppelins, as they are called, so that it is said that more than two hundred thousand passengers were carried by these ships without accident. The cost per passenger mile is very much less in lighter-than-air ships than it is in airplanes, and the limit of cheapness has not yet been attained. Larger airships will be much more cheap to operate, comparatively, than the smaller ones. Passengers can be carried in airships at a rate of about three cents a mile or even less, and the speeds made by them, point to point, will be almost double that of railways. The installations for the use of airships, of course, will cost a great deal more than those for airplanes. Larger hangars will have to be constructed, and provisions made for handling the airships in heavy winds and during storms. In France reënforced-concrete structures, one thousand feet long and one hundred and sixty feet clear on the inside, are used. A single dirigible installation might cost ten million dollars, which is not excessive for an air port when compared with similar installations for railways and steamships. It is said that the Pennsylvania Railroad station with its terminals in New York cost more than two hundred million dollars; the Washington station with its terminals cost thirty millions; the Lake Shore station of Chicago with its terminals cost sixty millions. Against this, an air port for dirigibles at New York and one at Chicago would cost about twenty million dollars, and would house airships sufficient in size and numbers to carry as many passengers as are now carried by the fast trains between New York and Chicago.

It is difficult to convey an idea of the comfort of airship travel. There really is nothing like it. The cabins are large and commodious. One can walk around. There are no severe shocks or jolts such as are experienced on a railroad train, and almost no undulations such as are experienced on seacraft. There is no dust, no noise, and any temperature desired can be maintained. The view from the cabin windows gives one a better idea of the country than it is possible to get by other means of transportation.

These airships have the power of remaining in the air longer than any other aircraft and can be constructed to have the greatest cruising radius of any known means of transportation. They can be designed to cross the Pacific just as easily as the British airship R-34 or the German ZR-3 crossed the Atlantic.

The Zeppelin Company

The Zeppelin Company is a remarkable institution. Its capital stock was subscribed by the German people after Count Zeppelin himself had expended his entire fortune in experimentation on these wonderful aircraft. No dividends, of course, are paid out from this stock. Subsidiary companies which make the cloth for the covering of the airships, which make the metal for the beams and internal structure, which make the engines, which make the gold-beaters' skins for the bags to contain the gas, which make the gas, and which make the innumerable things which go into the airships' construction, and which return profits, put it back into the general fund of the company. In this way a continuous and lasting system of development was provided entirely independent of government help. The Zeppelin Company still exists. Many of its subsidiaries are working and making money at present. When the time comes either to renew the Zeppelin service in Germany or to go to other countries and develop, it undoubtedly will be done.

The United States Army Air Service accomplished a feat on December 16, 1924, which will have a profound effect on the use of airships in the future. This was the landing of an airplane on an airship. The airplane flew up and hooked on to an especially constructed gear under the airship while both were flying at a speed of about sixty miles an hour. The airplane then remained for some minutes attached to the airship, stopped its engine, later started it and then took off from the airship and landed. This conclusively shows that articles may be delivered from an airship anywhere over a locality, passengers may be debarked or embarked, fuel may be taken on, and, last of all, the airship may be used as an airplane carrier. This fact enhances the usefulness of the great dirigible airship many times.

Another feature of commercial aircraft development is the necessity for uniform rules of the air, examination of the pilots, and examination of the airplanes in a way similar to that which is done for ocean shipping. We have no Federal laws governing matters of this kind, so that anyone, subject to some local state regulations, can take out aircraft and operate them, no matter whether they be safe or dangerous. Each state or community, of course, can prescribe what it sees fit as to the operation of aircraft, and in the future, unless the Federal Government acts, it is quite possible that there will be as many different regulations as there are states, which will greatly interfere with aërial navigation. On the other hand, regulations must not result which will crowd out the small operator and interfere with the development, particularly, of light planes.

Air Traffic Rules

If strict regulations are adopted, a certain amount of assistance should go with them to insure development, otherwise it will be all restriction and no assistance. On the other hand, intelligent supervision based on a knowledge of air matters should be incorporated into the organization, handling and enforcing of the rules. In England, before the establishment of their department of the air, this regulation was turned over to the British Board of Trade, and it is said that one of the first regulations they made was that when two airplanes met each other in the fog they should blow their foghorns! There were other rules almost as ludicrous as this, because the work was being done by men untrained in air matters.

Our airways should be properly organized with distinguishing marks along them that the aviators can see, to insure proper flying by day and by night. Night flying is just as secure and even more easy than daytime flying. The direction can be maintained easily up to about twelve o'clock at night because the cities and small towns make very good beacons, but after that, on account of lights' being turned out, it is difficult to keep one's direction without a regular system of night guiding lights. There will be directional radio and wireless systems to guide the airplanes; good weather systems to notify them of storms so that they can shift to the north, south, east or west, away from them; and instruments for flying and landing in the fog. When a system of this kind has been put into effect passengers and light-weight articles would be able to go from New York to San Francisco safely and on regular schedule in from twenty to thirty hours. A service of that kind could be inaugurated at the present time on a basis of sixty cents per passenger mile, and if full loads were carried it could probably be operated on a basis of eighteen cents per passenger mile.

An all-land airway can be established to South America and take passengers from New York to the Argentine Republic in from fifty to sixty hours, and also a practically all-land route from New York to Peking, China, by way of Canada, Alaska and Siberia, in from sixty to seventy hours. Airship traffic—that is, the large dirigibles carrying much heavier cargoes both in freight and in passengers than airplanes are capable of handling—could cover the same distance in from two to three times as many hours; they would be two or three times slower than the airplanes.

Both of these modes of transportation are from four to ten times as fast as existing means of transportation on the ground or on the water. They are not confined by either one of these elements, and can go anywhere that there is air. Their development is only a matter of time, and this time should be shortened by the intelligent direction of the Government, because the initial outlay and the experience required necessitate too great an outlay for any civil corporation to take up in their entirety. Not only will every part of the world be reached but the world itself will be made correspondingly smaller, because distance will be measured in hours and not in miles. The substantial and continual development of air power should be based on a sound commercial aviation. America is in a better position to develop commercial aëronautics than any other nation in the world.

The old razor was O.K. after all

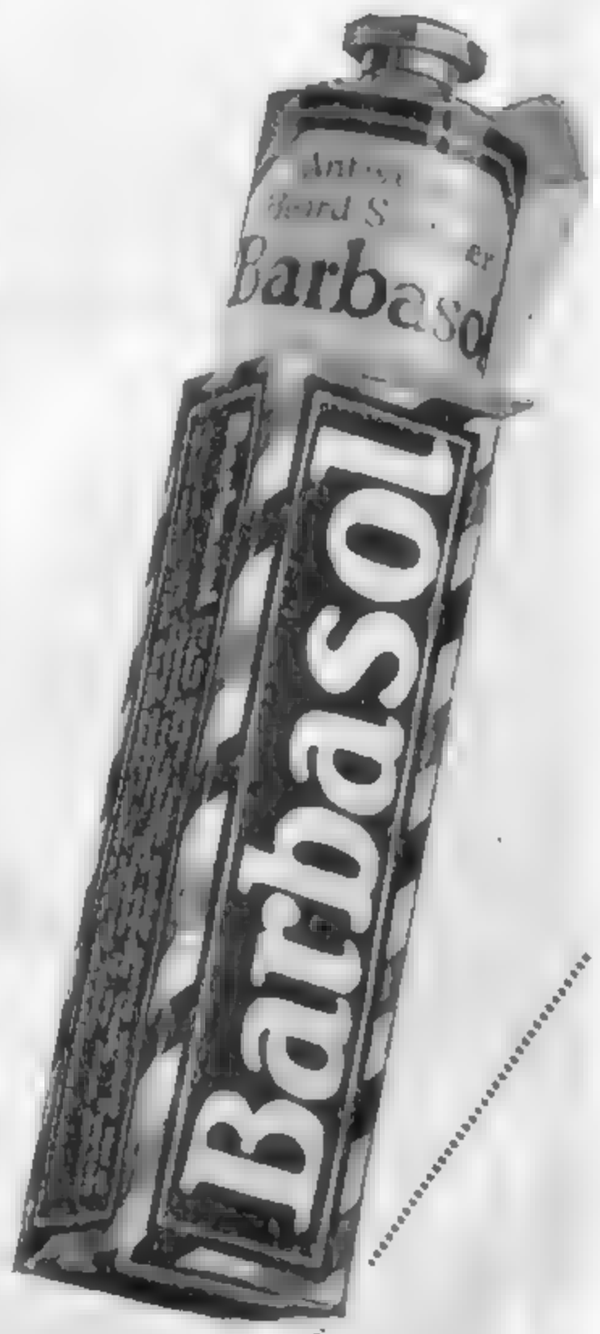
It's just like honin' up a razor to let it meet Barbasol. Because Barbasol holds the stubble right up to the blade, and it's just a case of "good steel, do your duty!"

Three million men now get aboard the daily merry-go-round with a smile because they shave the modern Barbasol way. And there's no guesswork to it. You merely spread Barbasol on your wet face and shave.

A Barbasol shave has scores of benefits you'll want to enjoy. There'll be no more turned-over hairs, smarting, face irritations or cussin'. Just silky smoothness and good will for every cheek and chin.

We offer a real opportunity, brothers, to meet this shaving comfort face to face. Mail us the coupon and you'll get the free trial tube. Use Barbasol three times according to directions, and we'll guarantee you'll join up to Barbasol for life.

All druggists sell Barbasol in 35c and 65c tubes.



Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I'll give it a fair trial; please send me your *free* sample tube.

Name

Address

Section of unstropped blade magnified
A Razor edge is composed of tiny sensitive teeth invisible to the naked eye. Shaving gets them out of line. Temperature changes also affect them. That's why even new blades pull. Stropping smooths these teeth back into line and restores a keen cutting edge. A new blade if stropped before using is improved 100%. If stropped regularly it will last indefinitely.
Most Men Shave the Wrong Way
THEY use a blade a few times, throw it away and use a new one. That's wrong! They don't get nearly as good a shave with the new blade as they would if they stropped it before the first shave. Then they put up with a second, third and fourth rate shave on the second, third and fourth days. And finally they throw away a perfectly good blade with a lot of good shaves in it.
A Twinplex Stropper would completely change the shaving ideas of these men. (Maybe you are one of them.) A few turns and Twinplex puts an edge on a new blade that is a dream for smooth shaving. And ten seconds stropping each day before shaving will make that one new blade shave marvelously for weeks and weeks.
Send For Stropped FREE Blade
Name your razor and we will send you a stropped blade free. We would just like to show you what Twinplex can do to a new blade.
Twinplex is 14 years old—over a million sold by best dealers all over the world. Drop in at a nearby store and take a look at one. Sold with a long service guarantee.
TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1602 Locust St., St. Louis
New York Chicago
Montreal London
100 shaves or more from one blade
$5.00 For Double Edge Blades
$3.00 For Single Edge Blades
For Velvet Smooth Shaves Strop Your Blades on a
Twinplex Stropper

THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN

(Continued from Page 34

caught up by bands and orchestras and cabaret singers in endless succession. It became in no time the national curse. It infected other song writers. It infected Berlin himself. It smote its day and generation as few songs have

Yet it was not Berlin's responsibility for it that chiefly marked him among his brothers. It was not that he wrote Alexander's Ragtime Band and thereby set a new fashion in American music. It was rather that that season, as once again a few years later, he wrote not merely a popular song or even the popular song; but, or so it must have seemed to his bewildered neighbors, he wrote all the popular songs.

Elsie Janis is wont to describe the day when Charles Dillingham brought this vaguely identified youth to call—a slim, swarthy, fragile fellow thatched with black hair that curled mutinously with no encouragement whatever. Something was said about his being adroit with ragtime, and she soon followed him over to the piano, to which he had retreated rather than keep an eye on his grammar in conversation with such splendidly upholstered strangers. She had heard bits of the year's new music since she returned from Europe, also some snatches of airs *chez Fischer* in Paris or on the boat coming back. To identify them, she hummed remembered bars of the ones she had liked best. Did he know this one? And this one? And this one? Oddly enough, he knew them all, and played them, while his eyes sparkled either with a great zest for music or with some inner amusement, which made amends for his being a pianist somewhat inferior to Paderewski.

Old Victoria Days

"What a memory you have!" exclaimed Miss Janis.

At which observation, sometimes a doubtful compliment when addressed to a composer, he murmured "Not at all," or something equally pat.

It was later and one by one that she discovered why he had been so familiar with all those songs.

He had written them.

It was not as the composer of Alexander, or indeed strictly as a composer at all, that Berlin in his first flushed season was booked at Hammerstein's Victoria. That famous and somewhat rowdy variety house, which used to stand in Times Square on the site now occupied by the Rialto Theater, rather specialized in news values. And if there was no news at the time, it would be made to order by Hammerstein's handy man, Morris Gest. Thus an Arabian potentate and his wives were imported for the Victoria, who had been a blond and blameless Prussian family when Gest first began negotiations with them. When Paul Swan was engaged for a week of display on the Victoria's stage, his strong appeal to the management did not lie in his somewhat limited knowledge of the art of ballet. Not at all. Swan was engaged because his name had appeared signed to a Sunday magazine article entitled Why I Am the Most Beautiful Man in America. Then his strength as a drawing card was further increased at the first matinée by his swooning away during his performance. And when two damsels of the chorus emerged suddenly from obscurity by the diverting device of taking pot shots with their revolvers at one of the town's more conspicuous millionaires, they were promptly booked at the Victoria, at salaries which their abilities in song and dance, if unenriched by assault and battery, would scarcely have commanded.

So when Irving Berlin's name appeared suddenly in white lights on the gaudy façade of the Victoria, and a life-size photograph of him, with glowing cheeks and neatly plastered hair, adorned the Victoria's lobby for one profitable week, it was an honor accorded not because the management was struck by his gifts as a master of melody. It was struck by his qualities as a phenomenon. His startling record of a half dozen hits, most of them published within the space of a few months, the fact that you could not get outside the sound of one or another of his tunes and still stay in America, did appeal strongly to the Victoria's taste in freaks. So with the list of his more celebrated songs placarded in the lobby, he sang there all that week.

You may imagine that he was rendered at once proud, amused and just a little uneasy when word came up from Chinatown that some two hundred of the old gang were planning to attend the first performance in a body. Their Izzy had made good in the big world and they were minded to celebrate. Their advent, which graveled even the hardened ushers of the Victoria, really had the innocent 1909-this-way accent of a commencement reunion. They were led down the aisle by Chuck Connors, clad in his tilted brown derby and little green jacket, as of old. Chuck is dead now, having been gathered to his fathers a few years later. Sixty-three coaches followed the hearse, to say nothing of six wagons of flowers, while all his Chinese neighbors in Pell Street gathered at No. 20 to send up such chants and such joss as might be expected to propitiate the ancestral Connorses.

Laurel Wreaths

The Chinatown delegation at that first matinée was vociferous but refined. Berlin, hurrying to the theater just before the evening performance, was a little surprised to find two or three of his volunteer claque still loitering around the theater.

"Gee, Izzy," one of them confided to him darkly, "we've been hanging around this bum joint for three hours trying to get a chance to pinch that swell picture of you in the lobby!"

Berlin's relish of all this must have filled his days and nights with a warm sense of well-being. It had come so suddenly. The usual chapter on the years of rejected manuscripts was quite missing from the story. He had dropped into Broadway as abruptly as if he had come by parachute. Many a day he must have looked hastily around him on waking for some visible proof that he would not, after all, be due at Nigger Mike's at sundown, with Nick waiting for him at the piano and Sulky polishing glasses behind the bar.

Of course there were many laurel wreaths tossed in his direction. The Friars' Club, a jaunty brotherhood then in the first flush of Mr. Cohan's fraternal feelings for them, gave one of the celebrated Friars' dinners in his honor. Mr. Cohan himself would speak, it was announced; and there would be the traditional abuse heaped upon him by the late Rennold Wolf, for it was a quaint custom of the Friars to have the guest of honor at each banquet mercilessly raked over the coals by that sardonic annalist of Broadway.

A Guest in a Panic

The guest, this time, was in a good deal of a panic, for he was so new even to Broadway's elegance that he still had a profound respect for a banquet. He knew, too, that he would have to speak, and the after-dinner speech was just another of the strange phenomena of high life for which his somewhat intermittent education had made no preparation. He reconnoitered the terrain of the approaching battle and made mention of his alarms. That would be all right, he was affably assured. It seemed the Friars often found their guests of honor unequal to the composition of an after-dinner speech. Indeed, it was quite the custom to have this difficult task executed for them by the obliging Jean Havez. Berlin's instinct that this would be a false move, coupled with a sickening dread lest the prepared speech desert him midway and leave him stranded, drove the depressed recipient of the impending honors to attempt a reply in his own language.

(Continued on Page 177)

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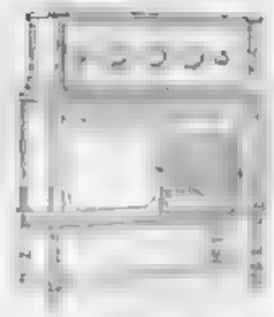

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(17)

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Cushion Bumpers

(Continued from Page 174)

On the great night Cohan did speak—a jocular, generous, hospitable speech, addressed with obvious admiration to this nervous guest of honor whom he described as a "Jew boy that had named himself after an English actor and a German city."

"Irvy," said Cohan, "writes a great song. He writes a song with a good lyric—a lyric that rimes; good music—music you don't have to dress up to listen to, but it is good music. He is a wonderful little fellow, wonderful in lots of ways. He has become famous and wealthy, without wearing a lot of jewelry and falling for funny clothes. He is uptown, but he is there with the old downtown hardshell. And with all his success, you will find his watch and his handkerchief in his pockets where they belong."

When finally the toastmaster focused all eyes on the panicky minstrel, he rose to his feet, and at that signal there was a preliminary rumble from a piano hidden behind the arras. The notes fell into syncopated measures that were still wet on the piano rack there behind the curtain:

Friar Abbot, Brother Friars,
Ladies, guests
And music bayers ——

His shoulders swayed and the music fell into his own distress of mind:

What am I gonna do?
What am I gonna do?

The words fairly invited a kind of melody that he was later to make into some of his happiest songs. And that night the music picked him up and carried him on its shoulders while he sang his thanks to the Friars.

But probably the laurel wreath which most warmed the cockles of his foolish heart was one given him quite unconsciously in London. That was on the occasion of his first visit in 1911. He was to go back there many times in later years, once to play for a week at the Alhambra, for which engagement, in his usual eleventh-hour attempt to have something new for each appearance, he wrote the International Rag.

That flight in the new syncopation was started at four in the morning in his room at the Savoy Mansions, and after he had sung it that afternoon to the apparent satisfaction of stall and pit, the circumstance of such journalistic composing caught the roving attention of the London newspapers. Wherefore came to call next day on this odd Mr. Berlin from America, whose name by this time had long been synonymous with ragtime in London. How ever had he done it, they wanted to know. And next day the papers gave involved and varied accounts of his methods. For he had sat down then and there and spun a song for the reporters. Of course, it was a feat which really ought not to have impressed the countrymen of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan.

The Lounsbery Will

But none of this somewhat routine *réclame* was half so sweet as the unstudied flower tossed him in the first hour of his first visit to London. He was just twenty-three at the time and reasonably excited at finding himself at last in the legendary city. He hailed a cab at Victoria Station to drive to his hotel. The wisp of a newsboy, who opened the cab door for him on the odd chance of getting a penny for that unsolicited attention, is probably wondering to this day, unless he was killed on the Somme, why that mad young American that afternoon gave him a sovereign for his pains.

Ever afterward he made a special point of opening cab doors for people who looked as if they had come from America, but the miracle never happened again. Like Doctor Jekyll, he had been working with an unknown ingredient. He had, as it happened, been whistling Alexander's Ragtime Band.

There are two songs of Berlin's which separate themselves from the long list by virtue of the circumstances under which they happened to be written. The lesser one of these, over which tenors and barytones grew tremulous in the year before America went into the war, was called When I Leave the World Behind. The other is the one called When I Lost You.

The first had its origin in a tale told to Berlin by the aforesaid Wilson Mizner and by the benevolent and editorial Robert H. Davis. This tale was of a strange will that had been filed by one Charles Lounsbery, a lawyer, who, they said, had been committed to a shelter for the sick in mind. The will was quite orthodox in form and language, but it expressed such unprecedented testamentary intentions as those found in items like this:

"ITEM—I leave to children exclusively, but only for the life of their childhood, all and every, the dandelions of the field and the daisies thereof, with the right to play among them freely, according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles. And I devise to children the yellow shores of creeks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, with the dragon flies that skim the surface of said waters and the odors of the willows that dip into said waters, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

"And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at; but subject, nevertheless, to the right thereinafter given to lovers; and I give to each child the right to choose a star that shall be his, and I direct that the child's father shall tell him the name of it, in order that the child shall always remember the name of that star after he has learned and forgotten astronomy.

"ITEM—To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red, red roses by the wall, the snow of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, or aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love."

The tale of this will, so certain to appeal to anyone with so strong an O. Henry instinct as Berlin has, went straight to his romantical heart.

"I'll leave the songbirds to the blind," he sang, and on the cover of the song he wrote this inscription:

"Respectfully dedicated to the memory of Charles Lounsbery, whose will suggested the theme for this song."

When I Leave the World Behind traveled far in the music halls, and it was not until some years later that Berlin learned, to his considerable though scarcely justified chagrin, that there never had been a Charles Lounsbery at all and that the will was a fiction. You will find it complete if you go so far as to look in that singular anthology called Heart Throbs. It was originally contributed to a bankers' magazine by a man named Fish—Williston Fish.

When I Lost You

The other song of which some separate account must be given in any story of Irving Berlin, even if it have space for mention of no other work of his, is the rueful one called When I Lost You, which George Cohan once called the prettiest song he had ever heard in his life.

Probably, all in all, the most celebrated song of his is Alexander's Ragtime Band. Certainly the doleful What'll I Do? seems likely to prove the most profitable. If you consult musicianly folk you are more likely to find them most impressed by the path-finding brilliance of Everybody Step. Berlin's own weakness is for the sweet melody called Lady of the Evening, which was smothered in costly and crushing scenic effects when first it was sung on the calisthenic stage of the Music Box. But to this day, if he is haled to the platform of a benefit, say, and, turning at the piano, asks the audience what they want him to sing, the first and heartiest and fondest call is for When I Lost You.

The history of that song is an oft-told tale—a legend that journeyed in the wake of the song itself when it was first published in 1913. Berlin had been married the year before to Dorothy Goetz. She was the young sister of Ray Goetz, a gay and gifted and civilized being who is now the husband of the lustrous Irene Bordoni. Goetz and Berlin, who had written more than one song in the chance partnerships of Tin Pan Alley, had become, and to his day have remained, the warmest of friends. There is probably no one whom Berlin more admires or whose companionship he so enjoys.

The marriage of Dorothy Goetz and Irving Berlin followed within a few weeks after their first meeting. He was twenty-three and she was only twenty when they sailed for Cuba on their honeymoon. It was there she fell ill of the typhoid from which she died five months after the wedding. The last fortnight of her life was spent in the apartment in the Chatsworth, there at the foot of Riverside Drive, which had been festively prepared against their

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Mr. Hyde had Corns

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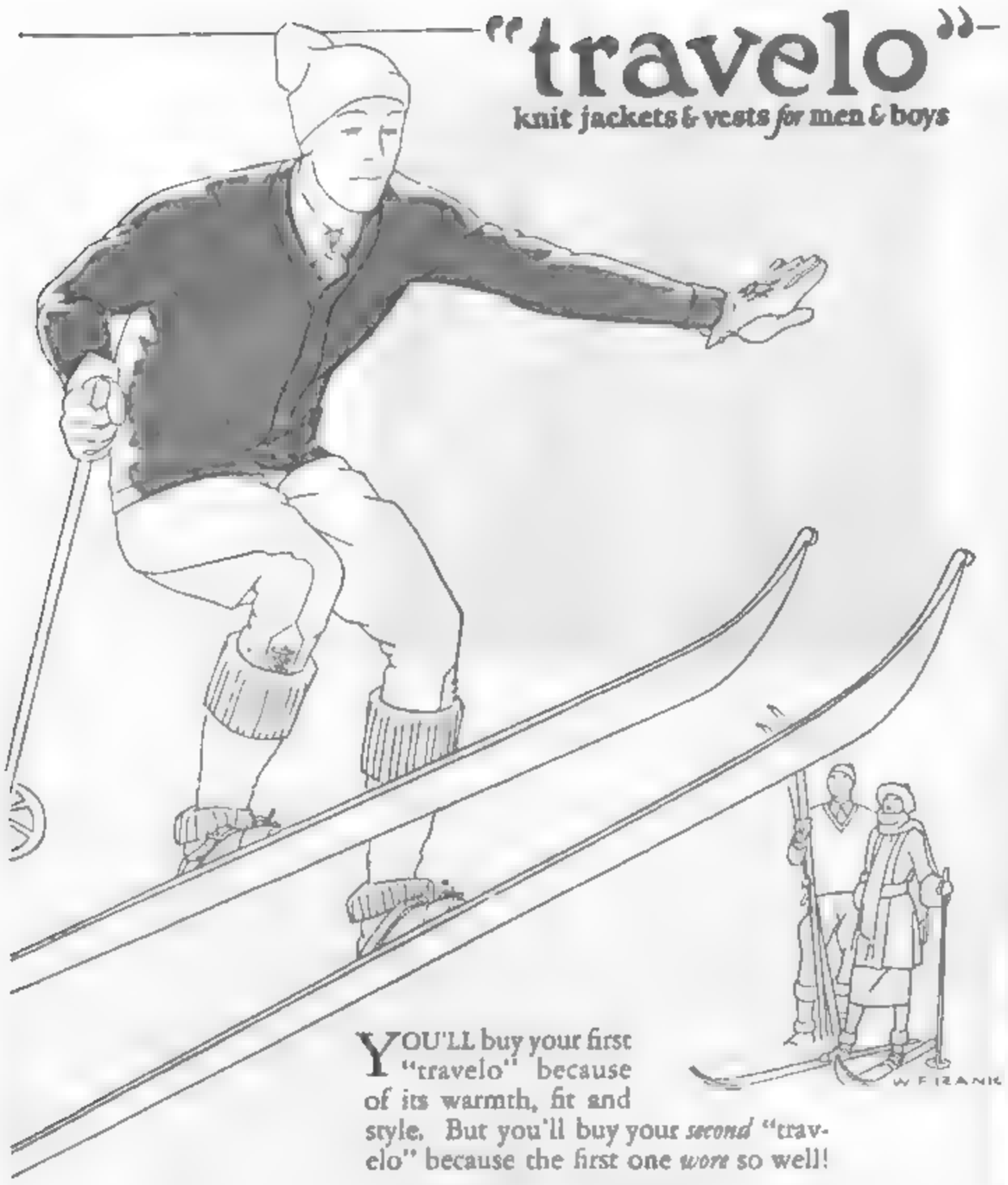

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The Radio-Built Hearing Aid

Acousticon

TRY IT TEN DAYS FREE

return to town. The doctors and the decorators were jostling one another in the hallway of this shiny new home when the anxious bridegroom was locked up in the front room trying ludicrously to fulfill his contracts for jaunty songs long overdue.

A week after it was all over, the understanding Goetz picked his new brother up bodily and carried him all over Europe in an effort to pull him together. When, after a long absence, he was seen once more on Broadway, everyone said he was himself again. But the folks at the office knew better, for the songs he brought in had no health in them. He tried to turn out jolly things about grizzly bears and bunny hugs and all the fearful menageries of the dance floor of the day. But the tunes were all limp and sorry.

Then one day he left on the publisher's desk another kind of song. The writing of it seemed to have effected a kind of release, for immediately he turned out three of the most profitable things he ever did, breaking all his own records with a thumping music-hall masterpiece called When That Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam'. The song which opened the dikes was When I Lost You. He had had to write it. It gave him his first chance to voice his great unhappiness in the only language that meant anything to him. Priests with an ancient wisdom and doctors with a new science could both have told him why the writing of it brought him something like ease.

It is probable that he was acutely embarrassed when this, the first song of his heart, proved an immediate popular favorite. It droned from the hurdy-gurdies and its refrain sifted through the window of every honky-tonk in America. Unblushing tenors used it to wring the easy hearts of the two-a-day. It sold more than a million copies. It made a shining heap of dollars for the troubled youth who wrote it. There must have been times when he wished he had let no one hear it.

The Jongleur of Notre Dame

It is also probable that some puzzled onlookers, peering in from another world, were of so little understanding that they could see only a celebrated character of Tin Pan Alley trying to sell his incommunicable woe at twenty-five cents a copy. They might have understood a little better—don't you think?—if they had thought a bit on that best of all the French legends, the fable which all of us should read every year, the tale of the Jongleur of Notre Dame.

That is the story of the dusty, strolling player, who, when he was taken with a sickness, was left behind by his wandering troupe in the care of the gray brothers of a roadside monastery. He was still a shaky convalescent in their charge when the feast day of the Virgin was to be celebrated. Then the great folk of the countryside brought their offerings of fine gold and gleaming jewels to the feet of Mary. And the monks, each according to his talent, laid their gifts on her altar—sweet chants on which they had rehearsed for months, fine carvings and exquisite missals that had been the patient and loving work of many an expectant day. And in the background the little clown was sick at heart because he had nothing to give.

So, when the gray brothers were at the refectory, he stole into the chapel to do his best for Mary. A monk, coming in at the moment, saw him doing his poor repertoire of juggling tricks. Also he danced a few gay steps and turned some cart wheels. In the language of a latter-day minstrelsy, he was strutting his stuff. The horror-struck witness of this desecration, muttering a hundred jumbled notions about bad taste, went panting for reënforcements. He came back at the head of a very regiment of disapproval; but no monk interfered, for on the threshold of the chapel they were halted by what they saw. The carved figure of the blessed Virgin was bowing as if in benediction. She was smiling too. And, as some of them told in wonder afterward, the smile seemed made of amusement and affection and pity and pride, all blended, and the chapel was filled with a light that is not on land or sea.

When America was sucked into the World War the song writers of Tin Pan Alley fairly outdid themselves in hymning the glory of battle, the majesty of America, the dauntlessness of our soldiers, the nobility of dear France, the infamy of Germany and the considerably exaggerated desire to go over the top. Even Berlin so far forgot himself on one occasion as to write a now forgotten ballad entitled The Voice of Belgium. But before long he, too, was in the Army; and once there, it was given to him to write the song which came closest to the affections of the doughboys themselves.

While sundry sheltered spirits shod in patent leather and pearl-gray suède looked up rimes for Château-Thierry and devised choruses which should express this stern young country's grim determination to fight to the bitter end, Berlin was learning close-order drill in the dust and heat of Camp Upton. And if he did not so completely master the intricacies of "left front into line" as to endear him greatly to the scornful drill sergeant, it was partly because his truant feet were really moving to the measures of a song that was spinning in his head—a song that whole convoys of troops were soon whistling in the ports of Bordeaux and Havre and St.-Nazaire and humming as they hiked along the white roads that led to the war.

Songs for the Army

This was a jocular but honest dirge attuned to their most familiar mood -a mood the English called grousing, but for which we had the more vivid word "bellyaching." It was the song which came nearest to expressing the state of mind common to the four million who had been clapped into olive drab. The pious stalwarts from Iowa; the rangy fellows from Montana, who kept chanting a mysterious litany about a certain Powder River, a mile wide and an inch deep; the Irish recruits from Father Duffy's parish and those from Colonel Logan's jurisdiction down South Boston way—all these did not have much in common. They were of many minds about the war and France, and about Germany, of which remote entity, as a matter of fact, they thought very seldom. Certainly not many of them hated Germany. But one thing they did hate. One thing became the symbol of all that was dull and tyrannical and uncomfortable in the Army. That was reveille.

All told, this Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning was, it seems to some of us, the best and truest thing that America contributed to the song book of the war. Its only considerable rival was the fine, quick-stepping, confident recruiting song called Over There, which was George M. Cohan's work. This was a spirited martial tune written to words which assured the staggering Allied armies that America was coming up the road. And it further announced to a doubtless quailing enemy that we would not come back till it was over over there. It was, in short, a piece of heroics and one which seemed to lose something of its savor with every mile that Hoboken receded into the distance.

A Risky Assignment

The doughboy, always a little sheepish about heroics and preferring his own whimsical way of showing the gumption that was in him, could not stomach such stuff when he was riding in a foul-smelling and verminous Chevaux 8; Hommes 40. Then would he rather complain to heaven, and his gallantry took instead the form of lifting most of his complaint only when things were really all right with him. The typical American soldier, whose notion of chivalry was to be facetious when things were pretty bad, could hardly have adopted such a song, for instance, as that America, I Love You which enormous blond contraltos were rendering so vehemently in the vaudeville theaters back home. Penrod would as soon have risen in the yard at recess and sung a hymn to Dear Teacher.

And to the doughboy, the writing of such a song as Over There was too comically like the courage of the city editor in the story they used to tell about Chapin, of the New York Evening World—the celebrated Chapin who was a terror to reporters for twenty years. Once this tartar sent a young cub out to find a whirlwind Westerner who was believed to have arrived furtively in town after a romantic and unlegalized elopement.

The cub, after tracking the fugitive couple in quest of an interview, sent in by telephone from a corner saloon the first result of his scouting expedition. There was, it seems, no interview to be had. Indeed, at the mere suggestion of such a thing, the Westerner had thrown him downstairs

(Continued on Page 181)

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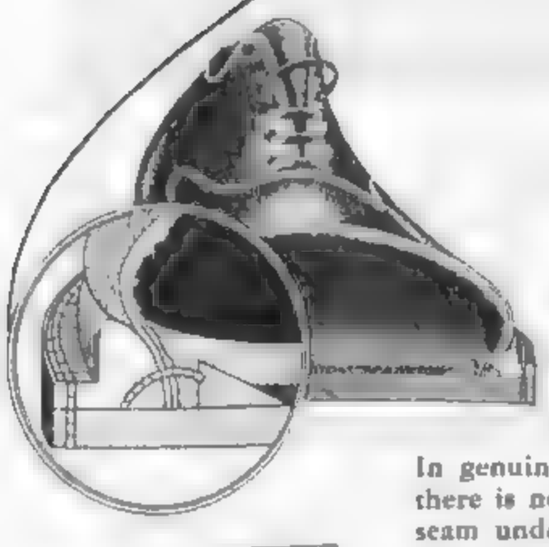

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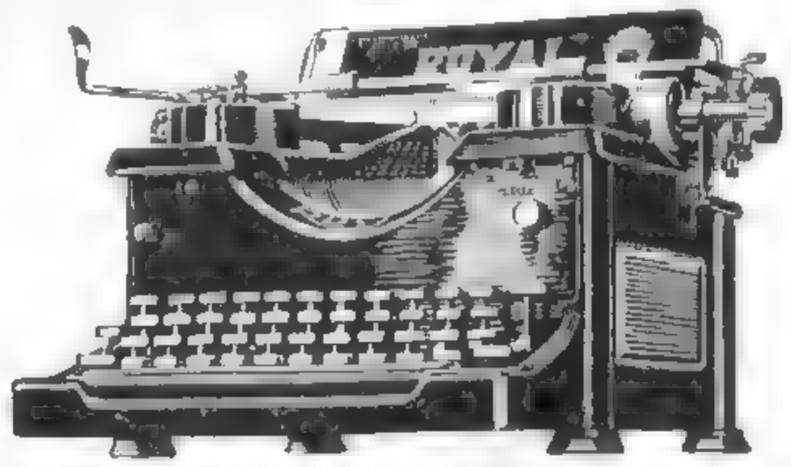

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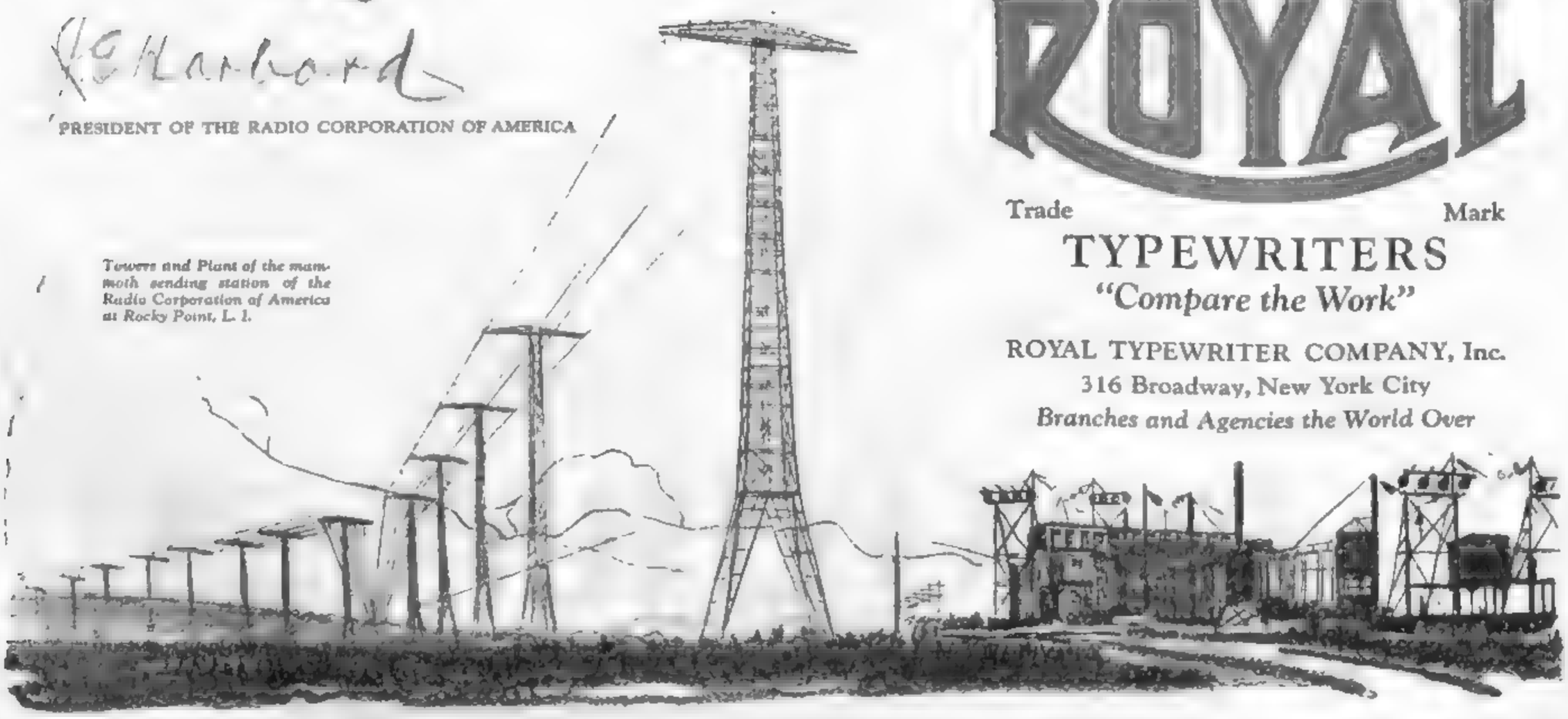

(Continued from Page 178)

and, from the top step, had further assured the unhappy scribe that if he came nosing around there again he would get a bullet or so in his heart. At such high-handed treatment of the press, Chapin was justly indignant—indignant, but not daunted.

"You go back to that young man," he said firmly, "and tell him he can't intimidate me."

It was an extremely uncomfortable and secretly reluctant private in the United States Army that wrote Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning. For it was the inexorable draft law which had plucked Berlin out of the rich ease of his house in New York and deposited him in barracks at Camp Upton. The board's bland acceptance of him had come as a disagreeable surprise, for all his own doctors had insisted that no army would take him as a gift. Indeed, for years he had writhed with a nervous indigestion which had led him from doctor to doctor and made him the profitable plaything of each new specialist arriving in New York. Most of his songs, always postponed to that last minute and then turned out in a kind of frenzy of application, had been written by a small composer twisted with pain. This was so well known that whenever his neighbors in Tin Pan Alley saw him looking especially wan and spent and frail, they would exclaim bitterly, "Ah-hah, another hit, I suppose!"

Wherefore no one who knew him at all thought of him as a likely soldier. And it was only because he was, after all, a youngster still hanging onto his twenties that Mr. Tumulty grew vague and looked the other way when Berlin called at the White House to offer his services in some non-military capacity. He wanted to serve as a *jongleur* camp follower in France, whence already his old crony Elsie Janis was sending him urgent messages to come over and join her.

After these anxious preliminaries the draft board's decision came as a painful shock—a shock largely forgotten in the immediate necessity of adjusting himself to life in camp.

This experience had its appreciated compensations for some of the coddled fellows whom the war dumped suddenly back into the common stock. There were many men borne to camp in motors quite as magnificently upholstered as that which deposited Private Berlin at the front gate of the Army. And to many of them the need of roughing it came as a welcome change, and their discovery of a common brotherhood with their neighbors from the streets and mines and factories gave them a little human decency which they will never quite lose in this life.

Army Contacts

Of course, an occasional gloomy sensitive soul felt only distaste and, one guesses, he would have felt the same distaste at the jostling mob that might share the bleachers with him during a World Series. But many a young fellow who had been brought up at Groton and Williams College, say, made in the barracks the discovery that some country lad with no grammar was just about the grandest person that ever lived—the grandest person and the finest gentleman. Which discovery, we may hope, has done him—and indirectly all of us—a lot of good. But such a discovery did not have to be made by one who had grown up in the swarming gutters of Cherry Hill. And there was no new romance of democracy in the proletarian barracks of Camp Upton for one who already had served his time in the sheetless dormitories of the Bowery.

Berlin did not greatly mind the uneventful food, though there was a twinge waiting for him every time he got long enough leave to dart back home and discover by the good things in the larder how far more fatly than himself his valet and his cook, like all other civilians, were faring in his absence. He did not greatly mind the drill, though no one who has already painfully wrought an instrument for his hands likes to have another thrust into them—another which can only worry him with a forgotten sense of incompetence. He did not even mind the officers, though not all of them were too busy to be anything but decent.

There were two kinds of officers who were peculiarly trying to such enlisted men as Irving Berlin. One was the bounder kind whose first thought was, "I guess this guy thinks he's going to run things here. Well, we'll show him he's no better here than anybody else." It is just as well for the future development of American music that no lieutenant of this type was strolling past the barracks the day that Irving Berlin's valet came down to see him, and finding him out on the drill field, seized the occasion to make up his bunk and polish up the quarters round about it.

The other kind of officer was the parvenu whose first thought was, "Well, well, the poor fellow's way beneath me now. I must be very gracious to him. I must put him at his ease." Of course neither was a gentleman, and bacteria will get them both in the end.

Berlin ran into enough specimens of each variety to goad him into writing, after the Armistice, one of the two best demobilization songs to the strains of which the four million came scuffling home. Of these two, one was that jaunty and sagacious ballad with the refrain, "How're you going to keep him down on the farm after he's seen Paree?" The other, which was Berlin's, was the gleefully vindicative piece entitled, I've Got My Captain Working for Me Now.

No, it was not the food or the drill or even the silly caste system of the Army that most afflicted Private Berlin. What he hated was this monstrous business of turning in shortly after dark and being routed out at the very time when, during most of his life, he had been accustomed to drowsing off.

Berlin is a nighthawk, and nighthawks are born, not made. They may read the articles in which learned doctors point out that a man is at his best at high noon. The nighthawks know better. Every little brother of the lamp knows that he is never really himself until midnight.

A Born Nighthawk

Even as a kid in Cherry Street, Izzy Baline had craved the night hours, drinking tea like a true Russian until he was chased under the covers. He knew that this world was bitterly at odds with him when he would be hauled from those covers at daybreak and prodded on his way to Park Row so that he might have a bright and early start in answering the Help-Wanted advertisements. Bright and early! Why, the words simply do not belong together in the phrase book of the nighthawks. The busser's life was the life for Berlin. He loved the dawn as much as the next man—but only as a rosy glow coming at the end of a perfect day.

At Nigger Mike's he was on duty until eight o'clock every morning, and when he escaped to Broadway and could work when and where he pleased, he at least carried with him old Mike's notion as to which hours ought never be wasted in the miniature suicide called sleep.

So when Berlin came in time to buy and shape for himself a home on one of those giddy thoroughfares to which he had so often delivered telegrams in his fugitive days as an A. D. T. messenger boy, he arranged its clock to suit his own rhythm. The tapestries and inlays he might well leave to someone who knew about such things. He might allow someone more literate to select the books for his elegant new shelves. But at least it must be such a house as would let a body drop off to sleep about six o'clock in the morning.

In that house he has done most of his work in these later years. It is a ménage so ordered that all its staff vanishes shortly after midnight, and from cellar to roof there is no one left to move or fret if, at four o'clock, say—or better, five—the old piano begins to adventure with the cadences of new melody.

In so soft a nook, to be sure, he could hardly have written the best of his war songs. That could only have been written by one who had stood in line in the rain for mess and who knew what it was to hate a bugler. But it took such a pampered nighthawk as Irving Berlin had been really to find words—words and music—for the emotion of his generation on the subject of reveille.

The melody of that song, of course, made full use of the challenging notes of the bugle call, as, indeed, did Alexander's Ragtime Band of old; but it naturally could not confine itself to those notes. Indeed, on that limitation one of the best of all the war stories turns. A magnificent colonel, on the prowl in his domain, came upon the buglers at practice and suggested, in a sultanic manner, that they amuse him by learning to play Over There. They explained nervously that this was impossible,

-and then-
a lifetime
of regret-
He didn't see the danger in time to avoid it. That's no excuse. He did have time—plenty of it—in advance to prepare for just such an emergency by equipping his car with a Stromberg Electric ally Driven Windshield Wiper
An absolute essential to safe driving. Operates continuously from storage battery—whether engine is running or stopped. Doesn't run down battery. Doesn't interfere with carburetion. Easy to Install. Economical to operate. Have your car equipped now. Be prepared for the danger you may have to face the next time you are out on the road. And avoid it.
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Surprising!··· the improvement this discovery can make in your radio set

IN THE electrical laboratory of a leading engineering university, a test has just been made which reveals some striking facts about sockets.

Out of 13 different makes of sockets, 12 showed losses higher than a good low loss condenser. Of these 13, only one—Na-Ald Sockets—showed losses *lower* than a good low loss condenser.

This means that many sockets are of such poor dielectric or insulating material that they nullify the efficiency of a good condenser. Na-Ald Sockets (of genuine Bakelite *Alden-processed*) have the qualities that enable a condenser to function efficiently.

The laboratory test also showed that Na-Ald Sockets have the lowest capacity of *any* socket.

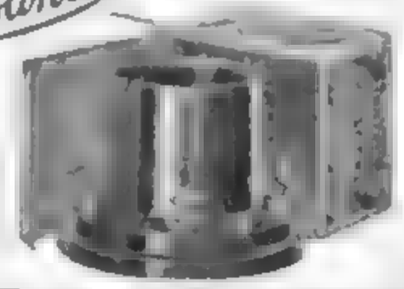
Also most important is the "clean-easy" feature of Na-Ald DeLuxe Sockets. You simply turn the tubes several times and the tube terminals become bright and clean. The side-scraping contact removes the film of corrosion that hinders the delicate, minute current; this corrosion so often is the cause of disturbing noises in your set.

Use Na-Ald Sockets not only in the set you build but also install them in the set you buy, if not already adopted by the manufacturer. Sockets for all tubes. DeLuxe 75c; others 35c, 50c, 75c.

Send for free booklet and story of laboratory test

It's the Contact that Counts

MAIL coupon for full particulars of the laboratory test and free booklet "What to Build", giving tested, selected circuits



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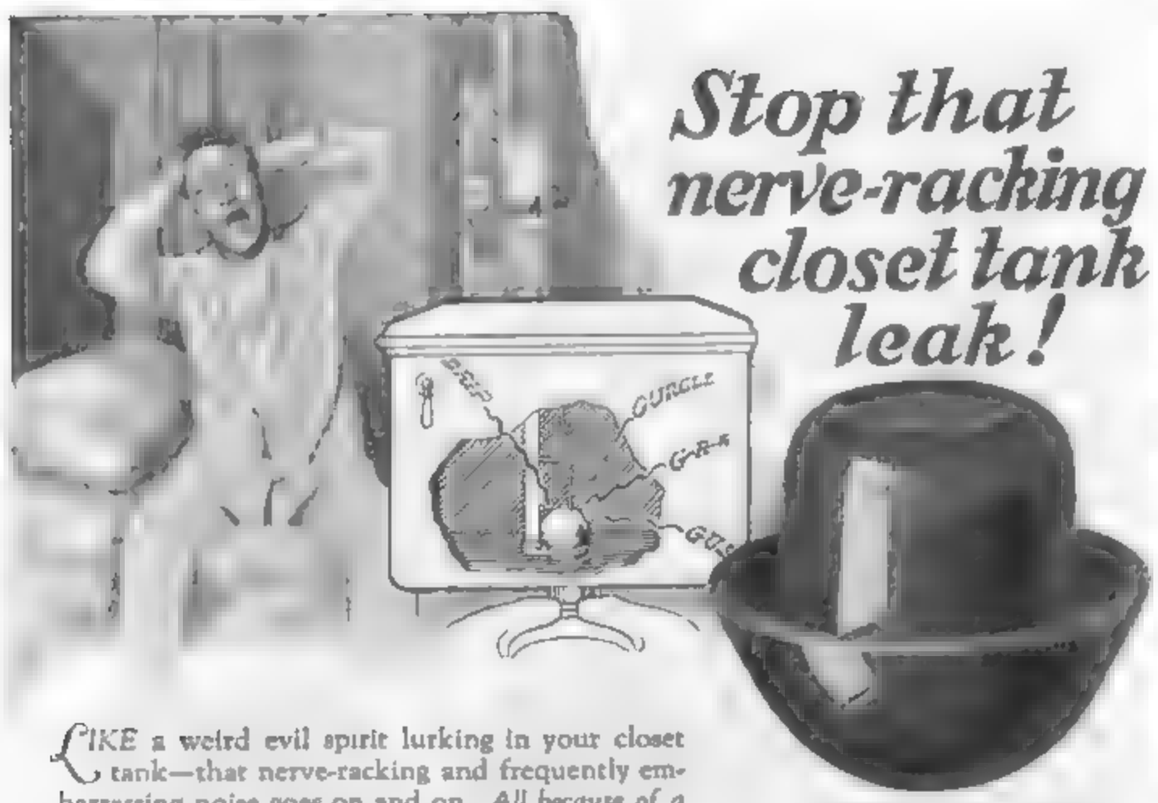

Stop that nerve-racking closet tank leak!

In buying a new home, make sure that the toilet tank is equipped with the Mushroom Parabal.

LIKE a weird evil spirit lurking in your closet tank—that nerve-racking and frequently embarrassing noise goes on and on. *All because of a faulty tank ball.* Tinkering, at best, can only end it temporarily. Meantime, you are wasting water at the rate of 355 gallons daily, which in some metered cities costs you $25 a year.

What you need is a Mushroom Parabal. Have your plumber put one in for you today. This tank bulb is guaranteed three years—but it STOPS THAT TROUBLE INDEFINITELY. It is the only product of its kind made of one piece of pure, live gum. Hence, it cannot break, leak, collapse or swell.

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Quality Plumbing Specialties Since 1906

MUSHROOM Parabal

At Master Plumbers' only, $1.25—Guaranteed 3 years

"D" is for DAYTON TOYS

DAYTON STROLLER

Baby's first car

New and entirely different —good all the year 'round

Four toys in one

1—Baby Walker
2—Indoor Toy
3—Outdoor Toy
4—Go-Cart

Teaches baby to walk. Amuses him safely. The large rubber tired front wheels (instead of casters) roll easily over rugs, door sills, porch floors and rough sidewalks. Beautifully finished in two contrasting shades of blue.

Can be used as a Go-Cart! Pull patented steel telescoping handle out from position under seat. Rubber-cushioned hand grip acts as bumper preventing marring of furniture.

If your toy store cannot supply you we will ship you direct a DAYTON STROLLER prepaid upon receipt of $6.50 ($7.00 west of the Rocky Mts.)

DEALERS: This is more than a toy —a year 'round seller

THE DAYTON TOY & SPECIALTY COMPANY, DAYTON, OHIO

as the bugle did not have all the notes with which Mr. Cohan's piano had been blessed.

"Well," said the high command, baffled for the moment, but a soldier and a colonel to the last, "keep on trying."

The verse of Berlin's bugle song contained the following ironic preliminary:

I sleep with ninety-seven men
Inside a wooden hut.
I love them all,
They all love me,
It's very lovely;
But

And then the refrain:

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!
Oh, how I'd rather stay in bed!
But the hardest blow of all
Is to hear the bugle call:
You've gotta get up,
You've gotta get up,
You've gotta get up this morning!
Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
Some day they're going to find him dead.
I'll amputate his reveille
And step upon it heavily
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

The sentiment, you see, was so mutinous it is small wonder that the first officers to hear it were exceedingly ruffled and thought that the singer should be immediately committed to the brig. Fortunately the decisions in such weighty matters were infrequently left to lieutenants.

In all the Army there was probably no soldier who at some moment, as he groped for his breeches in the chill dark, did not wonder vaguely why it was that the bugler himself never by any chance overslept as any normal, undemoniac mortal would. Wherefore it was the final couplet of the chorus which delighted most of us beyond words, the couplet which ran:

And then I'll get that other pup,
The guy that wakes the bugler up,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

Yip-Yip Yaphank

Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning was first proffered as part of the revue called Yip-Yip Yaphank, of which the lyrics and music were written in that anxious summer of 1918 by Sergeant Berlin and of which the cast was all drawn from the ranks of the transients at Camp Upton, by this time a way station for replacements which the convoys were moving overseas as fast as their engines would carry them. The show was a joy to rehearse, because it was not among the privileges of the troupe for any sulky member to flounce off the stage and resign.

It was a joy to hear, because it had youth and melody and thunderous voices and no libretto at all. So hardened a playgoer as Robert Benchley reports that he never had such a thrill in the theater as that moment when the huge company receded from the vast Century stage and, left alone there with his scrubbing pail, Berlin's thin, shy, plaintive voice rose in this refrain:

Poor little me,
I'm a K. P.
I scrub the mess hall
On my bended knee.
Against my wishes
I wash the dishes
To make
this
wide
world
Safe for democracy.

That was one of the three chief songs in Yip-Yip Yaphank. Another was the delightful tune called Mandy, which afterward was demobilized into the ensuing Ziegfeld Follies, where it was so fetchingly sung by Marilyn Miller that it soon wore itself out on a million phonographs.

Yip-Yip Yaphank ended with the overseas call, the spectacle of a great transport looming out of a foggy bay and the final sight of numberless soldiers shouldering their blanket rolls and marching up the gangplank. As a matter of fact, most of the chorus which roared out that finale sailed before the week was out, some never to return.

Sergeant Berlin wrote Yip-Yip Yaphank at the behest of the late General Bell. Probably he was guided largely by the same impulse which made each soldier contented when he found out, to his surprise, that the Army could make use of his trade. Perhaps in the back of Berlin's mind there lurked the idea that if he became an indispensable figure on General Bell's staff he would never have to carry a gun. Certainly that score and especially the reveille song were the immediate result of his own efforts to escape the tyranny of the top sergeant. If he could be assigned in his off hours to work on a soldier show, if he could be detailed to work at night on a piano which would, of course, have to be isolated in the midst of a sleeping camp, why then, maybe, he could be isolated with it and would be allowed to sleep on in the morning as a privileged character. Thus, indeed, it came to pass, and any old-timer of the Regular Army would have grinned at so familiar a spectacle, the true soldier's foxy search for a little comfort and a soft detail.

The Two Army Favorites

But for that matter, Berlin had become a song writer not because, as far as he was aware, a torrent of pent-up melody was pressing within him for an outlet. He became a song writer by successive flights from the dreary work his new country offered him. He had achieved worldly success before he was twenty-four, but not by high resolve and resolute determination—not at all. He reached success by caroming off the obstacles which his world presented to him. And his real reason for writing one of the best songs wrought in America in our time was a means of defeating the top sergeant.

There was only one other lay which the men of the A. E. F. sang so often or liked so well. That was an equally disgruntled and unheroic lament of unknown and possibly multiple authorship which usually ran something like this:

In the Army, the Army,
The democratic Army,
Your uncle clothes and feeds you
Because your uncle needs you,
Beans for breakfast,
Beans for dinner,
Beans at supper time,
Thirty dollars every month,
Deducting twenty-nine.

A friend from overseas came back after it was all over, to tell Berlin that this impassioned lyric was the only one which rivaled his own in the favor of the doughboy. At which rivalry Berlin could afford to smile, because at least they had used his melody. For that mutinous lyric was always sung to an old tune of his—the music of the piece called In My Harem.

During the war Berlin, as composer in chief of the United States Army, was paid a monthly wage of from thirty to forty dollars a month. After the Armistice, of course, the continuing royalties from the songs came to him. The reveille song alone sold something like one million, five hundred thousand copies. But he had no share in the eighty thousand dollars' profit which was cleared by Yip-Yip Yaphank. Since the war he has sometimes permitted himself the civilian luxury of wondering what ever became of it.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Woollcott. The next will appear in an early issue.

Unnoticed, unfelt – Dry Mouth is the real cause of modern tooth decay

The only way to keep your teeth both white and safe is to restore the normal action of the Mouth Glands

Pebeco not only makes your smile lovelier, it keeps your teeth strong and safe

YOU cannot see Dry Mouth. And, except in extreme cases, you cannot even feel it.

Yet this curious condition, dentists say, is the underlying cause of most tooth decay.

Nature intended the mouth glands to flow continuously. But the glands today cannot get sufficient exercise from the soft, cooked foods we eat.

Gradually they dry up.

And when their alkaline fluids no longer bathe your mouth the acids that cause decay inevitably collect on your teeth.

Brushing is not enough

There are many ways to remove the acids temporarily. Scouring with gritty pastes which endanger the irreplaceable enamel. Brushing with strong substances that damage the gums and delicate mouth lining.

These methods whiten your teeth—*but five minutes after you stop brushing the acids begin to form again.* The baffling decay goes on.

It is only recently that dentists and physicians have recognized that there is a way to fight tooth decay by preventing its underlying cause—Dry Mouth. They know now that the mouth glands can be successfully stimulated. Today you can keep your teeth naturally safe with a tooth paste that restores the normal protective flow of the mouth glands.

Stolichos

What Pebeco does

The basic ingredient used in Pebeco was first employed by physicians years ago in the treatment of serious mouth conditions, where the teeth were already badly affected. It proved so remarkable in its effects on the teeth and the entire mouth, yet so gentle in its action, that it was made available in tooth paste form—now offered to you in Pebeco.

* * *

Pebeco is the simple, natural way to prevent tooth decay. It acts directly on the salivary glands. As soon as it enters your mouth it starts a full, normal flow of alkaline saliva.

With constant daily use Pebeco completely restores the natural, protective action of your glands. Their alkaline fluids again bathe your teeth day and night. The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form. And the deadly mucin and tartar deposits are gently softened and removed.

Pebeco leaves your gums clean and soothed—your whole mouth, normal and healthy. *And in this healthy mouth, your teeth are kept not only white and shining, but safe.*

Start today to overcome Dry Mouth. Send for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco, Inc., N. Y. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto. At all druggists'.

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Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

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(as Dad says... And here's what he means:)

First Thrillable . . . that astonishing right-up-closeness of sound . . . slightest tremble in a voice! . . . trill of a muted violin!

Second Thrillable . . . the adventure of getting 'distance' whether we sit by the fire, with winter outside, and hear a band playing out where the oranges are blooming . . . or whether we are in the Sunkist country a-listening to a concert broadcasted from a snow-roofed Opera House.

Third Thrillable . . . sharing THERMIODYNE with our friends. We say: "Walk right over and help yourself!" We watch their delighted faces when they turn the one Master Control and find themselves clicking in station after station . . . they are as proud as peacocks of themselves. We can hardly drag them off to supper.

Fourth Thrillable . . . "and greatest of 'em all!" (I'm quoting Dad word for word now!) "getting a million dollars worth of solid pleasure for a hundred and forty dollars, plus an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or my money back." Dad's frae Aberdeen, ye ken, when it comes to getting value for his money.

'Thermionic frequency' is the real hero of the THERMIODYNE story. Confidentially, dear Radio Fans, that's the why of the absolute purity of tone you've been writing us these mail-cars full of letters about.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate THERMIODYNE against any set he has, regardless of price. Six tubes that bring in loud speaker volume and only one control. $140.00 without accessories. Unconditionally guaranteed.

Master Control

Thermiodyne Radio Corporation, *Plattsburgh, N.Y.*

DISARMING GERMANY

(Continued from Page 15)

careful appreciation, by no means flattering, of the personal appearance, habits, mannerisms, tastes of all of these officers in their most vulnerable aspects.

All this was in the day's work and did not exercise us very much. But we were not the only people who were shadowed. God help the unfortunate German—and there were many such—who, animated by pacifist motives, came to our offices to give information as to hidden arms and was intercepted. One such there was who, ascending the stairs, was met on the door floor below by a German officer in mufti, who pretended to be an Allied officer and asked him if he had any information to give the commission. The wretched man fell into the trap and said he had. He was promptly arrested and was never heard of again. Quite possibly he was put out of the way by one of the innumerable secret societies in Germany which think nothing of murder. Many another was sent to a long term of penal servitude—there were forty such cases in three months—for giving information to the commission. Yet all the while the German authorities were protesting to us that there was nothing hidden and nothing to hide. More than that, they were issuing proclamations—at our instance, of course—purporting to command all German citizens to surrender all hidden arms.

It took us a long time to realize the character of those we had to deal with, and we had to pay rather dearly for one experience. One of the most notorious cases within my recollection was that of a British officer, an infantry major, who, in the course of an inspection of Spandau arsenal—the German Woolwich—made a great find of the registers of German armament production during the war, registers the existence of which the German authorities had always denied and the production of which was indispensable to the success of our task, for only by an examination of them could we compare the total of arms surrendered with the total of arms which ought to be surrendered. It was late in the day, the registers were voluminous, and the British officer was alone and could not make copies without assistance, but the German liaison officer suggested he should return the next day, pledging his "word of honor as a German officer" that the precious documents should be kept for him intact, a guard mounted and the doors locked. The British officer took him at his word.

Bad Faith

When he returned the next day the documents were gone, and they have never been seen since. Not once but scores of times, on making searches in forts and barracks, were we assured by a C. O. "on his word of honor as a German officer" that there were none there, only to find, on prosecuting our search, that in cellars, attics, underground passages or behind dummy walls the place was choked with them. The remarkable thing was that the C. O. was never in the least embarrassed at such a flagrant exposure of his bad faith; he merely expressed his anger and surprise that we should not have taken him at his word! A German general, no less a person than General Stempel, on one such occasion, not a whit abashed, coolly said to us, "Well, I could not have believed that a British lieutenant colonel would have sunk so low as to pry into an attic."

There is, indeed, something very odd about the German mentality. Doctor Page, the great American ambassador, divined it in a flash when he warned the Allies in August, 1917, that this, the most ruthless of peoples, as soon as they found they were losing the war would "appeal to the pity of the world they set out to subdue." There is a certain naïveté, the naïveté of colossal egotism, in the way they expect to be taken at their word. They always underestimate the intelligence of those with whom they have to deal. It was one of those psychological mistakes which helped the Allies to win the war. They always seem to think that no statement, however incredible, can fail to command the credulity of their auditor, a fact which accounts for the crudity of their propaganda.

Crude Inventions

When they wanted to persuade the commission to allow them to keep their heavy artillery, which was forbidden by the treaty, they solemnly argued that it would be useful in dealing with strikers; the deadly flamethrowers, which are also forbidden, they claimed for fruit culture—to destroy insects on fruit trees; traverses at a powder factory, and a light railway at a munitions depot, they tried to save from destruction by contending that the German Government was going into business as a poultry farmer and the traverses and the railway would be useful for keeping the different breeds apart. There was really no limit to the mendacious fertility of the official mind. Army pontoons they claimed to keep for bathing establishments; military aëroplanes for the Berlin police to enable them to rise in the air and observe the height of buildings in case they contravened the by-laws of the local authorities. Did we discover vast surplus stocks of service rifles, we were gravely informed that they were wanted for railway guards, gamekeepers and foresters, apparently to shoot at sight loiterers, poachers or old women gathering sticks. We refused to be convinced. Human life is certainly cheap in Germany, but it is not quite so cheap as all that.

The fact is, a German always seems to expect you to take him at his own valuation. General von Kluck, for example, I met him at a private house at lunch—a short, tough, wiry man in a frock coat and woolen waistcoat, with a homely red face like a puckered apple, looking for all the world like a quiet country squire on a visit to town. And a most charming man he

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For 40 years the Daisy Air Rifle has been furnishing fun and education to millions of American boys. Let your boy have the valuable training that the Daisy will give. Talk it over with your boy today; ask him if he would like to have a Daisy

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$50 to $200 a week

Fifty to two hundred dollars a week, net, with no investment, beats owning a store! Can you do what hundreds of others have done? We start you without previous experience, and help you build a permanent, profitable business.

Simpson Suits and Overcoats World's Greatest Values

Every year Simpson values grow better. Simpson clothes are better. Constantly improving in fit, style, quality, value. You and your customers can depend on a square deal from Simpson.

We have room for nearly a hundred and fifty new men this season. If you think our clean-cut proposition might interest you *write us at once*

Spring Line Greatest Ever

New line contains biggest-value, all-wool fabrics we ever offered! Complete, comprehensive, most attractive patterns and weaves ever assembled—even at much higher prices. Our salesmen say "No other line like Simpson's."

Every garment *tailored to order*—and by highest type of *union workmen*—unqualified guarantee to please, wear, *satisfy*.

Investigate this proposition! It may be the turning point in your life—the dawn of prosperity, contentment, real success.

Bigger Profits—Liberal Bonus

Our liberal commissions and monthly bonus make it possible to earn more money than ever before. Some of this month's bonus checks: to W. P. Hough, $136; to R. M. Hale, $89; to C. Hart, $157—and these bonus checks are all *extra* money—added premiums that swell regular commissions!

Just think of a line with more than 100 fine suitings in a tremendous variety of colors, patterns, and weaves—including every new shade, *poudre bleu, tan* [illegible] at $31.50! Union tailored to order, no extra style charges.

And to top it all, a super assortment of virgin wool summer fabrics to sell at $21.50! The greatest value any tailoring house has ever assembled. Easy first orders—sure repeat business!

From the Sheep's *Wool to Your Back*

Simpson's is big and is growing fast. [illegible] was started at a time when it took real courage to start a business. It [illegible] kind of success that has been built on square dealing that has built your reputation and your income—a little more—you can depend [illegible] year after year—a business that is bound to grow—that you can grow with.

A $25,000 BOND that we give every Simpson man to carry, puts him in a different class from [illegible] who have to ask for the usual deposits from new customers! Our guarantee bond is a clincher for [illegible]

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E. Douglas Mack [illegible] I [illegible] compare with any $50 to $60 suits in town.

Wm. H. Troy, Mass.: "I have spent my life in woolen mills and I say your new line is great."

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Leslie Ryan, N. Dakota: "These are finest [illegible] ever sold for [illegible] big line repeat business."

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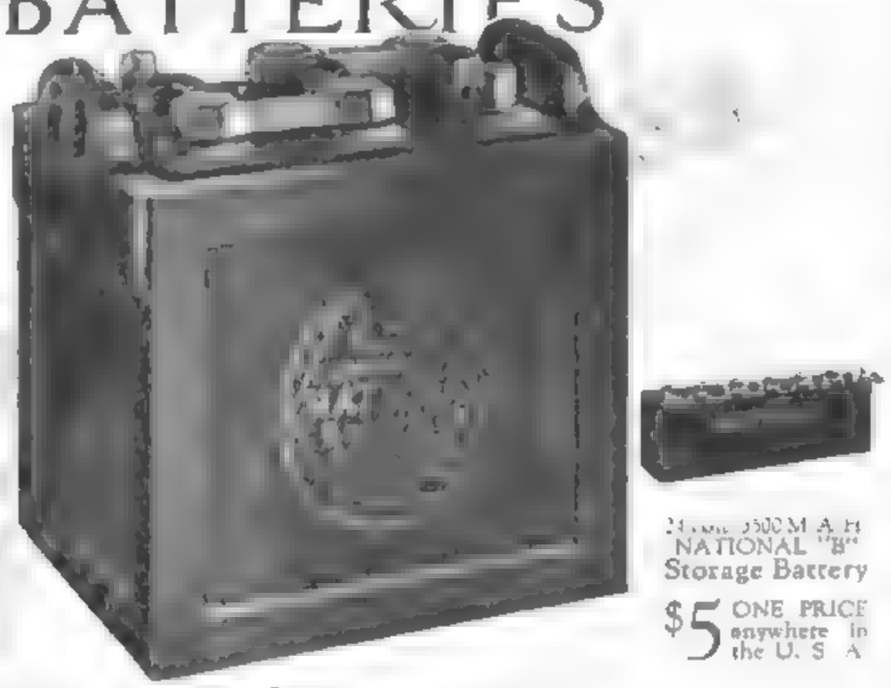

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was, you would have said at first sight, "What a kindly old man is this; why, he couldn't hurt the proverbial flea!" Then, when, after a long talk about the Battle of the Marne, we had established a good understanding, he began to draw a most endearing picture of himself in France. "I hadn't bread to give," he said, "but I had my pockets full of sweets and at my *Hauptquartier* I offered a little French girl some chocolate. She took it eagerly, and I said, 'Are you willing to take chocolate from a boche?' Whereupon her father said, 'I'm ashamed of my fellow countrymen for using such a name about our brave enemy.' In the French villages," General von Kluck added in a tone of wistful reminiscence, "I was called 'our General'"—*unserer General*.

Listening to all this I wondered silently whether I really was—though there was no doubt about it—in the presence of the ruthless soldier whose famous march upon Paris was disfigured by the horrible atrocities of Louvain, Aerschot, Dinant and Senlis. I continued to wonder until someone at the table began to talk about German strikers. Suddenly Von Kluck brought down his heavy fist on the table and shouted, "There's only one way to deal with such people—*Gewalt! Gewalt! Gewalt!*" - Force! Force! Force! For a moment the velvet glove exposed the iron hand, and I saw the man.

All this sort of thing sharpened our wits and, in face of the massive obstruction and calculated mendacity of the German authorities, our work took on more and more the character of detective investigation. The Germans, busy spying on us night and day, called this espionage. Now the authoritative definition of a spy is one who "acts clandestinely or on false pretenses." Deceit is the hall-mark of espionage. But no Allied officer, to my knowledge, ever passed himself off as being anything but what he was. Indeed we were so well-known and so much spied upon ourselves that such a course would have been impossible even if we had ever contemplated it.

Sharp Work

But you can do a good deal of detective work without pretending to be anything but a detective. It's all a question of the art of putting two and two together. Here is a case in point. It was part of our duty to check and supervise the destruction of guns, machine guns, rifles and ammunition, but as the guns were numbered by tens of thousands and the rifles and rounds of ammunition by millions, there was enormous leakage between the stage of discovery and the stage of destruction. Moreover, there were no less than four hundred destruction centers and we could not be everywhere at once or all the time. We had to come and go.

Now it happened that a large consignment of German service rifles of the newest pattern, numbering many thousands, had been seized and condemned for destruction at a place called Fellbach, in Würtemberg. The usual method of destruction was first to remove the bolt from the rifle and hammer it, and then to collect the rifles in bundles and burn them in huge bonfires in an open field. The control officer on visiting the depot at Fellbach found a bonfire right enough, but the German authorities had thoughtfully added powder to it, and between the recurring explosions and the heat he could not get near it. The use of powder was as unusual as it was unnecessary, and his suspicions being aroused, he, at some risk to himself, snatched a rifle out of the fire, only to find it was not one of the German service rifles at all, but a captured Russian rifle, and one of an obsolete pattern at that. While the army contractor, hand in glove with the police, was sacrificing these obsolete rifles as a burnt offering to the Allies, the police were busy expediting the real rifles to an unknown destination. Information received led the control officer to the railway station, and there in covered trucks he found the missing rifles. By studying the labels on each truck he was able to reconstruct a whole number of secret depots, for which the rifles were destined, and which were not on the German official list supplied to us at all.

The leakage was unquestionably enormous and all kinds of tricks were played. Much of the ammunition surrendered was duds or rejects, and when you have to deal with millions of shells you can't examine every one of them. The actual destruction—taking off the driving band, in the case of a shell, and hammering the groove and then either burning out or steaming out the powder; separating and detonating the caps and burning the powder in the case of a fuse—was, of course, not done by us, but by German workmen. So, too, many of the guns surrendered had their bores already so worn as to be useless, and the sights were often missing. Substitution of this kind was a common trick. But the most effective trick played upon us was a sort of game of general post. The German authorities were always moving even the war material which was known, located and officially surrendered, from place to place, on the ground that it was needed for the normal establishment of some unit whose station was rarely disclosed and was probably wholly imaginary and, after endless protests from General Nollet, they pretended to come to terms with an offer that in future we should be notified of every movement of war material three days before it was to take place. The offer was accepted. But, as usual, the pledge was not kept.

The German idea of notification was to notify us on the evening of one day, when the commission offices were closed, and to move the material in question on the morning of the next, before the commission offices were opened.

Typical Trickery

In this way evasions were practiced on a gigantic scale; whole trains of arms and signaling apparatus disappeared into space and were never traced. The same thing happened in factories, but one gunner officer scored once or twice—because he was one of those rare men, the true detective type, who never missed the significance of what to the ordinary man are trifles. Scraps of paper lying about the floors of warehouses or factories he never missed, and from many a duplicate of a label did he scent a destination, sometimes—but of course not always—with gratifying results. One such train of induction of his begun at the factory, ended in a ship in harbor, at Hamburg, and there in the ballast tanks of the ship was discovered a cache of hidden rifles.

Another officer visiting an estate in Bavaria, which is a hotbed of militarism, where he had been told some guns were concealed, was so impressed by the landowner's solemn denials as to be almost persuaded, and was about to beat a retreat. But the landowner overdid it; as a parting shot, he called on his "agricultural laborers"—*Ackersmänner*—to confirm his assurances, whereupon they came so smartly to attention that the officer smelt a rat and renewed his searches. Result—a haul of two field guns in excellent condition, with sights and breech blocks all complete. The "agricultural laborers" were gunners in disguise.

Visiting barracks and inspecting a unit was a ticklish business, because so much depended on the temper of the particular unit. If it was a body of irregulars or an internment camp, things were apt to be lively. In August, 1920, when General Weygand had rolled back the Bolshevik armies in front of Warsaw, whole battalions of them bolted across the frontier into East Prussia and it was part of my duty to proceed thither—in the army you never "go" anywhere—and report on their internment and disarmament.

When I arrived at the camp at Arys I encountered them, and an amazing lot they were, in every variety of uniform, some of them British and French uniforms which could tell a tragic history—lousy, dirty, loaded with loot in the way of lace and diamonds, accompanied by women in the field, like the armies of Napoleon's days in Hardy's Dynasts, chopping up their transport for firewood and eating their dead horses. They had a Cossack general, the notorious Gaia Khan, with whom I had a long talk—but that is another story—at the end of which I heard a tumult in the passage outside, and angry voices, and on going to the door I found my passage blocked by a mob of threatening hairy ruffians led by an officer with an unmistakable German accent, who shouted at me, "You have ruined our country with your infamous peace!" and urged his men to set upon me. The German liaison officer accompanying me had hidden himself in a corner, and turning my back on the mob I told him to put the fellow under arrest or I would report him. With obvious reluctance he

(Continued on Page 189)

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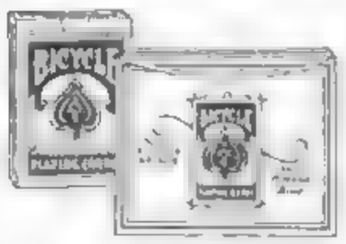

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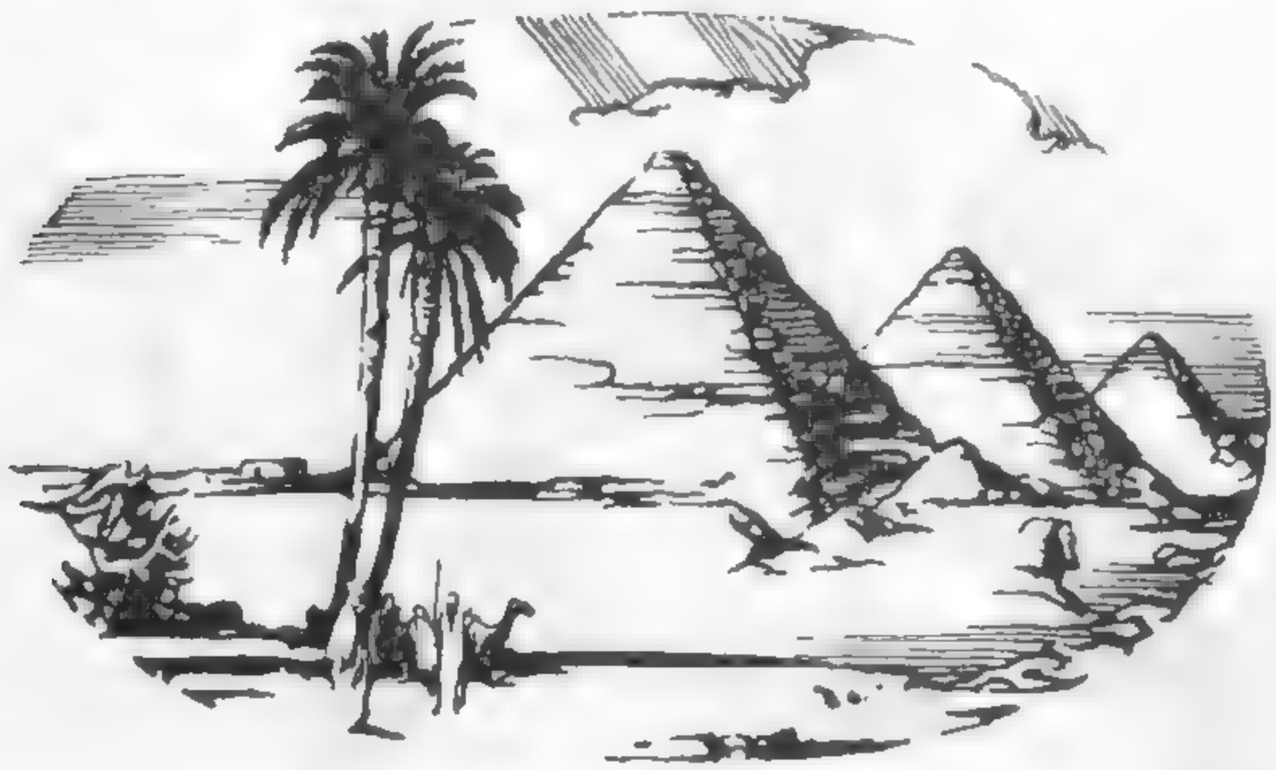

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NEUTRODYNE

Perfected Radio

(Continued from Page 186)

went up to the leader of the riot and whispered something in his ear, after which I shouldered my way out without much difficulty. But the smell of that crowd of ruffians lingers in my nostrils to this day.

Then there were those bands of toughs known as free corps—men who were born soldiers and had vowed to die soldiers, the débris of the old army who had flocked to the standard raised by some popular general or colonel—as tough as themselves—during the revolution, and lived on the country, refusing to be demobilized. They were a throw-back to the Thirty Years' War; they might have stepped straight out of the pages of Stanley Weyman's historical novel, My Lady Rotha. They were difficult to identify and were always moving about.

Returning from an inspection of a regular unit in East Prussia, one of the most militarist provinces in Germany, we saw a field cooker outside a country inn, surrounded by a number of unshaven men in field-gray uniform. The German liaison officer urged us to drive on, saying that these were merely demobilized men who had been allowed to retain their uniforms, and were workers on the land. But the presence of a sentry, armed to the teeth with rifle, tin hat, ammunition and bombs, suggested another and less bucolic explanation. We therefore insisted on entering and making inquiries.

With some difficulty we got ourselves conducted inside by one of the men, who declared himself an officer, and were taken up a dark staircase and along a passage yet more dark, so that one had to feel one's way and could not see an inch until we came to the company office of this "agricultural" unit. There we took down details of strength, pay, rations and equipment, while a mob of ruffians outside shouted "Kill them!"—*Schlagen sie tod*—"Skin them!" "Throw them out!"—all of which the German liaison officer regarded with complacency until he was peremptorily told that he could be held responsible if anything occurred, whereupon he went out and restored order with surprising facility. The men were, of course, a free corps—a company of the notorious Frei Corps Dietrich—and, on making a further search in the corridor by the flickering light of matches, we discovered a door leading to a garret in which were found the machine guns, ammunition and grenades with which these honest sons of toil tilled the soil of the fatherland.

Wholesale Sabotage

In the case of a regular unit the inspection was not, as a rule, so disagreeable, but it was equally difficult. Concerted obstruction took the place of threats; you asked for a document such as every army unit keeps—a strength return, a ration return, nominal roll or a pay sheet—and immediately the German liaison officer interposed with "A pay sheet! Whatever is that?" Whereupon the C. O. took his cue and said, "We have no pay sheets"; and so with all the other documents demanded. The German liaison officer, instead of helping us, was there to obstruct us and to prompt the C. O. If one had been prepared to believe this sort of thing one would have had to believe that in a German army unit, the most disciplined army in the world, the men eat as much as they like, go to the battalion store and take away whatever clothing they want, exchange one unit for another, are paid by tips at the pleasure of the C. O., as though they were an army out of an operatic comedy. When the existence of the documents was eventually admitted, it was pleaded that they were all locked up and the adjutant or the quartermaster was sleeping or had gone a journey—with the key in his pocket. The one thing to do on such occasions was to keep one's temper. Sooner or later the German officer lost his, and truth will always out in a fit of temper.

When it came to dealing with fortresses, powder works, Krupp's gun shops, poison-gas factories and arsenals, the task was not so trying, because these are things which cannot be spirited away. There we were really effective, and our sappers did some very pretty sabotage—blowing up masonry and destroying gun emplacements.

Of Kiel we left not one stone upon another. Also we made a great bag of heavy artillery because the Germans overreached themselves. The treaty laid down that apart from the Rhine and Kiel fortresses, which were to be destroyed, the fortresses of the east and south were to be left "in their existing state," and it occurred to some astute mind in the German Ministry of Defense that they could save the whole of their heavy artillery by assembling it in these fortresses and then contending that it was part of their normal armament. Old derelict fortresses, belonging to the age of Frederick the Great and Napoleon, in which no one in Germany except the curator of antiquities had taken any interest, suddenly emerged from the twilight of antiquarianism, were placed on the German official list of fortresses, guns rushed into them in places without a command post, a system of communications or even a field of fire, and then claimed as part of their armament. But it was overdone, and when the Germans tried to prevent our visiting and inspecting the forts our suspicions were naturally aroused. Inspection proved what a fake the whole thing was, and the guns, being assembled there, could not escape us. We made short work of them; there were some four thousand of them. Their sights were smashed with the sledge hammer, their tubes cut through with the blow-pipe flame—which will cut a gun of the heaviest caliber as easily as cutting butter—breech and side cheeks went the same way, and the débris was handed over for the smelter's furnace.

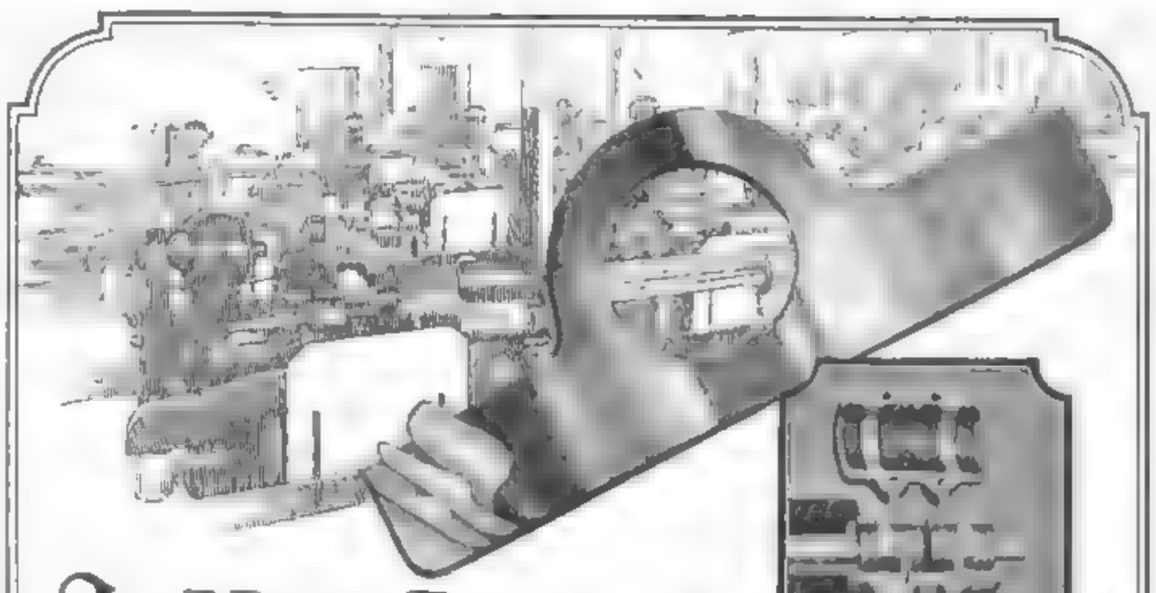
Destruction at Krupp's

The factories—especially Krupp's and the state arsenals—were, however, a big job to tackle. We were disarming a nation not improvised for war, like Great Britain and America, but a nation which had always maintained a gigantic military establishment designed for the immediate expansion of a peace strength, in itself infinitely bigger than ours—it was more than eight hundred thousand—into a war strength of many millions. Germany was covered with a vast network of barracks and depots—supply depots, artillery depots, armorers' depots, clothing depots, remount depots, transport depots. She had some seventeen state arsenals and enormous factories, like Krupp's, Ehrhardt's, Mauser's, which made armament production a regular business. She was, even in prewar times, the greatest trafficker in the world in the small-arms industry, the heavy-armament industry, the powder industry and the explosive industry. Never was a nation so organized in peace, down to every railway siding, with a view to organization in war.

In that respect our commission dealt her a pretty smashing blow, though by no means an irreparable one. We destroyed gauges by thousands and jigs by tens of thousands; we scrapped the costly shell presses wholesale; and, in some cases, notably at Krupp's, we destroyed whole shops with everything in them—annealing plant, underground furnaces, oil and water tanks, and all the rest of it. Krupp's proof butts for the testing of armor plate and guns, we razed to the ground. Ironically enough, we used Krupp's own plant to compass Krupp's destruction, just as we smelted down gun tubes in their own furnaces; Krupp's machines were dynamited in their own armor plate pits or smashed by their own magnets. A steel ball of ten tons was lifted by means of the magnet, attached to a crane, into the air, the magnet was then deelectrified, and the ball fell on the doomed machinery below, and great was the fall of it.

All this sounds pretty thorough, and so it was. But there were limits to what we could do, because Krupp's, with all the other arms and munitions factories following suit, had anticipated us to a large extent by turning over, or pretending to turn over, to the production of ordinary commercial articles, and although nearly all the machines thus converted to peaceful use had been used for war, we could not scrap the whole lot of them without destroying German industry. So there it is, most of it capable of reconversion at very short notice.

No doubt many of them were simply manufacturing for stock without any real commercial demand, and with no other object than to keep the threatened machinery. The Deutsche Waffen und Munitions Factory of Karlsruhe, which made every kind of cartridge from rifle up to forty-two centimeter howitzer cartridges, claimed to retain their whole layout of presses for stamping cartridges, on the ground that they could be utilized for making kitchen utensils, and they began turning out those



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neutral articles in quantities sufficient to supply every kitchen in the world for years to come; their punching machines were demobilized en masse from punching the fire holes in the cartridge cases to punch holes in trousers buttons. Even the state arsenals, notably Spandau, tried—and largely succeeded in the attempt—to force us to preserve their machinery by suddenly diverting their fuse-making machinery to the making of bath taps, and feverishly began making enough taps to deluge the whole German population in shower baths. There you have the limits set to any attempt to disarm a great engineering country.

As for poison gas and explosives, we could really do very little, for the processes and the plant are barely distinguishable from those used for making dyes, drugs and ordinary organic chemical products. Germany remains to this day the most powerful potential arsenal in the world in the matter of poison gas and explosives.

As for equipment, that would require a chapter to itself. We never solved the problem, and we probably never shall. The German barracks are choked with it, ready for mobilization and a *levée en masse*. I have found one battalion—the strength of a German battalion is only seven hundred men—with six thousand rifles; another with twenty-five thousand pairs of army boots; a third with four thousand steel helmets. And how much have we not found? One may safely assume that the German Army—nominally limited to one hundred thousand effectives on a long-term enlistment, actually a *cadre* which has trained within the last three years five to ten times that number—has in its possession five to ten times the kit, arms, equipment, reserve rations, and all the rest of it which it is entitled to have. The clew? Mobilization.

I have spoken of the imperturbability of the British officers and men. Let me conclude with a tribute to the imperturbability of the French. During the Ruhr occupation they were marked men; boycotted, shadowed, sometimes assaulted, refused meals in restaurants, and even refused them in their own hotels. But for our canteen they would have starved. Once at 1:30 A.M. a very gallant French officer, Colonel Langlois, was roused from his bed in a hotel at Munich by heavy blows upon his door. He got out of bed, threw the door open, and there found the assistant manager, who said that he had been forced to introduce a deputation who had demanded to be taken to the colonel's rooms; and thereupon two Germans stepped forward—they belonged to one of the secret societies in Munich—and told the colonel to clear out or it would be all up with him.

Anyone who knows anything of Munich and its terrorism will know that the threat was not an idle one. The French officer, in the inevitable French nightshirt, and with his legs bare, looked his visitors straight in the face and said, "Have you been a soldier?" Immediately both Germans clicked their heels and replied, "Yes, colonel, a soldier at the front—and for four years"—*Ja, Herr Oberst, Front-soldat—vier Jahre.* The colonel: "I congratulate you. Then you know the first duty of a soldier—to remain where he is until his superior orders him to withdraw. I am a soldier." The deputation: "Yes, colonel. Good night"—*Ja, Herr Oberst, gute Nacht.* And with a salute they immediately withdrew. There is a moral to that story which I leave the reader to draw.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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The Dollar Ansco uses regular roll film, and it takes pictures 2½ x 2½, same size as the picture at the left.

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The New Semi-Automatic—a startling photographic improvement; rolls its own film with one press of the lever. Price $30.

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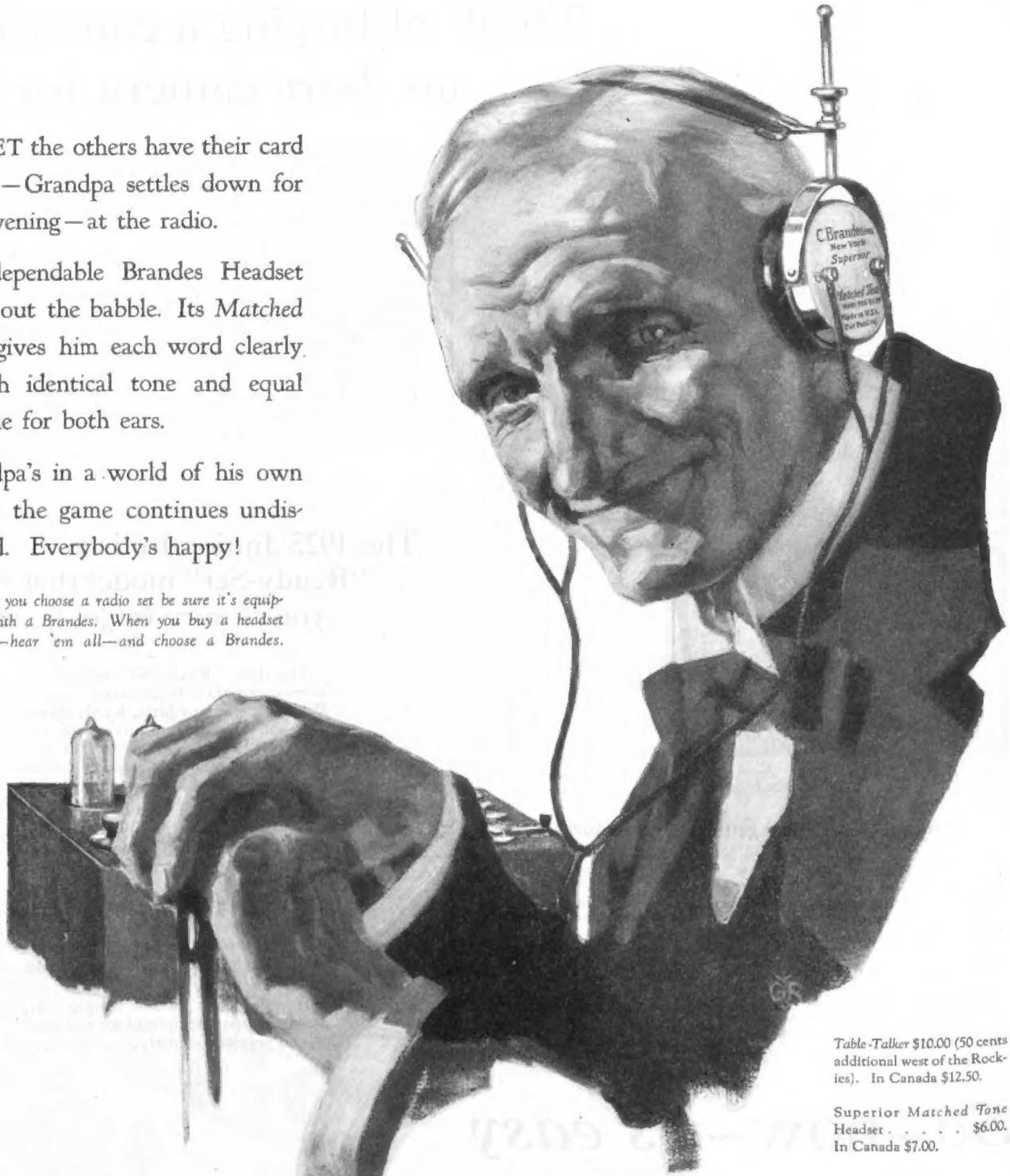
S. E. P.—2-7

LET the others have their card games—Grandpa settles down for the evening—at the radio.

His dependable Brandes Headset shuts out the babble. Its *Matched Tone* gives him each word clearly—with identical tone and equal volume for both ears.

Grandpa's in a world of his own—and the game continues undisturbed. Everybody's happy!

When you choose a radio set be sure it's equipped with a Brandes. When you buy a headset alone—hear 'em all—and choose a Brandes.



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Brandes

The name to know in Radio

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The reward of the day

IF YOU asked him, Mr. Ruggles would place his dinners at home among the happy moments of this life. Breakfast is sketchy, hurried and only partially attended. Luncheon is almost always devoted to business. But dinner seems to be the reward of the day. Here is the whole family—their laughing faces, their gossip, their sometimes caustic pleasantries. Dinner for Mr. Ruggles seems unhurried, expansive—in a setting of beauty. Yes, it is always that. Mrs. Ruggles for years has "staged" her dinners well. For years she has had enough silverware!

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No doubt you have realized, often, the importance of having enough beautiful silverware for every family meal and for the entertaining you like to do. Yet you have delayed its purchase. All because you do not realize how easily and reasonably you can make your silverware complete in "1847 Rogers Bros."

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John McCormack and his Victor Records interpret in music the heart of the American people, and this famous artist's popularity is equalled only by the popularity of his Victor Records. The reason is that the Victor Records are John McCormack's other self. His voice is easy to record because his tones are so perfectly produced. Out of not less than one hundred and seventy-two records we can only mention:

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Dear Love, Remember Me I Hear You Calling Me	754	$1.50
Dear Old Pal of Mine Little Mother of Mine	755	1.50
Ah! Moon of My Delight Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes	6197	2.00

Victrola No. 100
$150
Mahogany, oak or walnut

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GLUCK
Victor Artist

Alma Gluck's ninety-eight Victor Records proclaim her opinion of Victor recording and afford triumphantly beautiful examples of lyric song, sung in a voice of classic perfection, clear and cool as a mountain stream. She has made some splendid duets, with Caruso, Homer and Reimers, and the following, whether the solo, the solo with chorus, or with obbligato, are of extraordinary charm:

		Double-faced
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Home, Sweet Home Listen to the Mocking Bird	6142	2.00
Darling Nelly Gray Nelly Was a Lady	653	1.50

Victrola No. 370
Mahogany, $275; electric, $315

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Victor Artist

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The Prophet Song of the Volga Boatmen	6058	2.00
Boris Godounow—In the Town of Kazan Prince Igor—Recitative and Air of Prince Galitsky	558	1.50

Victrola No. 215
$150
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